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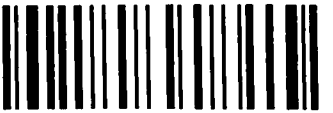
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THE

German Theatre,

TRANSLATED BY

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

46608

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

THE ENSIGN,
COUNT KOENIGSMARK,
STELLA,
EMILIA GALOTTI.

OF THE
ROYAL
INSTITUTION

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARP, POULTRY;
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
By J. Wright, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

1806.

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THE ENSIGN.

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRIEDRICH LUDWIG SCHROEDER,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1805.

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Sch/ins

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BARON VON HARRWIZ, *formerly in the Army.*
WILLIAM VIZAR, *an Ensign.*
COUNT ALSING, *a Captain.*
DOCTOR MANSBERG.
CONRAD, FRANCIS, } *Servants of the Baron.*

SOPHIA VON HARRWIZ, *the Baron's Daughter.*
MRS. LENTON, *her Governess.*

THE ENSIGN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The* Baron's *Study, in which every thing has a disorderly appearance.*

The BARON, *assisted by* CONRAD, *puts his coat on.*

Bar.—*(Looks at his watch.)*—Half past eight!—My carriage!

Con. I dare say it is ready, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bar.—*(Shuts his desk, and locks it—takes his hat and stick, walks to the door—opens it—seems, for a moment, lost in reflection—shuts it again.)*—He is a debauchee—he has a private intrigue.—*(Puts his hat and stick away—draws his night-gown on,—opens his desk—seats himself and begins to write.)*—Dear unhappy Caroline—

Enter Mrs. LENTON.

Len. My lord, the coach is ready.

Bar. Who wants it?

Len. Is not your lordship going to the general?

Bar. You are mad. What reason can I have for going again to the general?

Len. I understood you wished to make enquiries respecting the Ensign.

Bar. I did that just now, when I was there.

Len. How!

Bar. He is a debauchee—he has a private intrigue.

Len.—(*Aside.*)—Heavens! His disorder is violent to-day.

Bar. He is like the rest of mankind—(*With acrimony.*)—What a nest of vipers is this world!

Len. Recollect yourself, my dear sir.—You have not been out of doors to-day.

Bar.—(*Enraged.*)—Does the woman mean to imply that I have lost my senses?—At half past eight I was completely dressed, and it is now—(*Looking at his watch.*)—five and thir——(*Astonished.*)—Why, I have only been dressed five minutes.

Len. Of course, therefore, it is impossible that your lordship can have been to the general's.

Bar. Hem!—That's mighty odd!—Now could I almost swear that the general said to me: "He is a debauchee, and has a private intrigue."

Len. My lord, this is one of the usual tricks played by your imagination. It arises from our ignorance of the Ensign's affairs.

Bar.—(*After a pause.*)—She is right—I recollect——Is he gone out again?

Len. Yes—as usual.

Bar. True, true!—I shall not even find *one* honest man to close my eyes.

Len. My lord—your daughter—your Sophia—

Bar. Will have the fate of Caroline—will be seduced by a libertine.——But hold!—Where is my letter?—I must write.

Len.—(*Aside.*)—Who can this Caroline be, that so constantly occupies his mind?—Again writing! That must not be allowed.—(*Aloud.*)—My lord, not far from us an accident has happened.

Bar.—(*Alarmed.*)—An accident!

Len. A careless coachman has driven over a poor child.

Bar.—(*Still more agitated.*)—Driven over it!——Is it dead?

Len. No. There are still hopes that it may recover. It is our washerwoman's child. If your lordship would but assist the poor people with a trifle—

Bar. Damnation! No.—I will not give them any thing.

Len.—(*Aside.*)—If he were but compassionate when the paroxysm is upon him—

Bar. Let the world repay me that, of which it has robbed me,—then I will do good.

Len.—(*Aside.*)—How long the doctor remains away this morning?

Bar.—(*Taking up his book.*)—Our washerwoman's child, said you?

Len. Yes, my lord.—(Bar. *writes in the book.*)

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—How is he to day?

Len. But indifferent.

Soph. Good morning, sir.

Bar. Your servant, doctor.

Soph. It is I, dear father.

Bar.—(*Looking round.*)—Oh!——Well, what do you want?

Soph. A widow whose name is Walner, waits—

Bar.—(*Astonished.*)—Walner!—(*Enraged.*)—Who is she?—What does she want?

Soph. She has requested me to ask you—(and, dear father, tears trickled down her cheeks while she spoke) by what conduct she has been so unfortunate as to lose her monthly allowance, which your charity—

Bar.—(*With a look of fury.*)—Allowance!—Charity! who made her any allowance? I?

Soph. So she says.

Bar. The devil may, perhaps, have allowed her something—but not I.——Turn her out of the house.

Soph. Oh Heaven!—(*She is going.*)

Bar. Sophia, come back.—Give me your purse.

Soph. There it is.

Bar. Is this all the money you have?

Soph. It is.

Bar.—(*Throws it into the desk.*)—Now send her away.

[*Exit* Soph.

Bar.—(*Writes in his book.*)—Widow—Walner.—

Len.—(*Aside.*)—I always understood that any one who had laboured under misfortunes would be the more ready to have compassion on his fellow-creatures when in the same situation.

Bar.—(*Rises hastily.*)—Does Sophia love the Ensign?

Len. How can I reply to that, my lord?

Bar. Why can you not?

Len. I have never observed any thing, which leads me to form such a conclusion.

Bar.—(*After a pause.*)—Where can the Ensign go?

Len. That Heaven knows; but if your lordship would give orders that some one should follow him—

Bar. What! To steal from him the secret, which he so much wishes to conceal.—It is as I said.—This world is a mass of villany and fraud. A single innocent question causes this woman immediately to make a shameful proposition.—Fie on you, Mrs. Lenton!

Len. But if by this conduct you could make the young man happy.—

Bar.—(*In a mild tone.*)—Could I make him happy.—(*In a violent tone.*)—But why should I? What care I for the fellow?

Enter DOCTOR, *followed by* CONRAD, *who places a glass, a spoon, and a medicine on the table, and then withdraws.*

Doc. Good morning, my lord!

Bar.—(*Incensed.*)—I will not, I will not.—(*To* Len.)—Go. Doctor, you may go too. I don't like you.——

[*Exit* Len.

Doc.—(*Offering the medicine.*)—In the first place I beg you will swallow this.

Bar. I will not.—Shame on you! The only man, of whom I still retained a good opinion to treat me thus!

Doc.—(*Coldly.*)—Do you chuse to take it?

Bar. Take it yourself that you may acquire a better heart—but probably your medicines are not intended for such a purpose.

Doc.—(*Still coldly.*)—My lord—

Bar. I will not take it.

Doc. Then I wish you good morning.

Bar. Come—I will take it then.

Doc.—(*Presents the glass.*)—There!—(*Feels the* Baron's *pulse after he has taken the medicine.*)—You are in a bad state. You have been left alone too long.

Bar. Doctor, I don't like you.

Doc.—(*Smiling.*)—I am sorry for it. In what have I displeased you?

Bar. Why did you discover me to widow Walner?

Doc. Because when you first gave me money for her, you did not desire me to conceal your charity.

Bar. Hem! That is possible.—Why have you not paid her allowance for the last month?

Doc. Because I never received it from you.

Bar. What? False, False! I never could forget that.

Doc. Be composed. You know that I never accept any money from you for the purposes of private charity, unless you make a memorandum to that effect in my presence.

Bar. I made one in the book.

Doc. Be calm.—Let us see it.

Bar.—(*Opens the book, examines it, rises, and takes the* Doctor's *hand.*)—I beg your pardon.—But no, I don't beg your pardon. Why did you not rather advance the money than suffer the poor people to be in distress?

Doc. That is an error of memory, not a want of inclination.—Mrs. Walner ought to have applied to me.

Bar. Well, well—perhaps she did apply, but could not meet with you.—Here is the money. But impress upon her mind my absolute command that she must not confess who is her benefactor. And now, doctor, I must employ you in another work of charity. Our washerwoman's child has been hurt by the carelessness of a coachman. Take these ten ducats to the poor woman.

Doc. Make a memorandum of it.

Bar.—(*Writes in the book.*)—But not a word respecting me—not a syllable, doctor, for if half a dozen people were to learn that I am not as hard-hearted as I seem, I dare be sworn I should be a third time reduced to beggary.

Doc.—(*Walking from side to side.*)—That is not to be feared. *Experientia docet.*

Bar. Sixth—seventh—What day of the month is this?

Doc.—(*Still walking to and fro.*)—The eighth of August. —(Bar. *writes.*)—My lord, I fear you have had a very uneasy night, and I think a little exercise is absolutely necessary. But why so long in writing a name?—(*Looks over his shoulder into the book.*)—"Return, dear Caroline, and forgive"——My lord,—

Bar. What now?

Doc. Do you write letters in your memorandum-book?

Bar.—(*Looks at the book and casts it from him.*)—Pshaw!

Doc. Come, let us take an airing.

Bar. Why am I thus tormented? Why does sleep never visit my eyes? Why do I lose my memory? Why do I hate the world?—Because I was a man—because I followed the impulse of my passions.

Doc. My lord, far be it from me to pry into your secret.—But as your state of mind becomes daily—

Bar. No, doctor, my secret shall die with me.—Suffice it that I once was a villain, and now suffer for it.

Doc. You perhaps magnify your guilt. The advice and consolation of a friend might—

Bar.—(*Mournfully.*)—Advice! Consolation!—(*Hastily quitting the subject.*)—Procure me a worthy husband for Sophia, and I shall then feel the only consolation which my heart can ever know.

Doc. I have thought you of late much attached to the Ensign—

Bar. True, but shall I bestow the girl upon a man, of whom I can gain no intelligence?

Doc. I cannot conceive—

Bar. He has a secret amour on his hands, and hence arise his debts—hence is it easy to account for his private visits.—Heavens! How did I rejoice when I first became acquainted with that man!

Doc. Listen then to the proposals of Count Alsing.

Bar. The tiresome querist! Never!

Doc. He is a respectable man.

Bar. That I own, but he is not on that account less insufferable. The man asks more questions in a day than can be answered in a week. I should long ago have ceased to associate with him on that account, were he not in other respects a worthy man.

Doc. This fault may be removed.

Bar. Impossible! Besides he is too rich.

Doc. Too rich!—That is an odd fault indeed.

Enter Mrs. LENTON.

Len. Count Alsing begs leave to pay his respects—

Bar. At another time. I am not in the humour for answering questions.

Doc.—(*Apart to* Len.)—The baron must never be left so long alone. I have often mentioned this.

Len. I was detained by Miss Sophia.

Doc. Do not let it happen again. [*Exit* Len.

Bar. See! Notwithstanding my message, there he is.

Enter COUNT.

Cou. Your most obedient, my lord. Doctor, your servant. May I ask how you do to-day, my lord?

Bar. So, so.

Cou. And Miss Sophia?

Bar. I don't know.

Cou. The Ensign, I presume, is, as usual from home?

Bar. I don't know.

Cou. You have not seen him to-day, then?

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—The devil take the fellow and his questions!

Doc. Since I have been here, his lordship has not.

Cou. Have you heard any account of the circumstance which happened on parade yesterday?

Bar. No.

Cou. That surprises me.—The Ensign has not acquainted you with it, then?—(Bar. *hums a tune.*)—Have not you heard any thing of it, doctor?

Doc. Circumstances which occur on parade do not interest me.

Cou. But you know, my lord, that Lembach, a lieutenant in our regiment, died yesterday?

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—Plague on this fellow!

Doc. No. The Baron was ignorant of this.

Cou. Well, let me relate the circumstance. The general was in conversation with several officers relative to the sudden death of the lieutenant, and turning to the Ensign said: "Vizar, I hear you are involved in debt. I have it now in my power to make you a lieutenant, if I like." "As your Excellency may think proper," replied the Ensign, "though I should not be surprised if another were put above me, that having thrice happened to me."—"It shall be so a fourth time," retorted the general, and turned away.

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—He shall have the girl.

Cou. The general has since said a great deal relative to the Ensign's impertinence.

Bar. Damnation! Because he will not descend to cringe and flatter.

Cou. Oh my dear lord, valour and attention to the service will not suffice. I should perhaps have still been an ensign had I not in a certain way secured the interest of the general's *valet-de-chambre.*

Bar. Then I wish you were an ensign.

Cou. Arrogance and poverty are not suitable companions, my lord.

Bar. How long has a becoming spirit been termed arrogance?

Cou. Ever since the world, when combined with an empty purse.—If the Ensign had not friends—

Bar. Friends! May I die if he has one!

Doc.—(*Ironically.*)—Unless it be the Count.

Cou. I am his friend, and therefore am displeased at his conduct towards the general.

Doc. A real friend would step forward in his behalf. His debts—

Cou. I would willingly have paid; but am I answerable for his false delicacy.

Bar. Willingly have paid?—I doubt that, my lord.

Cou. Such a doubt is an attack upon my honour. Ask the Ensign if I did not give him as much as he would take.

Bar.—(*Apart to* Doc.)—Repay him what the Ensign borrowed.

Doc. He probably only wished for a moderate sum.

Cou. Doctor, you will offend me, if you talk thus. He asked for two hundred dollars, and received them on the spot.

Doc.—(*Turning to the* Bar.)- My lord, have the goodness to lend me that sum till I come hither in the evening.

Bar. With all my heart.—(*Counts the money, and writes in his book.*)

Cou. How! What! I shall not accept the money from you, doctor.

Doc. You will, if I explain myself more fully. What I do, is by the desire of a relation.

Cou. Indeed! Has the Ensign any relations?

Doc. He has.

Cou. In this Country?

Doc. No.

Cou. Where then?

Doc. In—Sweden.

Cou. In Sweden! He has probably changed his name, then?

Doc. That I don't know.

Cou. But why did not this relation interest himself sooner in the Ensign's behalf?

Doc. Because, because he did not know that the Ensign was here.

Cou. And did you tell him?

Doc. Did you receive any note from the Ensign?

Cou. Yes, but it will not be due till a fortnight is expired.

Doc. Never mind that. The best way is to settle the matter directly.

Cou. But the Ensign may be offended that I mentioned the circumstance.

Doc. He shall not learn it from me.

Cou. I now perceive that it was a thoughtless action on my part—

Doc. By no means!

Cou. He is a worthy young man, to whom I am under obligations.

Doc. How so?

Cou. Through him I became acquainted with the Baron and Miss Sophia. Through him I hope to be shortly the happiest of men.

Doc. The last position I do not understand.

Cou. Don't you, indeed?

Doc. No, on my honour.

Cou. What happiness can I want, if Sophia be mine?

Doc. Of course you argue upon certain grounds.

Cou. Not exactly, for as yet I have received no answer to my proposals either from the Baron or Miss Sophia.

Doc. Indeed!

Bar.—*(Has in the mean time put his coat on, and taken his hat.)*—Conrad!

Doc. What now, my lord? Where are you going?

Bar. To the general's. It is high time.

Doc.—*(Aside.)*—Another whim! Not a moment ough he to be left to himself.

Enter CONRAD.

Bar. The carriage instantly. [*Exit* Con.

Doc. Have you made a memorandum—

Bar. Of what?

Doc. Of the two hundred dollars which you said you would lend me.

Bar.—(*Looks at his book.*)—I have.

Doc. But the money—

Bar. Why, you took it.—(*Locks the desk.*)

Doc. I!—You are mistaken, my lord.

Bar. I certainly—(*Puts his hand into his pocket.*)—Strange enough!—Here it is.—Take it.

Doc.—(*Gives the money to the* Count.)—There, my lord.

Cou.—(*Gives him the note.*)—You are sure the Ensign will not be offended?

Doc. Certainly not, for he shall never know it.

Cou. So you are going to the general, my lord?

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—Damn his questions.

Doc.—(*Apart to* Bar.)—Don't give way to anger.

Cou. Probably respecting the Ensign?

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—Well—I feel in the humour for retorting.

Cou. Do you think, my lord, that I—

Bar. Apropos! Is it a fine day?

Cou. Very fine. I—

Bar. Did it rain yesterday?

Cou. Yesterday! No, for I—

Bar. Are you fond of field-dive.

Cou. Extremely, for I—

Bar. Have you seen the papers to-day?

Cou. Yes. Have you heard of the—

Bar. How long have you been in the service?

Cou. Since I was fourteen years old, but—

Bar. When will you be upon guard?

Cou. The day after to-morrow. Letters from Paris—

Bar. Do you breakfast on tea or coffee?

Cou. Coffee. Letters from Paris—

Bar. Where do you dine to-day?

Cou. At the mess. The accounts from Paris—

Bar. Have you seen any service?

Cou.—(*Aside.*)—What a tormentor.—(*Aloud.*)—Yes, —

Bar. Do you like wine better than water?

Cou. Of course. But allow me to relate—

Bar. Do you sleep on a feather-bed, or a matrass?

Cou. Both.—(*Aside.*)—He is insufferable.

Enter CONRAD.

Con. The carriage is ready, my lord.

Bar. Who wants it?

Doc. You promised you would take an airing with me.

Cou. Why the Baron said he would go to the general.

Doc. I know what is best for him. Come, my lord.

Bar. I'll send Sophia to you. I am sorry that I am obliged to leave you, for I wanted to ask you a few more questions.

Cou. Allow me a single one.

Bar. No, no. One will not satisfy you.

Cou. It will I asure you. May I hope to be your son?

Bar. Have you a good fortune?

Cou. That I can indisputably prove to you. I have two large estates—

Bar. Sell them, quit the service, and throw all your ready money into the first ditch you meet with.

Cou. Why, I should be a beggar in that case.

Bar. A beggar will be my son-in-law.

Cou. A singular resolution!—And why?

Bar. I may, then, with some reason, expect a portion of gratitude and affection.

Cou. Do you think, then—

Bar. That's the third question since your promise.—Good morning, Count, [*Exeunt* Bar. *and* Doc.

Cou. The baron labours under one of his usual attacks.—I will not yet renounce my hopes.—"A beggar will be my son-in-law." Hem! He must have thereby meant the Ensign. Well, well. I can but use my utmost efforts, and if I lose Sophia, I will console myself with the idea that a girl of good fortune is more necessary to him than to me.

Enter SOPHIA *and* Mrs. LENTON.

Soph.—*(As she enters.)*—Oh, I shall be driven mad with ridiculous questions.

Cou. Your most obedient servant, Miss Sophia. May I ask how you do this morning?

Soph. I am not well.

Cou. Not well. I am very sorry to hear it. Head-ach?

Soph. No.

Cou. Tooth-ach?

Soph. No.

Cou. A degree of fever?

Soph. No.

Cou. Anxiety?

Soph. No.

Cou. May I ask what is your co[illegible]

Soph. I have not had sufficient sleep.—*(Apart to* Len.*)*—What a tiresome being!

Cou. I sincerely pity you. May I ask what disturbed your sleep? Disagreeable dreams?

Soph. No.

Cau. Or a noise in the neighbourhood?

Soph. No.

Cou. Or the carriages in the street?

Soph. No. It was late when I went to bed.

Cou. Indeed! May I ask what was the cause of this? You were probably in company at a friend's house?

Soph. No.

Cou. Or had a party at home?

Soph. No.

Cou. Perhaps you lost at cards, or—

Soph. I had no party, but played with my father because he could not sleep.

Cou. Indeed! At what game? Piquet?

Soph. No.

Cou. Cribbage?

Soph. No.

Cou. Mrs. Lenton perhaps made a third at *L'Hombre?*

Len. No. Chess was the game, my lord.—*(Aside.)*—What an insufferable creature!

Cou. Chess! Ha! ha! ha!—I should like to see the Baron play at chess, of all men in the world.

Soph. I beg leave to mention that my father must not be ridiculed in his own house, and in his daughter's presence.

Cou. I intreat your pardon a thousand times. But to change the subject, may I ask whether you have reflected on the question, which I was bold enough to make a few days since?

Soph. No, my lord.

Cou. Indeed!—That is cruel. May I ask why not?

Soph. As I have the pleasure of hearing at least two hundred questions from your lordship whenever I have the honour of being in your company I do not know to which you refer.

Cou. To which! I have but one question of consequence, and that is, whether I may hope to call you mine?

Soph. That question I cannot answer.

Cou. May I ask why?

Soph. Because I have a father.

Cou. Were I so happy as to gain his consent, would yours accompany it?

Soph. I answer nothing prematurely.—(*Apart to* Len.)—Rid me of this plague.

Cou. Don't you think you could live comfortably and happily with me?

Len. This is a very fine day.

Cou. You don't answer me, Miss Sophia?

Soph. It is almost a shame to stay in the house.

Cou. Does any other attachment oppose my wishes?

Soph. My father has acted wisely in taking an airing.

Cou. May I hope for an answer?——Shall I wish you good morning, Miss Sophia?

Soph. I wish you a good morning, my lord.

Cou. Madam, how have I deserved this contempt?

Soph. Contempt! I thought you were taking your leave.

Cou. No, dear Sophia.

Soph. Then I beg your pardon; but I must add that the honour of your visit will be more welcome to me at another time, for I am really not well.

Cou. I obey. May I ask whether I shall be troublesome this afternoon?

Soph. By no means, my lord. I shall be happy to see you.

Cou. May I ask—but of [illegible] will converse at large hereafter. Your most obedient! [*Exit*

Soph. At length he is gone. What a burden is his society! How insipid his enquiries!

Len. He did not chose to understand you.

Soph. Yet I spoke plainly.

Len. What a pity it is that he makes himself so disagreeable by his incessant questions.

Soph. What a difference between him and the Ensign!

Len.—(*Aside.*)—Was the Baron right in his conjectures?

Soph. He usually comes in about this time.

Len. Who?

Soph. The Ensign.

Len. His lordship was highly exasperated against him this morning.

Soph. Heavens! on what account?

Len. On account of his secret visits.

Soph. It is indeed strange that he should always go out at one time.

Len. Your father thinks some private attachment—

Soph.—(*Alarmed.*)—Attachment!

Len. Which is not very creditable to him—

Soph. Dreadful!

Len. Is the cause of his mysterious conduct, as well as of his debts.

Soph.—(*After a pause.*)—No, my dear Mrs. Lenton, I don't believe it.

Len. Sophia! Sophia! All is not as it should be.

Soph. With respect to what?

Len. Your heart.

Soph. I beg your pardon. With respect to my heart all is exactly as it should be.

Len. No reserve towards me, Sophia. You know I do not deserve it. No mother can feel more interested in the welfare of a child than I in yours.

Soph. Alas—dear Mrs. Lenton!

Len. Be upon your guard against this passion. Your artless simplicity protects you less from the impressions and consequences of love than I suspected. The plain education you have had is unable sufficiently to counteract the

poison you have imbibed. To me it seems almost impossible that the Ensign can ever be yours. Your father's regard for him daily diminishes, but the Ensign's conduct remains unaltered.

Soph. But if his motives be praiseworthy—

Len. A praiseworthy motive for involving himself in debt! I never heard of any.

Soph. My heart assures me that he will justify his conduct in a way creditable to himself.

Len. Your heart, dear Sophia, is a surety, in which I cannot place implicit confidence.

Soph. If my father be but patient—

Len. I fear he will not.

Soph. He becomes every day more harsh and discontented.

Len. What a man was he, when I first entered his house! He was always sorrowful, to be sure, but mild, humane, and charitable.—About eight years ago he received a letter, which almost drove him to distraction. Unconnected expressions, relating to meanness, imposition and villany, were all that I learnt of its contents. Since that time, execrations and curses are the only alms, which he distributes to the needy. Since he received that odious letter, he has been sickly, absent, and devoid of pity.

Soph. He is my father—I must not complain.—But, dear Mrs. Lenton, what a strange whim it was to leave me among peasants till I was nine years old, without any person to instruct me!

Len. That was perhaps [illegible] anxious solicitude for your health.

Soph. But though this kind of life was his own choice, he now often reproaches me with it. Whenever he is incensed, he tells me that all my ideas are those of a peasant.

Len. We must all bear with his disposition.—(*A knock is heard at the door.*)—Come in.

Enter the ENSIGN.

Ens.—(*Starts.*)—I beg pardon, Miss Sophia. I thought his lordship—

Soph. He will soon be here again. He is only taking a short airing with the doctor.

Ens. If I be not troublesome—

Soph. How can you suppose that?

Ens. The unfortunate are always afraid of being troublesome.

Soph. Unfortunate!—(*Apart to* Len.)—May I not try to learn his secret?

Len.—(*Apart to* Soph.)—Take care he does not discover yours.

Soph. Pray be seated.—(*They take chairs.*)—You call yourself unfortunate.

Ens. I am so, Miss Sophia, I am so, and at present more unfortunate than ever, for I have lost all hope.

Soph. How so? What has happened to you?

Ens. I yesterday answered the general as a man of honour ought to answer, and am now certain that I shall have no promotion in this country.

Len. Is this country the whole world?

Ens. To me it is, for I dare not leave it.

Soph. Dare not?

Ens. And cannot, if I durst.

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—That relates to me.

Len.—(*Apart to* Soph.)—Or to his private visits.

Soph.—(*Aloud.*)—If you were to discover your situation to my father—

Ens. Discover what?

Soph. The cause of your distress.

Ens. Miss Sophia, did your father ever assist any one in distress?

Soph.—(*Abashed:*)—Would that I were able to answer in the affirmative! But your case will certainly be an exception.

Ens. Why?

Soph. Because he feels interested in your behalf. This is evinced by his dissatisfaction at your mysterious visits.

Ens. Mysterious visits!

Soph. Yes. The visits which you make so regularly thrice every day. Are they the cause of your not daring to leave this country—(Ens. *turns away*)—and of your not being able to leave it if you durst?

Ens. No, by Heavens, Miss Sophia. The cause is in myself.

Soph. Even if these mysterious visits did not exist?

Ens. Oh, then should I be a thousand times less able, to leave this country. [*Rises.*

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—That surely was a reference to me.

Len.—(*Apart to* Soph.)—Don't forget yourself.

Soph.—(*To the* Ens.)—I wish I might be your confidante.

Ens. Oh, Miss Sophia, how willingly, were I allowed to discover the sorrows of my mind to you—how willingly— [*Turns away.*

Len.—(*Aside.*)—They become more and more confidential. This must not be.

Soph. Confide in me, I beseech you. Fancy you are conversing with a sister—

Len. Sophia!

Soph.—(*Discontented.*)—What do you want?

Len. Remember that this confidential intercourse may not be agreeable to your father.

Ens. You are right, Mrs. Lenton. Farewel, Miss Sophia.

Len. But your society will by no means be disagreeable to him.

Soph. Oh certainly not. Stay, my dear sir.

Enter CONRAD.

Con. A letter for you, sir.

Ens. By the post?

Con. No. It was brought by a man, whom I don't know.

Ens. Does he wait for an answer?

Con. No, sir. He is gone.

Ens. Very well.—*(Puts the letter in his pocket.)*

[*Exit* Con.

Soph. I beg you will read it. I equally sympathize in your joy and grief. My heart forebodes that this letter contains pleasant news.

Ens. Oh, Miss Sophia, your goodness overpowers me.—Your pardon! [*Opens the letter.*

Len.—*(Apart to* Soph. *while he is reading.)*—You betray yourself.

Soph.—*(Apart to* Len.)—By no means. My expressions are perfectly harmless.

Ens. Am I awake?

Soph. Joyful tidings as I said?

Ens. Most joyful! Most astonishing! Listen, Miss Sophia.—*(Reads.)*—"That you may be in some degree relieved from your unpleasant situation, the inclosed trifle is sent you by a man, who neither expects nor will accept any return."—By Heavens, my eyes deceive me. A present of a hundred Louis d'ors from one who expects no return—and in the year 1800!

Soph. You perceive you still have friends.

Ens. Who can it be?—*(After a pause)*—Can your father—

Soph.—*(Sighing.)*—I wish I could think it possible.

Ens.—*(After meditating awhile.)*—Or—no, that is equally improbable.

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—I am sure it was not sent by my father.

Len. I think it is much more likely that it is sent by the Great Mogul.

Ens. There is no mistake in the direction.—No, as I live —Allow me to withdraw, Miss Sophia.—My heart is so full.—At this time, just at this time, when—a hundred Louis d'ors—from a stranger—who will accept no return—and 1800! — — [*Exit.*

Soph. Dear Mrs. Lenton, how few good people must the Ensign have met with, since this gift so much surprises him; yet God knows if I had it—

Len. You would give so much away that you would at last be obliged to receive favours from others in your turn. Follow the middle path, Sophia.

Soph. Who can the generous man be?

Len. How if it were not a man?

Soph. Oh!—That idea pierced me to my very heart.

Len. How if it came from the secret retreat?

Soph. Oh!—But surely he would have harboured some suspicions.

Len. Perhaps he did.

Soph. You are right, dear friend—perhaps he did. I must forget him—never speak to him again—see him as seldom as possible.—Let him continue to love his concealed beauty.

Len. Silence!—The Baron is coming.

Enter BARON *and* DOCTOR.

Bar. Is the Ensign within?

Len. He is, my lord.

Soph. Only think, dear father! He has just received a letter from an unknown person, which contains a present of a hundred Louis d'ors.

Bar. A hundred Louis d'ors! What a blockhead the unknown person must be!

Doc. It is a singular circumstance.

Soph. We have suspected that the money came from—

Bar. Whom?

Soph. You, dear father.

Bar. Are you mad? Do you fancy that I would throw away a hundred Louis d'ors upon a man, whose suspicious conduct has so long vexed me; and whom I shall shortly turn out of doors, unless he pays for his lodgings?

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—Do you hear that?

Len.—(*Apart to* Soph.)—The money came from the mysterious retreat.

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—Pray, pray be silent.

Bar. Mrs. Lenton, go and ask the Ensign to dine with us.

Len.—(*Aside.*)—Now that he has some money.—What a strange man! [*Exit.*

Doc. The whole story is, perhaps, fabricated by himself. Did you see the letter and the money, Miss Sophia?

Soph.—(*In an angry tone.*)—Yes, sir, I saw both.

Doc. Then it is, of course, a present from the unknown family, which he visits.

Soph.—(*Aside.*)—He knows of this too.

Bar. Sophia, see that dinner is forwarded. The querist will be of our party, too.

Soph. Count Alsing!

Bar. Yes. I met him while I was out.

Soph. Then we shall be so plagued with questions, that it will be impossible to eat a morsel. [*Exit.*

Doc. I wish I had been an eye-witness of his delight. To what purpose will he apply the money? That his character sufficiently demonstrates. Why so thoughtful, my lord? Can you feel unhappy after having done so good an action?

Bar. I was thinking how I would torment the Count with questions at dinner.

Doc. Right, my lord. Mirth and good humour are the best medicines I can prescribe.

Bar. The deuce is in it! I can't call to mind a single question.

Doc. I had almost forgot to mention that when I stepped out of the carriage, while you were in conversation with the Count—

Bar. Yes. At that time I could think of questions enough, but now—

Doc. I went into the apothecary's shop, and learnt, in confidence, that the Ensign has had medicines there throughout the last half year without having yet paid any thing for them. By the prescriptions I perceived that the patient was afflicted with an asthmatic complaint.

Bar. Right. I'll ask him whether he has an asthmatic complaint, as he talks so little.

Doc. You probably did not hear what I said, my lord?

Bar. Eh?—No.—I'll ask him, whether he did not, as soon as he came into the world, enquire what he was to do here.

Doc.—*(Aside.)*—Poor man! Yet it is better that he should be cheerful than sorrowful.

Enter MRS. LENTON.

Len. Count Alsing is arrived, my lord. Shall I order the servants to lay the cloth?

Bar. Yes, yes, yes. Have at you, Count. I'll make you tired of questions, I promise you.—*(Leans on the* Doctor's *arm.)*—Come along, doctor. Come, my dear doctor. Help me to torment the querist. [*Exeunt* Bar. *and* Doc.

Len. What spirits! Heaven have mercy on him! His end must be near. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The* BARON'S *Dining-Room.* BARON, COUNT, DOCTOR, SOPHIA, *and* Mrs. LENTON, *are seated at Table.* CONRAD *and* FRANCIS *are engaged in removing every Thing from the Table.*

Lon. Look once more, and look carefully. It cannot be gone.

Con. I have looked twenty times. A spoon and a napkin are wanting.

Bar. So you never were abroad, Count?

Cou. No, my lord.—(*To* Doc.)—How he plagues me with his questions. I must go.

Doc. Hold, my lord. The questions keep his mind from more disagreeable subjects, and are good for his health.

Cou. But answers are bad for mine. They irritate my nerves.

Bar. Do you like to dine by day-light or candle-light?

Cou.—(*Apart to* Doc.)—There again!

Doc.—(*Apart to* Cou.)—Pray answer him.

Cou.—(*Aloud.*)—By candle-light.

[*Exeunt* Con. *and* Fra

Bar. Do you usually take a nap or a walk after dinner?

Cou. A walk. I wish you a good day.

Bar. Are you really a going?

Cou. I shall only take a few turns in your garden, and then wait on you again.—(*Bows to all; aside, as he goes.*)

The devil himself would be driven away by such absurd questions. [*Exit.*

[*The* Bar. *poizes himself in his chair and laughs.*

Soph.—(*Who has in the mean time been in warm conversation with* Len.)—Fie! That is a shameful suspicion.

Len.—(*Half aloud.*)—They can't have vanished.

Bar. What's the matter there?

Len. A spoon and a napkin are lost.

Bar. Since we sat down?

Len. Yes, and as nobody quitted the room so immediately and hastily as—

Bar. As who?

Soph. Mrs. Lenton!

Len. As the Ensign—

Bar. Pshaw! Does the devil possess the woman? But true—he is a man—it is possible.

Doc. No, my lord. I will be surety, on my life, for the Ensign.

Soph. So will I.

Len. Then only mention any other probable way of accounting for it.

Doc. That is needless. He is incapable of such a deed.

Bar. He is a man—consequently capable of any thing.

Doc. Now, when possessed of a hundred Louis d'ors—

Len. His haste to procure cash for the bill seemed very unnecessary, I thought.

Soph. Shame on you for the suspicion!

Doc. Is it not possible that he has debts, which must be instantly paid?

Len. Why, to be sure—but—

Bar. Have you made strict search?—

Len. Innumerable times!

Bar. It is improbable—but still possible.

Doc. My lord, how can you think so?—An officer—a man of honour—

Len.—(*Ironically.*)—Then there must be a hobgoblin in the house.

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—Unless you are silent, I'll never forgive you.

Bar. Yes, some hobgoblin has played us a trick.

Doc. Is there no other conjecture to be formed?

Bar. Do you know any?

Doc. Conjecture I say, not probability. How if this were an attempt to make the Ensign appear guilty?

Len. That is not likely on the part of the Baron, Sophia, or yourself; the Count, therefore, or I—

Doc. I accuse nobody. I only speak of possibilities.

Soph. Dearest father.

Bar. Go, Sophia. I wish to have a little conversation with the doctor. [*Exeunt* Soph. *and* Len.

Doc. My lord, I am astonished that the nonsensical ideas of this foolish old woman can make any impression upon you.

Bar. Did I say that I believed it? I only say it is possible.

Doc. No, it is impossible, my lord.

Bar. Pshaw! Don't attempt to defend mankind. Had you learnt as much of the world by experience as I have, you would alter your opinions.

Doc. Then I thank heaven that I have not had your experience.—But, my lord, your words and actions disagree. You talk like a misanthrope, and seek the distressed even in the remotest corners for the purpose of relieving them.

Bar. Because I am a fool—because my heart is weaker than my reason But I have firmly abided by my oath, never to be charitable but by proxy.

Doc. And have thereby deprived yourself of many moments, which would have been grateful to your feelings.

Bar. Can you imagine that gratitude ever existed in the

nature of man? No. You may far sooner succeed in making me believe every thing which the heated imagination of the poet generates, than this. Why, therefore, should I make my charities known, when I expect no gratitude, and only wish not to be imposed upon?—But come, doctor, as you think the world so good, listen to my history, and then accuse me of injustice if you can. You shall, at the same time, learn the cause of all my sorrows, but do not despise me, for my sufferings have been great,—my penitence sincere.

Doc. If you have erred, there is many an intercessor, who will sue for you hereafter.

Bar. After the death of my father, who left me a large estate, I became acquainted with a girl of good family, whose only fortune was her virtue. After incessant and fruitless attempts to rob her of this, I began to talk of marriage, and my proposals were joyfully accepted by her and her mother. The contract was signed—the day fixed—but a short time previous to which, in the most accursed moment of my existence, I triumphed over her honour, and was immediately resolved to forsake her for ever. I entrusted my brother with full power to convert my estates into money, and follow me to France.

Doc. Heavens!

Bar. The punishment of my infamous conduct followed close upon it. My brother informed me by letter that Caroline had vanished, and postponed his departure under various pretexts. Suddenly his remittances ceased to come. I wrote, and was told, in reply, that my estates were sold, and that no one knew any thing of my brother. I was at that time in debt, and was soon after imprisoned. My liberty was, in a short time, again granted, because it was discovered that I had harboured no fraudulent intentions—but I was a beggar.

Doc. Poor man!

Bar. A war took place. I enlisted, and in ten years rose from the rank of a private to that of a captain. Our general, whose life I had thrice saved, expired in my arms, and made me the heir to his extensive property.

Doc. Singular fate!

Bar. I resigned, and wandered through Germany in search of Caroline, that I might make reparation for my injustice towards her. I will not relate to you how often my unsuspecting confidence has been imposed upon. Suffice it to say, that but eight years since I was, by indefatigable exertions, rescued from utter ruin. Then it was that I made a vow to appear hard-hearted in the eyes of the world, but secretly to follow the impulse of my disposition, and as often as I could, relieve the distresses of my fellow-creatures.—Oh, if you knew how difficult I have often found it to support the character I have assumed—

Doc. Of that I have innumerable proofs.—And all your attempts to discover Caroline have been in vain?

Bar. All, all.—She is, doubtless, dead.

Doc. But I do not comprehend how Miss Sophia—your daughter—

Bar. Oh, she is—my daughter. To protect her from the fate of Caroline, and bestow her hand upon a worthy man, is all I wish.—The Ensign seemed to me the man I wanted. —He is poor, and this gave me a claim upon his gratitude. —The worthless—

Enter CONRAD *in haste.*

Con. Doctor, you are requested to attend baron Klinsberg, who is suddenly taken ill in the neighbourhood.

Doc. I come.—(*Exit* Con.)—Do not be exasperated with regard to the Ensign. I conjure you, be composed, and

leave the explanation to time. I shall return as soon as possible. [*Exit.*

Bar. I thought my brother honest too—yet he proved a villain.—All, all alike!

Enter SOPHIA *and* MRS. LENTON.

Soph. I never will forgive you.

Len. I should be truly happy to find myself—

Soph. How angry my father looks—and all on account of your absurd suspicions!

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—All, all alike!—Then why do I assist them? Because I also was a villain twenty years ago? That is the only reason.

Enter the ENSIGN.

Soph. The Ensign, dear—

Bar. Be quiet, doctor, I'll hear no more.

Soph. Dear father, the Ensign.

Ens. My lord, I am ashamed to confess that I have been longer indebted to you than I ought to have been, or wished. Allow me most sincerely to thank you, and—

[*Presents money.*

Bar. For what do I receive this?

Ens. For the rent of my lodgings.

Bar. Oh—very well.—(*Aside.*)—Let me see whether he will betray himself.—(*Aloud.*)—Punctuality is praiseworthy in a young man.

Ens. I have lamented, my lord, that you have not discovered this quality in me. Had not an unexpected and most fortunate circumstance occurred, I should have been under the necessity of making a further appeal to your kindness and patience.

Bar. How so?

Ens. Has not Miss Sophia related to your lordship—

Bar. No—nothing.

Ens. That an unknown friend has sent me a present of a hundred Louis d'ors?

Bar. Hem! Are there such fools in the world?

Ens. Oh do not call the first of human virtues folly.—*(With a degree of asperity.)*—What a wretch is he, who knows not the celestial transport of doing good!

Bar. But what a far greater wretch is he, who has by singular experience discovered that benevolence and kindness are not fables, yet at the very same time is guilty of a mean action.

Soph.—*(Apart to* Len.)—Heavens!—You see what you have done. [*Exit.*

Ens. That I think impossible.

Bar. Impossible! Let me relate to you a circumstance, which happened to me in my younger days. About eighteen years ago I became acquainted with a man, who was—who was a lawyer. He talked of honesty and integrity—he was poor—in short my regard for him increased, and as a proof of it I gave him a ring of considerable value. On the very same day he dined with me—and stole my watch. What say you to this?

Ens. My lord, our argument was whether he, who was susceptible of humanity and kindness, could be guilty of a mean action. The man to whom you allude was an execrable villain, incapable of feeling an obligation.

Bar. But I tell you he talked so much about integrity and honesty.—*(While saying this, he puts his hand into his pocket, draws out the napkin and spoon—starts, throws them at* Len. *embraces the* Ens. *with fervour, strikes his forehead, and rushes out.)*

Ens.—*(In the utmost astonishment.)*—What means all this?—Follow him Mrs. Lenton.

(Len. *who has concealed the napkin and spoon, and is standing abashed at a distance, approaches, kisses his hand, and exit.)*

Ens. Now, by Heaven, this is the strangest scene I ever witnessed.—Has the Baron's odd manner extended to every member of the family?—This conversation—the sudden transition—and the Baron left alone!—He may perhaps—I must look.—*(Goes to the door of the adjoining room.)*—He reclines his head upon his hand, and appears quiet.

Enter SOPHIA *and* MRS. LENTON.

Soph. Oh my dear sir!—Dare I—may I—I must speak to my father. [*Exit.*

Ens. Mrs. Lenton, pray explain to me the cause of the Baron's and your mysterious conduct.

Len.—*(Confounded.)*—Sir, you are in some degree acquainted with his lordship's state of mind.—The anecdote, which he related to you—affected him—because—ingratitude—and I sympathize with him,—because—because I believe his malady arises from misanthropy alone. [*Exit.*

Ens. To judge of all men by one!—But that, alas! is often the case. It is a weakness of human nature, and a very lamentable one.

Enter COUNT.

Cou. May I ask where Miss Sophia is?

Ens. With her father.

Cou. Have you seen her since I was here?

Ens. Yes, she passed through this room in great haste just now. I believe the Baron is again indisposed.——My lord, you had the goodness, some time since, to render me assistance, when I was very much in want of it.—I am happy that it is in my power to perform my promise.

Cou. May I ask what you mean?

Ens. You lent me two hundred dollars, which I now repay with very sincere thanks. [*Presents the money.*

Cou.—(*Aside.*)—Zounds! What a scrape am I in! I wish I had been quiet.—(*Aloud.*)—If it be not offensive, allow me to ask—

Ens. How I obtained this money? That I'll tell you with great pleasure. To my friends and foes, to all whom I know, and even to those whom I do not know, I will relate it, in order that my benefactor may at length know how gratefully I acknowledge his goodness and bounty—in order that he may at length be discovered, and become the object of every worthy person's respect, and admiration.

Cou. You really excite my curiosity. May I ask—

Ens. This morning when I was with Miss Sophia—

Cou. Were you alone with her?

Ens. No. Mrs. Lenton was present. This morning—when tradesmen had been making fruitless applications to me—when all my money, all my credit was at an end—some unknown person sent me a hundred Louis d'ors.

Cou.—(*Aside.*)—The doctor, of course.

Ens. Oh, if the generous man knew at what a time, from what a situation he relieved me—

Cou. There is, perhaps, not quite so much generosity in it as you suppose.

Ens. Such is the Baron's language.—What a bad opinion must you both have of human nature!—Take your money, my lord, and with it my heart-felt gratitude.

Cou. But—is your note due?

Ens. It is—because I can pay it.

Cou. Have you no further use for the money?

Ens. None, my lord. My debts are all discharged. Take the money, I beg.

Cou. I can't, indeed. I have not your note in my pocket.

Ens. That is of no consequence.

Cou. I can't take it.

Ens.—(*Mildly.*)—Count, I am an officer as well as you. I caanot accept alms.

Enter Mrs. LENTON.

Len. Don't speak loud, if you please. The Baron is asleep.

Cou. Is Miss Sophia with him?

Len. Yes.

Cou. Will she not soon come hither?

Len. No, my lord. The Baron must not be left alone, and I am engaged with other things. [*Exit.*

Ens. My lord, I once more beg—

Cou. I—but zounds—when I reflect—it is my duty to discover to you all I know. No doubt you are eager to learn who was the friend, from whom you received the hundred Louis d'ors.

Ens. How! Do you know—

Cou. Patience! I this morning related to the Baron your conversation with the general, and owned I was not very well pleased with you for the laconic answer, by which you had deprived yourself of promotion.

Ens. May I be deprived of it for ever, if it cannot be obtained but by meanness!

Cou. Is it mean, then—

Ens. To the subject, my lord, if you please.

Cou. A word escaped me respecting my two hundred dollars.

Ens. That was not honourable, Count.

Cou. Believe me, I did it with no bad intention, but being rather angry respecting your answer to the general, the remark escaped me unawares.—In short, the doctor insisted

upon my taking the two hundred dollars from him—insisted upon it, I say, and assured me that he had orders from one of your relations, to discharge your debts privately.

Ens. Relations!

Cou. Now you can guess from what quarter the hundred Louis d'ors came.

Ens. That I cannot, by Heaven; for I know not that I have in the world more than one relation, who is more unfortunate and wretched than myself.

Cou. How! Don't you know any thing of your relations in Sweden?

Ens. In Sweden! Not I indeed.

Cou. You astonish me. Then I am very happy that I have disclosed the matter to you.

Ens. In Sweden!—It cannot be. The doctor has deceived you.

Cou. Indeed!—Well, it must be somebody, then, who resides here. If so, depend upon it I shall soon discover him.—What think you of the Baron?

Ens. The Baron! Had you seen the eagerness with which he put into his pocket the trifle I paid him for my lodgings—

Cou. Can it be the Count Brenner?

Ens. As unlikely as the Baron.—In Sweden! Is it possible?

Cou. Why not? Who knows all his relations?

Enter DOCTOR *and* Mrs. LENTON.

Doc. I hope, Mrs. Lenton, this example will be a sufficient warning to you.

Len. It will indeed. [*Exit on the opposite side.*

Cou.—(*Looking at his watch.*)—Five o'clock! I must go to the general instantly.—Gentlemen, I leave you together. You have much to say to each other—(*Apart to* Ens.)—

Depend upon it, I'll discover this concealed friend or relation—depend upon it. [*Exit.*

Doc.—(*Aside.*)—Can he have betrayed me!

Ens. I did not flatter myself with the idea of possessing any share of your esteem.

Doc. I am a friend of the whole world, but particularly of so worthy a young man.

Ens. I am ashamed and hurt that it is not in my power to make any return for your friendship.

Doc. Bestow yours upon me in return. But I first wish to have an opportunity of deserving it.

Ens. Generous man! You wish to avoid my acknowledgments.

Doc. What acknowledgments?

Ens. If not, you endeavour to conceal from me a circumstance, which is of the utmost importance to me.

Doc. I do not comprehend you.

Ens. Then I must explain myself. You have paid Count Alsing two hundred dollars for me.

Doc.—(*Aside.*)—As I feared.

Ens. I beg you will not use any evasion. The Count himself told me this.—Do not conceal any thing from me. —I am an enigma to all my acquaintance—

Doc. True.

Ens. You can solve this enigma

Doc. How so?

Ens. Who authorised you to pay the two hundred dollars for me?

Doc.—I—I—

Ens. You told the Count a relation in Sweden had employed you.

Doc. I would have told him a relation in Lapland, to avoid his enquiries.

Ens. And mine too?

Doc. (*Aside.*)—I must positively not own the truth.

Ens. Doctor, did you pay the two hundred dollars for me?

Doc. I cannot deny it.

Ens. Then you also sent me a hundred Louis d'ors.

Doc. A hundred Louis d'ors! Indeed I did not.

Ens. Impossible!—Two such men and at the same time! —Impossible!

Doc. Would not your benefactor be more likely to be discovered by trusting to a second person?

Ens. That may be.—But with regard to what you told the Count——have I any relations in Sweden?

Doc. I cannot—dare not answer you.

Ens.—(*Violently.*)—By heaven you must. The welfare of a being, who causes my sighs to ascend by night and day to Heaven, depends upon it.

Doc.—(*Astonished.*)—Indeed!—Speak more fully—and I too will speak.

Ens. I cannot—dare not—must not. I am bound by an oath to be silent. Oh, if I might speak, your tears would flow with mine.—Be satisfied with this. If I have relations, I may perhaps alleviate the sorrows of one far dearer to me than my own existence, who now—(*Turning away as if he had already said too much.*)—Oh God!

Doc.—(*Aside.*)—I am compelled to speak.—(*Aloud.*)—No. The friendly assistance you have received, proceeds from a worthy inhabitant of this place. I mentioned a relation in Sweden for the purpose of deceiving the Count, and depriving him of all suspicion.

Ens.—(*With acrimony.*)—Right, right! The wretch must not be allowed one ray of hope, lest he should cease to be wretched.—

Doc.—(*Aside.*)—The Baron is, unfortunately, right. A private amour is the young man's ruin.

Ens. I can now say I am completely so.

Doc. You forget your unknown friend—

Ens. Ungrateful creature that I am!—Forgive me, oh God. Forgive my complaints. But a few hours are elapsed since thou didst prove by what strange unknown means thou can'st protect mankind.——But this friend—dare you not disclose his name?

Doc. I dare not.

Ens. Then be Heaven's blessing his reward.

Doc. He will, perhaps, soon discover himself.—Will you allow me a question?

Ens. Undoubtedly.

Doc. Your welfare is my sincere wish.—Can I serve you professionally? For whom are the medicines, which you so often buy? *Not* for yourself?

Ens. No.—*(Aside.)*—Oh God!

Doc. Enough.—Pardon my curiosity. It is intended for your good.

Ens. I believe you, but be silent, I conjure you. My bill is paid.

Doc. If a physician can be of any service to you, be assured I will zealously exert myself—

Ens.—*(Deeply affected.)*—Alas! The day is, perhaps, not far distant, when I shall be obliged to avail myself of your kindness.

Enter BARON, SOPHIA, *and* Mrs. LENTON.

Bar. Ha! There he is.—*(To* Ens.)—Welcome, my friend. Doctor, I have had a very pleasant nap. It is long since I felt so well.

Doc. That is the effect of exercise. You must take an airing every day.

Ens.—*(Aside.)*—Can it be he?—The doctor is his friend—

Bar. So thoughtful, Mr. Vizar.

Ens.—(*Keenly surveying him.*)—I am incessantly endeavouring to discover my benefactor.

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—I see his aim.—(*Aloud.*)—I insist upon it he is a fool—so pray let him remain *incog.*—To be sure, his folly has been of some service to you.

Ens. My lord, I beg—

Bar. What does the blockhead mean? If he be thoroughly acquainted with your heart and sentiments, why does he deprive himself of a happy moment?—Either because he is not rich enough, in which case he should have kept his money—or because he is rich, in which case what he has done for you is a paltry trifle, and a certain proof that he will do no more.

Ens. Happy am I in not having sufficient penetration to discover the validity of these conclusions.

Bar. But if he be not thoroughly convinced of the goodness of your heart—if he be not positive that your debts have been incurred by no misconduct on your part, and that your wants are occasioned by no extravagance,—then he is a madman, who throws his money away, and assists the wicked as well as the worthy.

Ens.—(*Aside.*)—Could I suspect such a man?

Doc.—(*Apart to* Bar.)—A very pretty description of yourself, my lord.

Soph.—(*Apart to* Len.)—It grieves me to hear my father talk thus.

Ens.—(*Aside.*)—A man like this wants a physician for his soul. To instil humane principles into his mind would be a master-piece of art.

Bar. Now to another subject.—(*To* Soph. *and* Len.)—Leave us together.—(*Exeunt* Soph. *and* Len.)—My dear Mr. Vizar, you perceive that I am not one of those tender-hearted beings, who, from pure charity, throw their property away, but—what was I going to say?—(*Apart to* Doc.

—The deuce take it! Idon't like to make him an offer of the girl.

Doc.—(*Apart to* Bar.)—Defer it till another opportunity occurs.

Bar.—(*Apart to* Doc.)—No. I owe him satisfaction for my shameful suspicion—and that on the spot.

Doc.—(*Apart to* Bar.)—But I have learnt—

Bar. Silence!—Mr. Vizar—what was I going to say?

Doc.—(*Aside.*)—It is as well. We shall so much the sooner come to an explanation.

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—The devil take it! To offer her myself—

Ens. You seem uneasy, my lord.

Bar. Yes—because—what was I going to say?—True—Mr. Vizar, why don't you try to improve your situation by a good match?

Ens. Match!—I marry, who can scarcely maintain myself!

Bar. I said a good match, and therefore meant you should marry a woman of fortune.

Ens. A woman of fortune accept me!

Bar. Well, why not?—There are plenty of fools in the world.

Ens. My lord!

Bar. You find there is one fool who gives you money, without chusing to be thanked for it. Why may not another be found, who is silly enough to bestow his daughter or niece upon you with a good portion?—(*Aside.*)—Surely he can understand that.

Ens.—(*Astonished.*)—My lord—

Bar. You might then quit the service, and no longer care for the hatred of the general.

Ens.—(*Aside.*)—I know not what to think.

Bar.—(*Apart to* Doc.)—I can't speak more plainly.

Doc.—(*Aside.*)—How will this end?

Bar. Well, Mr. Vizar, you return no answer?

Ens. What can I answer to the enchanting vision? Granting that there really existed so generous a man—could I make the first proposal to him, without incurring a suspicion of the meanest avarice?

Bar.—(*Incensed.*)—But methinks you require a great deal, if you expect him to offer you his daughter or niece—

Doc. For the father might conclude from your reserve that your affections were previously engaged.

Ens. How false would this conclusion be!

Bar. Your affections are totally disengaged then?

Ens.—(*Seizing his hand.*)—No, my lord. They have long been bestowed upon the daughter of the most generous man in the world.

Bar. You don't suppose that I am that man?

Ens.—(*Releases his hand,*)—If you be not—(*Turns away.*)

Bar. I am, my dear boy, I am. My girl is yours.—Hey! Sophia! Sophia!

Ens. Am I awake?—(*Transported.*)—Sophia mine!

Bar. She is, my boy! Sophia!—(Ens. *stands rooted to the spot in speechless ecstasy.*)

Enter SOPHIA *and* Mrs. LENTON.

Bar. Daughter, prepare to be married.

Soph.—(*Joyfully.*)—Married!

Bar. Yes. The bridegroom will soon be here!

Soph.—(*Dejected.*)—Soon be here!

Bar. Yes, the Count.

Soph.—(*Shrieking.*)—The Count!

Bar. Yes. What's the matter?

Soph. Oh dear father, he'll kill me by asking questions?

Bar. But suppose it were the Ensign—

Soph. The Ensign!

Bar. I suppose you would kill him by asking questions.

Soph. Your will is my law.

Bar.—(*Leads her into his arms.*)—There! Take him.

Ens. My lord—Sophia—is this a dream?——I am the happiest of mankind.—Oh, my lord—your daughter—I a beggar——Great God of Heaven!—What will she say to this?—I must—I must see her.—My father—my dear Sophia——I'll return in a few minutes. [*Rushes out.*

Bar. What nonsense the man talks! What did he mean?

Soph. To leave me so immediately—

Len. He mentioned some other woman.

Bar. Hem! Joy has robbed him of his reason.

Doc.—(*Apart to* Bar.)—His conduct is in every respect to me unaccountable. I have however made a discovery—

Bar.—(*Apart to* Doc.)—Well?

Doc.—(*Apart to* Bar.)—Not in the presence of your daughter. Come with me into the next room.

Bar. I will. [*Exeunt* Bar. *and* Doc.

Soph. Do you understand this, dear Mrs. Lenton?

Len. Almost.

Soph. Explain—

Len. I don't wish to awake you from the pleasing delusion.

Soph. You think, then, that he does not love me.

Len. He certainly does love you.

Soph. Well, that is all I can wish.

Len. But does he love you alone?

Soph. How can he love two at the same time?

Len. Oh, a young man's heart has room enough for more than two.

Soph. But he seemed in such raptures—

Len. Because he loves you. He instantly again became uneasy, because he remembered that he was bound by prior ties. What else could he mean by his exclamation of "Great God of Heaven, what will she say to this?"

Soph. Oh that my father had allowed me to remain among the honest peasants!

Len. Even among them there are girls, who love sooner than they ought, and youths, who think more than one girl pretty. You should have waited till your father authorized you to love him.

Soph. Did I love him by my own inclination? No. I felt compelled—irresistibly compelled. Ask my poor heart, and let it answer you.——I'll go into the garden.—Oh those unfortunate secret visits! [*Exit.*

Len. Good Sophia, if such a discovery must be made, it is better before than after marriage. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The same Room as in the first Act.*—*Enter* BARON *and* DOCTOR.

Bar. Taking it in the worst point of view, he can hardly have a Dulcinea, who has been assisting in the consumption of his slender means—and do you think he cannot easily leave her for the sake of Sophia—and leave her with honour too?

Doc. I perfectly remember his expression. "If I have relations," said he, "I may, perhaps, alleviate the sorrow of one far dearer to me than my own existence." This is not the style in which a man speaks of a person whom he can easily forsake.

Bar. Hem! Hem!

Doc. Shall I discover to you my conjecture?

Bar. Well?

Doc. I fear the poor fellow is privately and unfortunately married.

Bar. Married! And allowed me absolutely to offer him Sophia—and accepted her too! By Almighty God, if such be the case, his blood shall pay for his audacity.

Doc. Again incensed! Consider that your health—

Bar. Then why do you mention such things? You know that I have been a soldier, and shall not bear an insult from any man.

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. Father, a servant has just brought this note for the Ensign.

Bar. What is that to me?

Soph.—*(Aside.)*—I thought he would have allowed me to open it.

Bar. Do you feel an affection for the Ensign, Sophia?

Soph. Dear father!

Bar. Answer me.

Soph. As you have resolved that he shall be my husband, he is dearer to me than any one.

Bar. But suppose I were to resolve otherwise—

Soph. Why so! This note—

Bar. You would like to read—eh?

Soph. It might explain the mystery.

Bar. Base, mean, boorish idea!—(Soph. *turns away, and weeps.)*—I believe the girl is in tears.—What's the matter?

Soph. Oh my father, why do you so often apply these epithets to me? Why did you discard me from your house, and suffer me to reside among peasants for nine years?

Bar.—*(Aside.)*—Thus it is. Good actions are always misunderstood.

Soph. I never knew my mother—and daily lose a portion of my father's affection.

Bar. Who told you so?

Soph. Your own expressions betray it.

Bar. Be easy my girl. I will not apply those epithets to you again.

Soph.—*(Kisses his hand.)*—Dearest father!

Doc. Was not the servant known by his livery?

Soph. No. I have already enquired.

Doc. My lord, are you acquainted with the rank of the Ensign's family? I forgot to ask in the morning.

Bar. Yes. He is of a good family, and lost his parents at so early an age that he can scarcely recollect them. A distant relation took compassion on him (for he had nothing

in the world) and enlisted him into our service when only ten years of age. This relation died, and the poor fellow, after having been twelve years in the army, after having in the last war distinguished himself on several occasions, has at length attained the rank of an ensign.

Soph.—*(Who has, in the mean time, written a full note on both sides.)*—Oh dear father, forgive me—for Heaven's sake forgive me.

Bar. What now?

Soph. The note—

Bar. Well?

Soph. Has burst open—I don't know how.

Bar. Damnation!

Soph. It is really not my fault,—nor will I read it.—There, doctor! [*Gives him the note and exit.*

Bar. What a cursed accident!

Doc. My lord, with the firm conviction that you think me an honest man, I advise you to read this note.

Bar. No, doctor,—that would be shameful.

Doc. I am not of your opinion. Neither you nor I have opened it, and as it may, in all probability, explain—

Bar. I do not like any thing to be explained in such a way.

Doc. But—

Bar. No, doctor. I will not.

Doc. Consider only—

Bar. If you cannot subdue your curiosity,—why read it, and I will not betray you. This is more than a man of honour ought to do,——but not a word will I know of it.

Doc.—*(After having perused the note.)*—Allow me to read it to you, my lord.

Bar. I will not, I say.

Doc. It relates to—

Bar. I am deaf.

Doc. The happiness of your daughter, perhaps, depends upon it.

Bar.—(*Starts.*)—Indeed!—Doctor, will you compel me to be guilty of a mean action?

Doc. Be mine the guilt—and mine the consequences.

Bar. Pshaw!

Doc. You must hear it, unless the welfare of your child be a matter of indifference to you.

Bar. Well, then—the devil take the note—read it.

Doc.—(*Reads.*)—"What is the reason, my dear sir, that I have not seen you this week? My children lament your absence every minute. Your Charlotte will not listen to any one who attempts to console her, and Henry declares he will not speak a word of French till he sees you. At all events, let us hear some account of you, and believe me your faithful friend, Ann B——."

Bar. "Your Charlotte will not listen to any one, who attempts to console her." Hell and furies!

Enter SOPHIA.

What do you want?

Soph. Oh heavens, the Ensign is just arrived. He seemed bereft of reason—seized my hand, and cried, in a frightful voice: "Angel, angel, I may not possess thee. A curse divides us," and immediately rushed towards his own room.

Bar.—(*Takes the note from the* Doc. *and gives it to Soph.*)—Read that.—(Soph. *peruses it.*)

Doc. Shall I go and speak to him?

Bar. No. That is my office.

Doc. But, my lord—

Bar. Do you think I am a man?

Doc. Undoubtedly.

Bar. That I know how one man ought to act towards another.

Doc. In the state—

Bar. Leave me.

Doc. I dare not.

Bar. Leave me, I say, unless you wish to ruin every thing.

Doc. Would you—

Bar. I would be alone with him. If he have any secret, he will entrust it to one person rather than two. I am most concerned in his fate, and what I cannot learn nobody can.

Doc.—(*In a tone of entreaty.*)—My lord—

Bar. I did not entrust you with my confidence that you might act in opposition to my wishes.

Doc.—(*Hurt.*)—As your lordship pleases. [*Exit.*

Bar.—(*Rings.*)—

Enter Mrs. Lenton.

Request the Ensign to come hither. [*Exit* Mrs. Len.

Soph.—(*Returning the note.*)—Dear father, I no longer wish to be married.

Bar. Go.

Soph. The doctor has expressly forbidden that you should be left alone.

Bar. I am not absent, now. I am master of my own ideas.—Go, I tell you. [*Exit* Soph.

(Bar. *walks to and fro, in sullen meditation—becomes absent—and at once forgets every thing which relates to the* Ens. *While endeavouring to recollect the subject, he passes from one idea to another, till he finds the nott, remembers the cause of his vexation, and walks furiously up and down.*)

Enter ENSIGN.

(Ens. *falls at the* Baron's *feet.)*

Bar. What do you mean?

Ens. On my knees I thank you for the inestimable present which you would have bestowed upon me.

Bar. Rise. An officer never ought to kneel.

Ens. It is not as an officer but as a man that I return thanks to the most generous of my fellow-creatures.

Bar. You mean to marry Sophia, then?

Ens. Almighty God! Is there any hapless being, whose fate can be compared with mine?

Bar.—(*Violently.*)—Well?

Ens. If in the public streets you meet a wretch who, with forlorn, distracted looks, implores your charity, depend upon it he is happier far than I am.

Bar. Answer me plainly.—Will you marry Sophia?

Ens. I cannot—I may not.

Bar. Damnation! And accepted my offer?

Ens. Could I then believe—could I suppose—If you feel injured, my misery will afford you ample measure of revenge.

Bar. Here is an open letter, but damned be you, or any one, who thinks me capable of doing such a thing. Sophia opened it by accident.—(Ens. *looks at the signature, and puts the letter in his pocket.*)—So indifferent?

Ens. Why should I not be so on the most insignificant subject in the world?

Bar. To me it is not insignificant. That creature is the cause of the insult offered to me.

Ens.—(*Astonished.*)—What creature?

Bar. Your Charlotte, who refuses all consolation in your absence.

Ens. Now, by Heaven, this suspicion alone was wanting to complete my misery. Have you not often been in Brenner's house?

Bar. I have.

Ens. And have forgotten that he has two children called Charlotte and Henry.

Bar. No. I remember that perfectly.

Ens. Well then.—*(With great violence of tone and gesture.)*—That I might not be guilty of a dishonorable action—that I might not impose upon those who gave me credit—that I might live honestly—I instructed these children —*(With the utmost fury.)*—for money,—under a solemn promise of secresy. I am an officer, and well you know what disgrace would attach to me, were such a circumstance discovered.—To instruct my fellow-creatures is thought beneath my situation, but to borrow money of my comrades—to insult and even call them to account when they again demand it—would not be thought so mighty a disgrace.

Bar. To the point. You cannot marry Sophia?

Ens. Oh that I could! Angels should envy my bliss.

Bar. You are already married, then?

Ens. I!

Bar. And disgracefully married, or you would not make the alliance such a secret.

Ens. My lord, what can you mean? Could I, if married, have accepted the hand of your daughter?

Bar. Yes—for you, probably, hoped to satisfy your wife, by settling a part of my property upon her.

Ens.—*(Incensed.)*—My lord!—*(Checking himself.)*—By what shall I swear that your suspicions are groundless? You doubt my honour. He who has no honour can have as little religion,—to swear, therefore, is needless.

Bar. I do not wish you to swear. I require a substantial reason for the alteration of your sentiments. If you refuse to give it, I think myself insulted.

Ens. By the Almighty I do not know the reason.—Be patient for a few days and the dreadful mystery shall be revealed, or I will sink beneath the pressure of it.

Bar. Were my knowledge of mankind smaller, the fellow would make me believe he was an honest man.

Ens. Fellow!—Moderate your language, or—

Bar. Moderate my language after such an insult! Your affection for my daughter was evident.—My well-meaning folly induced me to offer her to you.—You accepted my offer with every appearance of rapture, and now—

Ens. You would pity me if you knew the cause.

Bar. In heaven or on earth there is no cause which can justify such conduct.

Ens. Do you know what an oath is?

Bar. Nothing from your lips.

Ens.—(*Aside.*)—Grant me patience, Heaven!

Bar. I now plainly perceive that my reason is sometimes disordered.—I wished to bestow my daughter on a man, who is not ashamed of being indebted to the meanest tradesman, and yet, from a point of honour, refuses to address his general with common civility, when he thereby would gain the means of living creditably.—(Ens. *attempts to go.*—Bar. *intercepts him.*)—You, sir, have dared to insult a veteran, who had seen service before you had cut a tooth—

Ens. For the last time—don't forget that I am an officer.

Bar. You are a villain—not an officer.

Ens.—(*Furiously draws his sword.*)—Damnation!——Wretch, give me satisfaction, or—

Bar. By Hell, thou shalt have satisfaction.—(*Runs into the adjoining room.*)

Ens.—(*After a pause throws his sword aside.*)—Heavens! What have I done?————Could I forget, for whose sake my life must be preserved?—Oh that I at least—

yes——I can, I can.—My death shall procure her relief —*(Seats himself at the table and writes—then again takes his sword.)*

Enter BARON, *in a French uniform, with a drawn sword in his hand.*

Bar. Here I am, stripling, and by the God who made us, thou shalt never again in this world demand satisfaction of an old soldier.

Ens. Use no more insulting terms. Our swords and not our words must now decide between us. But if the smallest emotion of pity remain in your breast, grant me one petition—

Bar. Defend thyself, or—

Ens. By all my hopes of mercy in another world, I will, but not till you have acceded to my request.—*(Lays his sword on the table.*

Bar. What canst thou have to request of me?

Ens. You are rich. On my existence depends that of an unfortunate female, who without my support must perish.—Put your name to this obligation, and if I fall, deliver it according to this address.

Bar.—*(Enraged beyond all bounds.)*—Dost thou think me foolish enough to support thy creature?

Ens. The obligation shall remain in your hands. If you do not find the person worthy of the deepest compassion, tear it.

Bar. Ha! I perceive thy intentions.—Defend thyself—

Ens. Not till you have signed this paper.—Murder me, if you please.——

Bar. Thy wish is to make me calm, but thou shalt not succeed, by Heaven.—I'll sign the paper.—*(Signs it.)*

Ens. Here is the address. Put it in your pocket.

Bar.—(*Reads it.*)—"Mrs. Hilberg, No. 2, High-street, on the fourth floor."

Ens. Promise to assist her if I fall.

Bar.—(*Thoughtfully surveying the address.*)—I do promise.

Ens. God be witness of this promise, and punish you if you swerve from it!

Bar.—(*Still looking at the address.*)—Why, this is quite in the neighbourhood.

Ens.—(*Takes his sword.*)—Now to the purpose!

Bar. Will she explain every thing to me?

Ens. She will. Now, old soldier, teach me to demand satisfaction.

Bar. First a word—

Ens. Not another syllable.

Bar. Why may not she now explain—

Ens. Villain!—Meet me.

Bar. Death and damnation!—(*Rushes furiously against the* Ens. *who parries the thrust, and instantly returns it.* Bar. *retreats a few steps.*)—What means this?

Ens. Well, old soldier, come on.

Bar.—(*Throws his sword away.*)—Young man, would you make me an assassin?

Ens. Take up thy sword, coward.

Bar. In return for my regard would you make me an assassin?

Ens. Didst thou not hear? I called thee a coward.

Bar. Call me what you please. You shall not exasperate me. My delirium is at an end, and yours will soon subside.—Be my son. Disclose to me the cause of your sorrow. —(Ens. *throws his sword away.*)—You shall be my son without marrying Sophia. I will do for you what a stranger once did for me.—Forgive my warmth. You know my state

of mind at intervals. Disclose to me what is the cause of your affliction.

Ens. I cannot. I am bound to secresy by an oath.

Bar. You have already broken it; for I know where to find the person, who can give me every explanation.

Ens. For Heaven's sake return the paper to me.

Bar. No. By my soul I'll see you happy.

Ens. Happy!

Bar. As happy, at least, as I can make you. Disclose to me your secret. Call me your father. Sweeten an old man's life, which has been embittered by a single act of frailty.

Ens.—*(Seizes his hand.)*—Yes, my father, you shall know all. I accept your generous offer of parental love, and gratefully will I exercise every filial duty towards you. Had no one been dependant upon my existence, I would have refused this offer; for, without Sophia, death alone is welcome to me.

Bar. Speak, speak. She may, perhaps, still be yours.

Ens. Impossible! The most dreadful curse divides me from her.

Bar. Whose curse?

Ens. She, on whose account you accused me of an intrigue—she, for whose sake I involved myself in debt—she, for whose subsistence I educated Brenner's children—she, for whose recovery, I bought medicines upon credit—is my mother—and her curse for ever separates me from Sophia.

Bar.—*(Looks at the address.)*—Mrs. Hilberg.

Ens. That is an assumed name.

Bar. And you would have died to make her happy?—Wicked, wicked man, you would have made me a murderer—you would have increased my guilt, and multiplied my sufferings even while I stand upon the brink of the grave.

Ens. My father!

Bar. God forgive you! Such are the consequences of what is called a point of honour. Long ago might you have shared my fortune, or—impossible—are you ashamed of your mother?

Ens. Listen to the story of my life. My father died before my birth, and as long as I can remember, my mother supported herself and me by her labour. A poor old officer, who lived in the same house, was our only friend. To him I was obliged for my early introduction into the army. Soon after his death, the regiment to which I belonged was removed from one place to another. My mother, perceiving how impossible it was to support us both reputably, demanded of me an oath that I would never call her my mother. She assumed the name of Hilberg, and accompanied me from garrison to garrison, till at length we were compelled to part. She was ill when I left her—and I found her ill when I returned. The little money I had saved, enabled me to bring her hither two years since, and from that time to this she has seldom left her bed. I became acquainted with you at Brenner's, and by a lucky accident was admitted into your house as a lodger. I loved Sophia when I first beheld her, but never dared to hope for your consent to our union.—*(With increasing energy.)*—You to-day surprised me with it, and saw my transports. I flew to my mother and related the joyful tidings. She instantly swooned, and, as soon as she recovered, forbade me, as I feared the most horrible of all curses, to think of marrying Sophia. I was in despair—I fell at her feet, and entreated her to declare the cause. Her reply was that I should learn it after her death, and thank her.

Bar.—*(In deep meditation.)*—A curse—without alledging any reason for it!—It must arise from her hatred against me, on account of my supposed want of feeling.

Ens. Heavens! What a wretch am I!—On one side a mother on her death-bed—on another a girl, who loves me most sincerely.—There a maternal curse, which for ever divides us—here a worthy man, who wishes to dry my tears, but may not.

Bar. Come—I'll see your mother.

Ens. No, no.—The sight of a stranger would agitate her too much, and my oath—

Bar. Go, then, and tell her you have broken it—honourably broken it.—Dwell upon an explanation of her opposition to the match. Tell her you are my son even if you do not marry Sophia. Tell her that if she dislikes me for my supposed want of feeling, many a person will hereafter witness that for many years charity has been my sole employment.

Ens.—(*Returns his sword into the scabbard.*)—I go, and will use every endeavour to obtain an explanation of this cruel secret.——Oh thou, who dost delight in rewarding filial affection, look down compassionately upon me. In this world there is for me but one recompence—Sophia.

[*Exit.*

Bar.—(*Walks to and fro in gloomy reflection.*)—Despised and hated, because I no longer chuse to be imposed upon and robbed! 'Tis well.—I'll throw away the mask, appear what I am, and be again reduced to beggary.——Thou noble boy! Thou pattern of filial affection!——A grateful child is Heaven's best reward on earth.—Even I perhaps—villain that I am—but I have children, who will love and revere me. I am happier than I deserve to be.

Enter Mrs. Lenton.

Len. Already alone, my lord!—(*Starts on perceiving his uniform.*)

Bar. Come hither. Tell me sincerely what the world says of me.

Len. Every thing that is good.

Bar. That is not true.

Len. My lord!

Bar. Speak the truth, if you have any regard for me—or for yourself.

Len. To speak the truth is a bold attempt.

Bar. Not on this occasion. Is it not said that I am a severe and cruel man?

Len. Since you command me to speak the truth—it is my lord.

Bar. The assertion is false. I only appear to be so.

Len. But you have appeared so for eight years.

Bar. Because I was, eight years ago, most shamefully imposed upon.—Am I not thought covetous?

Len. Yes, my lord.

Bar. My book can prove that to be false.

Len.—(*Aside.*)—But no fellow creature can, I dare say.

Bar. I am said to be unjust too?

Len. That I never heard.

Bar. So much the better. But the world asserts that I am incapable of pity, and that no one is relieved by me?

Len. Yes, my lord.

Bar. It is not true. It is said, too, that I am sometimes absent and half-deranged—that I do strange things?

Len. Yes, my lord.

Bar. This may be true, but I never do any thing, which can injure another.

Len. My lord, if I durst—

Bar. What?

Len. I would remind you of——the uniform—

Bar. You are right. I'll take it off again,—Yes—I put it on in an absent fit.

Len. And that drawn sword—

Bar. Was thrown there in an absent fit.

Len. Shall I go for your bedgown?

Bar. No. *You* might, perhaps, be overtaken by one of my fits, and become incapable of finding it.

[*Takes the sword and exit.*

Len. To act such a part for eight years!—I never saw him so cheerful in my life. Heaven grant that all may end well!

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. Has the Ensign been long gone?

Len. About a quarter of an hour.

Soph. Dear Mrs. Lenton—have you not learnt—

Len. What?

Soph. My father's——sentiments towards him?

Len. I believe they are very favourable.

Soph.—(*Delighted.*)—What makes you think so?

Len. Because it is long since I saw his lordship so cheerful.

Soph. Indeed!

Len. The mysterious connection may, perhaps, not be so dangerous as we imagined.

Soph. That I believe.

Len. To be sure the Ensign never can be yours.

Soph. You are very spiteful, Mrs. Lenton.

Len. How so?

Soph. You raise my hopes only to depress them.—I will soon learn all that I have to fear.

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. Your humble servant. Where is the Baron?

Len. In the next room.

Doc. Is he tolerably composed?

Len. Heaven knows what his ideas have been; but when I entered this room just now I found him dressed in his old uniform!

Doc. Uniform!

Len. Yes—and a drawn sword was lying on the floor. He has probably been explaining a manœuvre to the Ensign.

Doc.—(*Alarmed.*)—How?—(*Going.*)—I must see him.

Len. Here he comes.

Enter BARON.

Bar. Ha! Doctor!

Doc. I hope your lordship feels well.

Bar. Far better than usual.

Doc.—(*Apart to him.*)—How did your conversation with the Ensign end?

Bar.—(*Apart to* Doc.)—In the strangest way you can imagine.

Enter COUNT.

Cou. Your most obedient servant.

Bar.—(*Aside.*)—Why does he come to plague me just at this time?—(*Aloud.*)—Your servant, Count.

Cou. May I ask how you do, my lord?

Bar. Very well, I thank you.

Cou. Is the Ensign within?

Soph. No.

Cou. What a pity! I wished to communicate some most welcome news to him.

Bar. Indeed!

Cou. Do you know who is his secret benefactor?

Bar. No.

Cou. So the doctor is silent towards you as well as the rest of the world?—Doctor, never talk to me again about relations in Sweden.

Doc. Have you gained better information?

Cou. Yes. I know the benefactor and his agent. The latter—you are.

Bar. And who is the benefactor?

Cou. Count Wildner.

Bar. Indeed!

Cou. Most certainly.

Bar. You must have been very sly, or you could not have discovered this.

Cou. No slyness was necessary.

Doc. That I believe. Such things are generally learnt by accident.

Cou. Right, doctor. You know, my lord, that when I left you, I went to the General's house?

Bar. You know, my lord, that I dislike questions.

Cou. I did not observe that to-day.—Well—a large party was assembled, and I observed Count Wildner in close conversation with the general.—I approached—perceived that the Ensign was the person of whom they were speaking—and joined them.—Upon my honour, no father could exert himself more in behalf of his son than the Count in behalf of the Ensign.—I supported his request, and in short the general engaged that he should have the vacant lieutenancy.

Bar. And from this you conclude that Wildner is the unknown benefactor.

Cou. In part, but I have another proof, which is far more substantial. After talking of various matters, I related the circumstance of the hundred Louis d'ors. The Count seemed to be confused, and asked if the Ensign was in such bad circumstances.—You are his unknown benefactor, said I.—He blushed beyond all measure, and thus betrayed the secret.

Bar. Betrayed it by blushing.

Cou. Yes—by his manner of blushing.

Bar. This reminds me of an anecdote, which I once heard.—A young man was accused of theft, and brought before a tribunal of justice. He stedfastly denied the fact, and sufficient evidence could not be produced against him. The president of this tribunal, at length, said to his associates, "Gentlemen, leave the matter to me. I'll soon convict this offender.—Hark ye, young man," called he, in a loud voice, that he might alarm the prisoner,—"it is in vain to deny the fact. Your accomplices are secured, and have confessed that this is not your only offence.—The robbery which you committed not twenty miles from this place." —The prisoner started—"Secretary," called the president, "insert in the book of arraigns that he blushes, and is therefore convicted."—The prisoner replied:—"As I perceive that my denial is in vain, I will confess still more. I am not only a thief, but a murderer."—"There, gentlemen," said the president, "you perceive I have brought him to confession."—The prisoner then turned to the other members of the court—"and if you please, gentlemen, I will confess who was my accomplice."—"Who?"—"The president."—Of course the president started and was alarmed.—"Secretary," added the young man, "insert in the book of arraigns that the president blushes, and is therefore convicted."—In a word, the prisoner was found to be innocent, and you, Count, must allow me to think a blush no proof.

Cou. A charming story, upon my honour. It will be of great service to me in many parties.—*(Looks at his watch.)* —The Ensign stays too long—I spend the evening at the minister's—Your most obedient. [*Exit.*

Bar. He is merely gone to repeat my anecdote.

Doc. The Count is a singular character.

Bar. He is a man of the world—a species, which has no character whatever.

Doc. What say you to the Ensign's promotion?

Bar. I hope he will be able to refuse it.

Soph. Dear father, shall we remove into the country soon?

Bar. Why?

Soph. I am tired of town.

Bar. Sophia, you are deeply smitten.

Soph. I don't understand you.

Bar. I am sure you do.

Enter ENSIGN.

Ens.—*(Rushes into the* Baron's *arms.)*—My father!

Bar. What now, my son?

Ens. Son! Will you never retract this title?

Bar. Never.

Ens. I have a sacred claim to it.

Bar. You shall always retain it.—But come to yourself.—You know now—

Ens. All, all.—But how shall I disclose it? If you again discard me—

Bar. As surely as I hope to die in peace, I will not discard you.

Ens. Cruel father!—Yet you could discard my mother.

Bar.—*(Keenly surveying him.)*—Your mother!

Ens. You could make her the victim of poverty, misery, and infamy.

Bar.—*(Overpowered, and with tremulous utterance.)*—Great God of Heaven!—Is Caroline still alive?

Ens. She is—and implores, through me, justice towards your son, as a recompence for the sufferings of two and twenty years.

Bar.—*(Staggers towards a chair.)*—Alive!

Doc.—*(Supports him, and places him in the chair—then*

beckons to the Ens. *as if entreating him to moderate his warmth.)*—Dear sir—

Ens.—(In a violent tone.)—I cannot be your son, if my mother be not your wife.—Pay the debt which is due to us.

Doc. Compose yourself, I beg.

Bar. Doctor, is this a dream?

Ens. Cruel, hard-hearted man, are you still irresolute?—Then listen to the words of my mother, and if your heart can even then withstand the impulse of nature—

Doc.—(Still assisting the Bar.)—I beseech you—

Ens.—(Draws two letters from his pocket, and reads one of them.)—"To prevent a dreadful union and to rescue my son from despair, I now send the letter which I did not intend to be delivered till after my death."—*(Opens the other letter and reads.)*—"He who delivers this letter to you is your son—the son of your Caroline.—You know I am your wife.—Rescue my name from infamy, and acknowledge your son as your lawful heir.—Farewel—and if it be any consolation, know that in my last moments I pray for you, and that the remembrance of that affection which I once felt for you, subdues every other sensation. Farewel for ever. CAROLINE VON HARRWIZ."

Bar.—(Clasps the Ens. *in his arms.)*—My son! My dear son!—Where are my clothes?

Ens. You acknowledge us then—

Bar. My coat!—Conduct me to your mother—to my Caroline. She shall learn what I have suffered—be convinced—and pardon me.

Ens. You acknowledge us.—Oh my father!

Bar. My coat, I say!—I must see her.

Ens. Not now—her illness—

Doc. No, my lord, the shock might be fatal.

Bar.—(Sinks into a chair.)—Poor, unhappy woman!

Doc.—(To Ens.)—Your violence might have killed the Baron. He was not irresolute, but overpowered.

Ens. I know not what I did.

Soph.—(*Approaches the* Ens. *with averted face.*)—You are my brother, then?

Ens.—(*The same.*)—Yes, dear sister.

Bar. Caroline alive!—Doctor, my head—

Doc. I rejoice that you bear it so well.

Soph.—(*As above.*)—I hope we shall be friends.

Ens. Affectionate as brother and sister can.

Bar. So much joy at once!—I shall hardly survive it.

Doc. Say not so. You will live to be a comfort to your family—or the prayers and blessings of the poor whom you have cherished, cannot have ascended to the Almighty.

Soph.—(*As above.*)—Yes. My heart told me we were related to each other.

Ens. My heart too told me—

Bar. That she would be your wife—and so she shall this day se'nnight.

Soph. I marry my brother!

Ens. I my sister!

Bar. You are not my daughter, Sophia, but you soon shall be.

Soph.—(*Joyfully.*)—I not your daughter!

Ens. Were you not married in France?

Bar. No, my son.

Ens. My mother understood that such was the case.

Bar. I have always considered your mother as my lawful wife.—As I was travelling through Germany in search of her, I arrived at a village where a peasant's hut was in flames. I sprung from my carriage, assisted those who were employed in rescuing what could be rescued, and was fortunate enough to snatch a child from the flames. That child is Sophia, and while I held her in my arms, I fancied Heaven had bestowed the infant on me, that by fostering it I might make some atonement for my perfidy. Her poor

parents, who died soon after, were prevailed upon to tell her that I was her father, and had only placed her for a few years under their care. God be thanked for having inspired me with the idea! It has procured me a daughter-in-law, whom any father might wish for.

Soph.—(*Gives her hand to the* Ens.)—William!

Ens. Sophia!

Both.—(*Fall together at the* Baron's *feet.*)—Your blessing, my father!

(*While the* Baron *bestows his blessing on them the curtain falls.*)

THE END.

Count Koenigsmark

Act. 3.

Pubd. [illegible] by Longman & Hurst Paternoster

COUNT KOENIGSMARK.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CHARLES VON REITZENSTEIN,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1806.

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Feil. Lou.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF ORLATHAL.
COUNT KOENIGSMARK, *in Office at the Duke's Court.*
WILLIAM, *the Count's Friend.*
SERVANT *of the Count.*

DUCHESS SOPHIA.
COUNTESS AMELIA, *the acknowledged Favourite of the Duke.*
LOUISA, *Companion of the Duchess.*
ISABELLA, *Companion of the Countess.*
CHARLOTTE, ANN, } *Servants of the Countess.*

Courtiers, Officers, Servants, Guards.

The Scene lies in the Duke's Palace throughout the Pl

COUNT KOENIGSMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Antichamber of the Drawing-Room.*

Enter AMELIA *and* ISABELLA, *both dressed for court: the former with great taste and splendour.*

Amelia. AS yet it is too early. We will wait here awhile, before we go into the drawing-room; for he will certainly pass this way.

Isa. Who, Countess?

Amelia. Where did you see Count Koenigsmark?

Isa. I saw him just now alight from his carriage, in full dress, at the palace gates.

Amelia. Then he will certainly appear. Don't you think so?

Isa. Most probably: or why should he——

Amelia. Why should he have been dressed for court?

Isa. His friend, too, was with him, who generally accompanies him.

Amelia. Surely he will appear—and pass this way. Don't you think so, Isabella?

Isa. I have no doubt of it. Besides the ball.

Amelia. Ball! True. That I had forgotten. Glorious opportunity! With what impatience do I pant for these

moments! Oh, my Isabella, the billows of tempestuous love are raging in this bosom.

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—Has he conquered thee, too? Oh, mayst thou not experience what I have experienced—or mayst thou!—So *much* more than Isabella thou dost not deserve.

Amelia. Of what are you talking? You do not answer me.

Isa. Pardon me, Countess. I—I am only surprised—You seem so—I never saw you in such agitation.

Amelia. Right! Oh, I never loved till I beheld this beautiful, this only youth——

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—Beautiful! Alas! too true.—(*Aloud.*) How! Never loved!—The Duke——

Amelia. Good girl, that was not love. You do not understand it.

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—Would I did not!

Amelia. Love cannot be felt in my situation with the Duke. 'Tis a quite different, far more powerful sensation.

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—That I have felt.

Amelia. My situation here makes me not happy. The Duke is a harsh, cruel man. It grieves me that others are through me unhappy.

Isa. Countess, I no longer know you.—This tone—

Amelia. I know what you would say. You no longer know me, for you no longer see the stately ostentatious Amelia, who only felt delight in distributing commands by a look, and creating paradise by a smile. You now see the modest, gentle female—no more offering her charms to universal admiration, but burying these charms, to be disclosed to *one*—to bestow ecstasy on *one*. Accustomed to adorers, weary of playing with a thousand hearts, I now only wish for the transport of blessing *one*. I lament, too, that the Duchess is doomed to suffer so much on my account. I have besought he

husband not to treat her so cruelly in future; for she is so good and amiable, that I myself could be her friend. She thinks I am the cause of her sufferings, but she is mistaken. She thinks me barbarous and unjust; but she knows not that I restrain the Duke from his vile intention of imprisoning her under false accusations. Oh, she little fancies that in real worth I far surpass her. Her sentiments are noble; but she knows not that mine are far more noble; for she *hates* me, and I *esteem* her.

Isa. There you again betray yourself. This noble pride——

Amelia. Yes. Believe me, few have my pride—still fewer my generosity. Yet, dear Isabella, I am altered—strangely altered. I now disdain the vain desire of pleasing, so common to our sex. All my former feelings are transformed into indescribable sensations. Ah! you know not the passion which rages here, for your heart is not like mine. I am of a different species, and belong not to your sex. Your most violent emotions are apathy compared to the fire which burns within this bosom. But you do not understand me—you cannot understand me.

Isa. Countess, I know you well. Perhaps this is but a transient flame, which——

Amelia. Girl, hast thou seen him? A look—a glance of his celestial form must subdue every female heart.

Isa. Yes, I have seen him; but——

Amelia. What a being, then, are you!—Are you insensible? Oh, dear enchanting youth! could I but press thee to my beating heart—surely its throbs would impart to thee the almighty passion which inhabits it. Hear then, Isabella. I ask you not to feel with me, but to obey me. To-day, your assistance is more than ever needful to me. My heart is weary of this insufferable restraint.

Long enough have I choaked my sweetest emotions; and I will now be happy.

Isa. Countess! Countess! I little thought to have heard you talk thus.

Amelia. Yes, Isabella, this youth has awoke sensations in my soul, which in such common souls as yours lie dormant for ever.

Isa. But how will your situation with the Duke agree with these new sentiments?

Amelia. Situation!—Duke!—Away with them! Away with every hindrance! Shall we wait for happiness till we forget that we are miserable, and be obliged to weakness for that satisfaction, which ought to have been obtained by the firm efforts of the soul? No. I will no longer be subservient to another's will. To-day will I venture to cast a look into Koenigsmark's heart. Oh! in that heart lies ecstasy for me. In the wide immeasurable regions of creation, in every world is nothing more left for me. That heart is to me every world. And, oh! with secret rapture I presage I shall not be deceived.

Isa.—*(Aside.)*—How is she altered!

Amelia. You know that the untainted youth understood not my allusions, my speaking looks, and all the expressive hints, which so many others have caught at with ravishing delights. How enchanting did that modest reserve make him appear! But now I am no longer able to suppress this fearful anxiety—this burning impatience. This very day must he know the sensations of Amelia's heart—and what mortal has yet refused that heart?

Isa. But——

Amelia. I have no ears for the term—female bashfulness. That only applies to common feelings. To-day therefore——

Isa. Countess! for heaven's sake remember the Duke. How will he agree to this attachment?

Amelia. Your coldness is insupportable. Why remind me of the Duke?

Isa. Pardon me, Countess; but how will you conceal these violent emotions from him?

Amelia. How? You say you know me—yet you prove the reverse. Who has ever discovered what I wished to conceal, and who has concealed what I wished to discover? This very passion, which wildly beats in my heart, will arm me with cunning against every one who can, and with manly strength against every one who dares oppose it.

Isa. Some one comes this way.

Amelia. Ha!—Who?—Koenigsmark?——No. 'Tis the Duchess. She is going to the company. Alas! he will not come. Let us begone. But, no. I will speak to her. I will shew her a few sparks of my spirit, in order to convince her that I am worthy of her respect. Isabella, look at her downcast look. I really pity her.

Enter SOPHIA *and* LOUISA.

Sophia.—(*To* Louisa, *as they enter.*)—That I should just find *her* here!

Amelia.—(*To* Sophia, *with dignity.*)—It is so long since I had the pleasure of conversing with my princess, that I eagerly avail myself of this opportunity—

Sophia.—(*To* Louisa.)—What does this mean? Is this derision?

Amelia. Perhaps your highness may have doubts of my sincerity—and yet—it is, perhaps, a long time since any one addressed you with a fuller heart.

Sophia. I must own, Countess, I am surprised to hear—

Amelia. Such sentiments from me. But believe me, princess, nothing is more erroneous than the opinion formed from appearances: nothing is more certain than the uncer-

tainty of our conjectures on the human heart; and no where do we find greater, more striking and more contradictory singularities than in the human heart.

Sophia. These remarks may be true. I know that we often mistake the heart, but I know too—(*In a significant tone*)—that certain appearances betray hearts, which cannot be mistaken.

Amelia. Are you sure of that? Who has ever yet thoroughly known another? Where is the heart, which does not alternately betray the strange mixture of which it is formed—ethereal fire and dust? Often when the one is bursting forth, it is extinguished by the other.

Sophia. But there are, between upright, amiable souls, infallible sensations which connect them to each other, which make them known to each other in every corner of the earth, and bid defiance to the separation of the ocean.—Infallible sensations, which loudly call to us, "this heart was formed for us—that was not; this will beat in unison with ours—that will for ever be a stranger to us."

Amelia. But, good princess, if these sensations be but the mild dictates of your gentle heart, by which you decide whether another is, or is not, formed for you, may you not often be mistaken? Were you to find another heart great and amiable, though not mild and gentle, like your own, but violent and fiery——

Sophia. Countess——

Amelia. Would you on that account spurn it from you? Would you on that account believe that it was black and malicious?—(*Her lofty tone is softened by increasing sensibility.*)—If, perhaps oppressed by the same pangs, it flew towards yours; if it wished to disclose itself, in order to be cooled and composed by yours; if, lastly, it shewed itself great and generous—would you then spurn it from you?

Sophia. Countess! Countess! if such were your real sentiments—I would——

Amelia. If it now crept towards yours, and unburdened itself of its repentant agonies in having afflicted the innocent; if it humbly confessed to you, that its violence has often led it astray, has often racked it by contending passions; if it proved to you that, often, when it has been called *debased*, it might have been termed *divine;* if this heart, thus full—thus warm—thus noble—thus misled—should force its way towards yours—would you—oh, *could* you—spurn it from you?

Sophia.—(*Extremely confused.*)—Countess—if I have mistaken you—Countess—you are—pardon me—you are an angel or a—monster.

Amelia.—(*Who is again composed—with pride and dignity.*)—Neither; though this heart contains materials for both.—Farewel, noble princess. I am going to the company. Come, Isabella, I shall no longer be despised.

[*Exeunt* Amelia *and* Isabella.

Sophia. What could she mean? Could I have expected to hear such language from her lips? Louisa, this being is to me incomprehensible. What opposites are here united? Branded with infamy, yet beaming with generosity! I cannot respect—I cannot despise her.

Louisa. Your highness may be assured that she is of late much altered. She no longer uses the proud, disdainful tone with which she formerly addressed every one. She no longer appears with that dazzling magnificence, which eclipsed and enslaved all around her. She now seems more placid and reserved; and often has she, with sympathetic warmth, enquired after your highness's health.

Sophia. My health! I suspect all this to be some hypocritical design.

Louisa. No—impossible! The alteration in her whole being is too striking, too visible in every trifle, to be assumed.

She once even asked me why your highness was always so dejected and melancholy.

Sophia. Can that surprise *her*—or any one? My situation is well known. That I am daily obliged to submit to mortifications and insult—that my husband sacrifices me to an illicit attachment is notorious. Yet there is something, Louisa—something—unknown even to myself—a dark sensation, which I cannot describe.

Louisa. Not describe it to me, princess! Not to *me!*—How often have we understood each other? Alas! long have I with silent sorrow observed that the settled melancholy which I read upon your forehead, is not caused solely by your situation.

Sophia. You are right, Louisa. The unfeeling harshness, and forbidding coldness of my husband, joined to the former insufferable conduct of the Countess, could alone have darkened the days of my youth. Oh, my friend! 'tis a something I do not understand, a something I wish not to understand, which makes me so dissatisfied with myself.

Louisa. Forgive my importunity; but why should you not disclose, to the constant companion of your youth, the secret cause of your sorrow?

Sophia. Oh, that I could give it a name—that I could express the sensation which is hidden in my bosom;—but that is impossible. I feel a certain impatience, which I do not understand—a vacuity heretofore unknown to me.

Louisa. What a mysterious answer! How is it possible to be unacquainted with what you feel?

Sophia. How often, Louisa, have I asked myself the same question?—but in vain. It remains unintelligible to me. I have, therefore, reflected more deeply on my situation. Perhaps, thought I, it may be the sudden transition from the confidential circle at my father's court, to the joyless bustle of this. I have often thought it hard upon me, that I have

so few friends here; that I live with so many people, scarcely any of whom I dare trust.

Louisa. I once esteemed myself happy in the idea of having supplied this loss. I once fancied that on my bosom you forgot the want you mention. It was a delightful dream.

Sophia. Be easy, my Louisa. Dear to my heart as you have ever been, you are and will remain. With pleasure I give you this assurance, if it will at all contribute to your happiness. But forgive me—this ardent wish for a friend—

Louisa. And am I not your friend?

Sophia.—*(Confused.)*—Oh, yes—pardon me, Louisa, I perplex myself. I know not what I want. Yet I think I should be happier, were I surrounded by a confidential circle, whereas I only know one man—Koenigsmark.

Louisa. Yes, the young Count, who was so often near us at your father's court, who was, as it were, educated with us.

Sophia. The same. He is a noble young man. I believe him to be still as much my friend as when we were but children. Do you remember those happy times, Louisa, when we carelessly spent whole days in innocent amusements? I feel a pleasure in calling them to my recollection. Louisa, such are the men whose society I wish.

Louisa.—*(Alarmed.)*—How! Koenigsmark!—*(Aside.)*—What means this?

Sophia. There comes my husband. It is now a month since I have seen him. I wish I could make myself more agreeable to him—I think I should then be easier. I'll go to meet him: I'll prove to him, in the sight of the whole court, what a wife he might have if he would.—*(Goes towards him.)*

Enter DUKE, *with a numerous retinue, in which are* KOENIGSMARK *and* WILLIAM.

How do I enjoy the rare delight of again seeing my husband! The tender heart of your solitary consort flies to meet you.

Duke.—*(With cold solemnity.)*—I thank you, Duchess, for your kind declaration.—*(Turning from the company, more particularly to her.)*—I beg you will spare me this romantic violence, and lay aside that affected tone, especially in the presence of the whole court.—*(They both walk from the company, who retire, and converse among each other.* Koenigsmark *stands alone, buried in his own ideas, and often fixes his eye intently on the* Duchess.)

Sophia.—*(Agitated.)*—Is it romantic? When I involuntarily vent the feelings of my heart, do you call it affectation? Oh, this I have not deserved.

Duke. Be so kind as not to converse in a language which I cannot bear.

Sophia. Are my upright endeavours thus misconstrued? Is it thus you understand the warmest wish of my heart—to be more closely connected with yours?

Duke. It is not my fault that this is become necessary.

Sophia. Heavens! Is it then mine?

Duke. Duchess, I am quite surprised at the unusual violence with which you to-day conduct yourself. I never saw you in such a humour before, and wonder much where you have at once acquired such enthusiastic ideas of conjugal affection. Who has at once reminded you that this state requires such melting tenderness?

Sophia. Oh, my poor mistaken heart!

Duke. Let me have no more of this. I came not here to see such childish conduct.

Sophia.—(Aside.)—How dreadfully has he mistaken me! Not one sensation, not one emotion has he in unison with mine. He is to me a being of a different nature. And shall I respect and love this being? Who can require it? Who can wish to unite that which nature has so widely separated?

Duke.—(Who has been walking up and down, as if reflecting on something—aside.)—'Tis resolved. To-morrow she shall begone. She is become quite insufferable.—*(Aloud.)*—Come, Duchess—I see you were about to go to the company.—(Sophia *silently moves to him, and follows, as do all the rest.* Koenigsmark *appears as if waking from a dream. He looks around him for a moment, then steps eagerly to* William, *whom he detains.*)

Koe. Friend, 'tis barbarous to treat her thus.

Wil. Of whom are you speaking?

Koe. Do you know my intention?

Wil. Well?

Koe. I will wait in this room till she passes; for she will certainly soon leave the company.

Wil. Who?

Koe. She—she, who fills every sensation of my being.—Thou hast long known that, awake or asleep, I can think and dream of nothing but her—the angelic Sophia.

Wil. Yes, I have known it long enough indeed. All my efforts, then, are ineffectual! That is mournful.

Koe. Away with that dark, ill-boding look! What efforts? What is mournful?

Wil. I have not succeeded, then, in damping this senseless passion, which will—which must destroy you?

Koe. Which is the more senseless—this passion—or the attempt to damp it? Dreadful thought! Would you suppress a passion which forms the whole happiness of my

life?—which taught me what life is? And what do you call passion? Is that a name for the wild flame which glows in this breast? Is that a name for this transporting sensation, which stamps a value on every moment of my being, not to be counterpoised by all my former life?

Wil. A passion, at which you ought to shudder—which will destroy you—which will consume you?

Koe. Destroy me! Consume me! Oh! 'tis all I wish. What transcendant bliss to be thus consumed! Glorious idea! To breathe forth my being in this sweet intoxication! To inspire with ecstasy the last moments of departing animation! Oh! what a prospect hast thou opened to me!

Wil. How the man is altered! What prospect—what hope have you?

Koe.—(*Struck by the remark.*)—Hope! That is true. Hope I have none—none whatever. As yet she knows not how she is beloved. The sanctity, which circumvests her, would not permit a single syllable, or half-articulated sound, by which she might have learnt how I adore her. My looks alone were eloquent; for since her image has incessantly been floating in my sight, my eyes have acquired additional strength. But not one—not one has she returned. Friendly, indeed, she was—and always was to me; but that does not satisfy my thirsting soul. 'Tis like a drop of water swallowed by a glowing furnace. Hope I have none—that is true— but——

Wil. Listen, then, to the earnest entreaties of sincere friendship. Try to rid yourself of [illegible], which can only entail misery on you. You know the Duke. Tremble, for you cannot dissemble.

Koe. Cease, friend. Let us consider the subject philosophically.

Wil. Philosophically!—Love, searching for philosophy in love! How absurd!

Koe. Listen, then. All that you can say I have said to myself. I acknowledge the danger of my situation. I acknowledged it when I first discovered the state of my heart, when I left her father's court to follow her hither. I know, alas! that my passion is devoid of every hope; for 'tis not from danger, but from the splendour of her virtue, that I shrink. Yet still must I submit to the irresistible impulse of my heart. To annihilate my passion, were to annihilate myself. You see the storm has overtaken me, and I cannot escape it. But I will proceed no further. I am not dissatisfied with my fate. I have found all that I could hope and wish. All the claims which I could make to happiness are fulfilled. All the enjoyments which bounteous nature promised at my birth are granted. Fate is just, and nature has kept her word. The moments of transport, reserved for this heart, appeared late—but were therefore more divine. They are, perhaps, transient, but are therefore more exquisite. Did I merely love, I should wish to satisfy my desires; but this consuming passion—even unsatisfied for ever—makes me inexpressibly happy. Enjoyment of the sweet object! No. For so much bliss this heart was not formed.

Wil. Dear Koenigsmark, listen to the voice of a friend—

Koe. Of my former life I know nothing. It was a fleeting shadow, for which there is no room in the realms of memory. Shall I creep to the grave on the same dreary path which I trod till I reached the moment when this affection took root? Shall I not rather end my race in this intoxicating tumult of the soul? Yes; with this passion will I live and die. To other mortals the joys of life are presented in a cup full of reviving beverage—to me, in a goblet teeming with poison, and with rapture will I drain it.

Wil. Friend—I have fearful presages. Koenigsmark, as

yet there is time for determination. Oh, do not deceive yourself. Come with me, I beseech you. Let us join the company. That will dissipate these dreadful thoughts.

Koe. What leave this room before her return? Never! I will catch one glance—I will hear one word from her lovely lips. I may, perchance, by the eloquence of looks, disclose to her how fervently I pity her. I may perchance—(*Starts back alarmed.*)—Heavens! there she is.—(*Stands as if petrified, with his eyes riveted on her.*)

Wil. For God's sake avoid her at present. Come—follow me.—Ha! 'tis too late.—(*Rapidly.*)—Don't forget yourself, if she enquires after news from her native country.—(*Makes a respectful bow to* Sophia, *and goes into the room from which she came.*)

Sophia.—(*To* Louisa *as they enter.*)—Is not that Koenigsmark?

Louisa. It is.—(Koenigsmark *bows.*)

Sophia. How do you do, Count? Have you lately received any letters from our native country?

Koe. I have—and am happy to inform your highness, from the accounts of different friends, that your royal parents are well. If, by the intelligence, I in any degree contribute to your satisfaction, this moment is doubly valuable.

Sophia. You do, indeed. Every good account of my parents gives me pleasure. Have you heard any thing further of them?

Koe. Yes. They have left the capital, in order to enjoy the silent sweets of retirement at Elta, where I so often had the happiness of seeing your highness previous to your marriage.

Sophia. At Elta—yes—true—(*Somewhat confused.*)—Oh, that I were with them!

Koe. This wish is, perhaps, not more natural to any one than to me.

Sophia. To you!

Koe. Yes; for the recollection of those times is the sweetest sensation which now accompanies me. I have often been a witness of your filial affection, and I know—yes, I know that you have here found no recompence for the bitterness of parting from your parents.

Sophia. How! What justifies you in making this bold assertion.

Koe. I beg your highness's forgiveness. The undissembled interest which I feel in every thing relative to you, perhaps, deceived me, when I fancied that I read upon your clouded brow what justified my declaration.

Sophia. 'Tis true—I—I am not so cheerful—but—how do I deserve the warm interest which you feel for me?

Koe.—(*With fire.*)—Oh, dearest Duchess! allow me this sympathy. 'Tis all that I possess. My peace—my joy—the whole happiness of my life consists in this warm interest. Every sigh from your bosom rises from mine—every tear, which starts into your eye, dims mine—and every flower of pleasure, which you (alas! perhaps, sparingly) pluck upon your new path, exhales its sweets for me. Oh! this interest is all that I have—all that renders life of any value to me.

Sophia.—(*Aside.*)—Why this warmth? Perhaps—I ought not to listen to him—yet—he is a good young man——

Koe. If you could cast a glance into this heart—if you could see what image—(*The words die upon his lips. He points to his breast, in a commotion which betrays a passion the most rooted and violent.*)

Sophia.—(*Alarmed.*)—Count—(*With averted face.*)—Oh, Heavens! I—(*Affrighted.*)—Come, Louisa, come!

[*Exeunt.*

Koe.—(*Alone—as if awaking from a reverie.*)—She is gone. Have I displeased her? Wretch that I am! What have I done? Why could my heart no longer conceal its vehement emotions?—(*Goes to one of the doors, and hastily returns—*

then goes to the other, through which the Duchess *passed, and stops.*)—Ha! What can I—*(Rushes to the last door—at the same moment* Amelia *comes from the room where the company is assembled.)*

Amelia.—*(Aside.)*—I was not mistaken.—Happy accident!—*(Aloud.)*—Count Koenigsmark, whither in such haste?

Koe.—*(Starts, and turns.)*—What—are—your ladyship's commands?

Amelia. Why were you running away? Grant a few fleeting moments to one, to whom your presence is perhaps dear.

Koe.—*(Much alarmed.)*—Dear!—How—have I deserved this kindness?

Amelia.—*(Aside.)*—Were I not already subdued, how could I oppose this captivating modesty?—*(Aloud.)*—You seem surprised at what I have said; but how much could I still say, which would surprise you more!

Koe.—*(Aside.)*—What means all this?

Amelia. Yet—I wish not—that it should merely cause surprise—I wish it to excite a *pleasing wonder.* Oh! could I retain this sweet idea! Were I really not deceived—but—no—I see—I am not deceived.

Koe. Countess———

Amelia. Away with that astonished mien! Know, there are laws which are not so universal as they are declared to be. Certain rules have been established for certain people; but there are some who will not be confined within their narrow bounds, who will not suffer the ebullitions of their beating hearts to be restrained by empty forms. Those laws were enacted to be obeyed by those who find it difficult [illegible] subservient to them—but they were enacted to be trampled on by others, who find it difficult not to despise them. What is made for a dwarf cannot be adapted to a giant.

Koe.—*(In the greatest astonishment—aside.)*—Where am I? Is this a woman who is speaking to me?

Amelia. If now, I felt myself inclined boldly to trample on these laws—if I were to disclose myself to you—but my unfettered imagination is leading me too far. Dear, did I say, your presence was to me? Yes—*dearer*, perhaps, than you as yet conceive, young man.

Koe.—*(Aside.)*—What means she? Horrible thought! If it be so, I am lost indeed.

Amelia. I see distrust painted in your looks. Oh! if you could forget who I was, and I could shew you who I now am—I am—Count, I am your *friend*.

Koe. An invaluable blessing, at which, the humbler were my wishes, the more I am surprised.—*(Aside.)*—Execrable discovery!

Amelia. May I then give way to this indescribable sensation? Ah! you will not deceive me, noble youth. That I can read in the open sincerity enthroned upon your brow. Pardon me—I—I forget, amidst my transports, the cold reserve expected from our sex—but—did you know—Oh, the current of these feelings cannot be restrained.

Koe.—*(Aside.)*—It is so. Bend then, Koenigsmark, and learn the art of which thou hitherto wert ignorant—dissimulation, in order to escape the fury of a disappointed woman. —*(With delicacy, and assumed warmth.)*—Could I in [illegible] most ecstatic dream have fancied so much happiness!

Amelia.—*(Aside.)*—Is it possible? Shall I believe it? Have I so soon reached the utmost limit of my hopes? But Amelia conquers wherever she appears.—*(Aloud.)*—And could *I* have fancied that in this timid bashfulness was co[illegible] so much enchanting fire?

Koe. *(Aside.)* All-righteous Heaven! where will this end? Oh, my Sophia! how powerfully, how wholly, dost thou fill this heart! Ha! shameless woman! I will call something to thy recollection, which shall petrify thee.—*(Aloud.)*—Countess—are not these blissful moments disturbed by a thought—a dreadful thought—the duke——?

Amelia. I understand you. Be at ease. I am armed with strength and courage to undertake, to obviate, to encounter any thing. But—true—it is impossible that we should remain here, in the antichamber. In this sweet delirium I forgot where I was. Farewel. Conceal within your breast what I have said to you. This evening I hope to see you at the ball. Moments may present themselves, which render torturing constraint unnecessary. Yes—you will find a heart like none which ever beat in the bosom of a woman. Farewel. This is a dangerous place. We must away from it.—(*She presses his hand with fervour—he kisses hers, and she goes off.*)

Koe.—(*Stands for some moments rooted to the spot.*)—Am I alive? Was it reality?—or, have two forms passed in a feverish dream through my scorched brain? I cannot at once comprehend it. Infamous woman! Is it not enough to triumph over suffering innocence? Wouldst thou likewise impose upon the blind libertine, with whose treasures thou art revelling? Were she to learn that Sophia, her deadly foe, is thus adored—Horrible! Nothing but my destruction do I see before me. Dearly has Heaven allowed me to purchase the fleeting transports of a few swift moments. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Throughout this Act the Scene is in one of the Apartments adjoining to the Ball-room, beyond which another is perceived, wherein various Persons of both Sexes are discovered, walking up and down. The Rooms are well lighted; and the Music is heard at intervals. Every one is in full Dress. KOENIGSMARK *appears among the Crowd in the further Room, and seems to be seeking some one, till he encounters* WILLIAM.

Koe. Friend, I wished to see you. Hear me, and tremble. Your dreadful presence—The Countess—speak if you guess it; for my tongue refuses its office.

Wil. The Countess! What shall I guess? Declare the horrid secret.

Koe. The Countess—I—I am the object of the most violent woman's most violent attachment.

Wil. Is the Countess this woman?

Koe. Yes.—(*A short pause, during which they survey each other with affrighted looks.*)—Immediately after your departure I made the hateful discovery.—(*Is again silent for a few moments.*)—Judge of the excessive commotions in which I beheld her; of the uncontrollable violence with which she assailed [illegible]. She, who has all the arts of dissimulation in her power, was unable to assume a shadow of reserve. She forgot herself, her situation, the danger to which she is exposed, should her infidelity be discovered by the duke. In short, the fire within her bosom overpowered every suspicion, and choaked every sensation of decorum. Such is the perilous labyrinth in which I am involved by adverse fate.

Wil. This alone was wanting to make your abode here as dangerous as possible. So near the brink of perdition I did not think you. I shudder at the thought of her discovering that you are bound by another attachment equally powerful, and—she must discover it. Her sight is now doubly piercing, and you cannot dissemble.

Koe. I dissembled as far as was within my power; yet could I not conceal my first confusion, which she luckily ascribed to bashfulness.

Wil. Friend, you are lost, if you refuse my counsel. Every altering feature, every transient blush, every breath, drawn deeper than usual, will betray you. Fly—Oh fly far from this place: It is your only chance of safety.

Koe. Oh, William! I clearly perceive that this advice is dictated by the sincerest friendship, by reason and reflection. I acknowledge it with gratitude.—But—could you for a moment feel the chains which bind me to this place, you would never demand of me so utter an impossibility.

Wil. Madman! Charles! you run with open arms towards your own destruction. You have no fears for yourself, but learn to fear for others. I will thunder a word to your soul, which shall suddenly wake you from this sweet delusion.

Koe. Nothing can affright me. I laugh at danger.

Wil. How! Laugh at it! Do you know whom you drag with you into the abyss, which, laughing, you will plunge into? Have you forgotten to tremble for Sophia? Ha! Do you still laugh?

Koe. Sophia!—(*In an altered tone.*) It is true these dangers threaten her too. But, no—she shall not fall. I will be her protector. I will avert the storms which threaten her; and if she cannot by other means be saved—Oh, glorious thought! I can sacrifice myself—I can give

myself to the fury of the tempest, which would destroy her. I must stay. It is my duty. You see that I must stay.

Wil. How ill do you succeed in palliating your weaknesses! For shame, Charles! You are no longer an open, upright youth, but the slave of passion.

Koe. Name any other passion, and like a toy will I——

Wil. This language no longer reminds me of my Charles. Free yourself from this unmanly weakness. Tear the tyrant from your breast———

Koe. Plunge a poniard in my breast. That—that is the only way to free me.

Wil. Where are the noble sentiments which formerly inspired you? Where is the heart which once beat with such fervour for the sublime and beautiful? Oh, Charles! how art thou fallen!

Koe. Fallen! You mistake me much. I allow that my feelings are not the same as heretofore; but my heart now beats for something more sublime, more beautiful.

Wil. The slave is to be pitied and admired, who resolutely, though in vain, endeavours to break his hateful chains; but does *he* deserve a tear, who bears his chains with enthusiasm—who glories in their ignominious clank? Oh, Charles! with sorrow I perceive that all thy manly qualities are dead.

Koe. They are not dead. They but slumber, to awake with greater glory.

Wil. With indignation I perceive that thou art yielding to emotions which debase thee.

Koe. With indignation! Not with compassion, then? Am I to [illegible] if I have imbibed poison from the fairest work of nature? 'Tis resolved. I must continue on the dangerous path which lies before me. I must continue on it for her sake; for (though I scarcely dare credit the idea) I am sure—I am positive Sophia did not quite misconceive me. Oh! the expression, the fulness of sensibility which

was depicted in her every look! Shuddering have I quaffed the voluptuous poison——

Wil. You no longer listen to my warning voice. Friendship is now foreign to you. It was at one time, to the noble Charles, every thing; but now, to the fettered, fallen Charles, 'tis nothing.

Koe. I deserve not these reproaches. Compassion is due to the wretch who is attacked by a fever, which will perhaps destroy him. What have I not to-day suffered while with the company? I sought for and avoided her at the same time. I would not see her, and panted for the transient consolation of a look.—(*Starts.*)—Ha!—Fate is resolved that I shall be myself no more.—There she is.—See—she approaches in unusual agitation.—Leave me. I must speak to her.

Wil. For heaven's sake retire, Charles.

Koe.—(*With his eye fixed in the other room.*)—Leave me—I must speak to her.

Wil. Follow me, Koenigsmark, follow me.

Koe.—(*As above.*)—See—she comes nearer. She is much alarmed. I beseech you go—Leave me but this one minute with her—Let me but enjoy these few short moments, and I will fly for ever.

Wil. If you will do that I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

SOPHIA *comes from the other room in great agitation, and looks impatiently around. As soon as she espies* KOENIGSMARK, *she hastily approaches him.*

Sophia. Count Koenigsmark, I was [illegible] you.—Have you leisure to converse with me for a few moments?

Koe.—(*Surprised—aside.*)—Am I awake?—(*Aloud.*)—A few moments only! I should be miserable if I could not offer my whole life to your highness.

Sophia. You can do me an essential service. I apply to

you, because you are the only one at this court who can undertake the business on which I wish to employ you, and almost the only one here whom I know.

Koe. There may, perhaps, be others who have more power; but more zeal in your service than myself none can have.

Sophia. I am surrounded by spies and wicked men. I am forsaken, and have no one but you of whom I can ask a favour.

Koe. Oh that, by the sacrifice of my life, I could justify this confidence!

Sophia. I know your good wishes towards me, and all my family. I knew them before I left my father's court. Hear, then, how I am about to be treated. I have made a discovery which developes the black souls of those who surround me.

Koe. I forebode something dreadful.

Sophia. Louisa has this moment learnt that the duke, my husband, is making every preparation to have me imprisoned, under the pretext of some intended crime.

Koe. You!—The Duchess!

Sophia. Yes. Me.

Koe. Is it thus that he will treat one of the first princesses in the German empire? Nay, more, the best of wives, who has returned generosity for insult? It is impossible; the information must be false.

Sophia. No. 'Tis certain. Alas! willingly would I doubt the wickedness of man, and was the first to disbelieve it; but I am now not allowed to have a doubt. The duke has declared his intentions to some of the company, and, among them, even to the minister. Louisa is well acquainted with his daughter. From her she learnt it, and instantly disclosed it to me.

Koe.—(Extremely agitated.)—Infamous.

Sophia. Yes—infamous indeed! I have committed no crime. I have silently borne every mortification. I am not

vengeful—but this unparalleled wickedness—(*With the keenest sensation of anguish.*)—Oh! why did my father banish me to this country?

Koe. Dearest princess, I am incapable of uttering what I now feel; but, for your own sake, I beseech you to moderate, at present, the effusions of your just distress. We may perhaps be observed.

Sophia. What matters that? The whole world may know his infamous designs. The whole world will then acknowledge the base wrongs which I am doomed to bear.

Koe. You are right, princess. 'Tis too much. Declare to me what are your wishes. My heart pants for the bliss of doing something in defence of injured innocence. The whole happiness of my life is to live for you; and more happy shall I be than in the enjoyment of it, if I may sacrifice it in your cause.

Sophia. Be not too violent. You may be of service to me, if more composed. You have from childhood seemed devoted to our house. The moment is arrived when you may disclose yourself to your friends by deeds. Go—fly to my father, who esteems you, and perhaps—perhaps still loves me. Tell him what you have heard. Relate to him all that has happened to his poor unhappy daughter since he sent her hither. Melt his soul by describing to him all the bitter tears which these eyes have shed in secret—(*Sobbing.*)—which they shed now.

Koe. Oh, Heaven! How canst thou suffer thy fairest, loveliest work, to be thus treated by mankind?

Sophia. Yes. Say all this to my father. He will not abandon his child. My good mother, too, will pour compassion into his heart, and—Oh, he will not abandon his unfortunate Sophia. Go, Koenigsmark. Fly. My rescue depends upon your speed.

Koe.—(*Aside.*)—Thanks, bounteous Providence! Now do

I know why I have lived.—*(Aloud.)*—Princess, I esteem it my most sacred duty to depart instantly.

Sophia. Yes—do so. You will rescue me. Parental affection is strong; and though a father's heart be surrounded by a thousand creatures, who inhumanly bar every passage to it, and untune its tenderest chords, parental affection will still be victorious.

A GENTLEMAN *suddenly comes from the company in the room behind.*

Gent. I entreat your highness's forgiveness for this interruption. I have something of the utmost importance to communicate to Count Koenigsmark.

Sophia. Converse with him as suits you.—(Koenigsmark *and the* Gentleman *retire a few steps. The latter whispers something in the ear of the former, who is violently alarmed. The* Count *seems to ask him a few more brief questions, on which he departs. The* Duchess *has, meanwhile, been in evident uneasiness.)*

Koe.—*(Confused.)*—Princess—you have—you have not yet heard all.

Sophia. Heavens! what mean you?

Koe. Vice is as swift in executing its projects, as good resolutions are slow in ripening into action.

Sophia.—*(Alarmed.)*—What have you heard? They surely will not drag me hence immediately!

Koe. Early in the morning you will be conveyed to the castle of Thalstein, there to remain a prisoner for life. This very night a messenger will be dispatched to the duke your father, with information that it has been necessary to act thus towards his daughter, because she has been guilty of the blackest crimes towards her husband; and at this moment the duke's friends are suborning false witnesses against you.

Sophia.—(*In the tone of agony and terror, while sinking exhausted on a sofa.*)—Just Heaven! I no longer know thy ways.

Koe. I beseech you, moderate your grief. We may excite curiosity.

Sophia. But—no—impossible! Villainy cannot extend so far. No—you have had false information.

Koe. Would to God I had! You saw it brought by our countryman count Garlsburg. He has learnt it by sure means, which I cannot at present explain; for our moments are precious. I cannot now depart, for I shall arrive too late at your father's court, and you will be already lost. Nay, more, so great is your royal father's reliance on the integrity of your husband, that, when he has heard the messenger, he will hardly credit me.

Sophia. Alas! I see, then, all hope of escape is vain. Cruel Fate! I am lost. No rescue now is possible.

Koe.—(*As if thunderstruck.*)—No rescue?—Rescue—Yet, princess—still—still is rescue pos—I—know—yes, I know—(*Ceases, and gazes at her with a wild alarming look.—She shudders.*)

Sophia. Heavens! what thus disturbs you?

Koe.—(*Aside, with enthusiasm.*)—What a thought darts through my mind! 'Tis a dreadful—godlike thought. 'Tis inspired by a higher power.

Sophia. What means this? Do not forget yourself. We may not be alone an instant.

Koe.—(*Proceeds in the same tone.*)—The game is not fair. I can lose but little, and may win every thing. The bliss which dwells in that thought is worth a thousand lives, and can but cost me one. 'Tis resolved. I will save her.

Sophia. He is beyond himself. I must leave him.

Koe. Princess, by all that is dear to you, I charge you stay. Yes, unhappy lady, the danger may yet be warded—

These tears may yet be dried, and the gloomy marks of sorrow effaced from that brow. All depends upon yourself.

Sophia. Speak! Speak! Why that pale alarming countenance? Speak! How can you save me?

Koe. This arm is strong——this heart on fire. I feel it. Every pulse beats towards a noble deed. To be the saviour of an angel is a thought not to be equalled.

Sophia. If you will not speak more intelligibly, I must go.

Koe. Yes—I will speak—but now it is impossible—for what I have to say—do not tremble—I will save you. I dare say no more in this public place, but elsewhere I will disclose to you what lies buried here. We have no time to lose. You will allow me to come to you after the ball—

Sophia. No—never! Never can that be. How can you ask it? No man, but my husband, ever had this permission, or ever can have it.

Koe. Unfortunate Princess! Your life depends upon it. Be not alarmed. Do not deny me.—Every minute draws you nearer to your fate. Be at ease—but permit me to see you to-night. I will open to you the means of escape.

Sophia. It cannot be, as I before have said; nor can I give credit to the account which was brought to you. Mention here what you wish to mention.

Koe. Impossible! We may be overheard, and every word I uttered would be a dagger to your heart. Allow me to see you alone to-night.

Sophia. What a rash request! Consider to what dangers you expose yourself and me. This might be used as a pretext against me. Consider—But why consider? It cannot be.

Koe. Be not under any apprehension. While Koenigsmark thinks of you, he cannot but think nobly. Oh, permit me to see you alone to night.

Sophia.—*(Aside, with increasing perplexity.)*—Heavens! what shall I do? If the account were true—his sentiments are noble.—*(Aloud.)*—You said you knew the means of saving me?

Koe. Oh, yes! I will save you. Allow me, princess, to see you alone to-night.

Sophia. 'Tis impossible—and—if I should—no—it cannot be.

Koe. Oh! quick! Speak the word of your salvation; for yonder come the duke and Countess.

Sophia. The Duke!—*(Aside.)*—No—I will not do it.

Koe. Answer me, princess. The Countess has already seen us.

Sophia. The Countess!—*(Aside.)*—Would it be wrong to do it? If they really mean to treat me so infamously—shall I——

Koe. Consent! Consent! The moment on which your fate depends is arrived. Do not oppose the decrees of Heaven, which has appointed me to be your preserver.

Sophia.—*(Aside.)*—Would it—shall I——

Koe. Enough!—I go. The moment is past. Let me weep—and pray for you.

Sophia.—*(Aside.)*—His sentiments are upright—It cannot be a crime.—*(Aloud.)*—Koenigsmark,—*(Aside.)*—No. It cannot be a crime.—*(Aloud.)*—Koenigsmark.—*(Hides her face, and trembles—then with dignity.)*—I will see. Do not abuse my confidence.

Koe. Heaven be praised! Where, and when?

Sophia. In my cabinet, after the ball.

Koe. 'Tis well. I will withdraw. The Duke approaches.

Sophia.—*(Fearfully.)*—Yes—do so.—*(As she too is going she suddenly turns round—with dignity.)*—No, no—stay. Why should you fly? I have no reason to avoid any one, and am not accustomed to conceal my actions. Come nearer. We have no secrets.

Koe.—(*Alarmed.*)—No secrets!

Sophia. The whole world may see that I am conversing with you. I *will* converse with you.

Enter DUKE *and* AMELIA.

Duke.—(*To the* Countess, *as they enter.*)—What can they have to say to each other?

Amelia. Nothing of consequence, you may be sure.

Sophia.—(*Aside.*)—Why this tremor? Am I not what I was but a few minutes since?—(*Aloud.*)—You have not been dancing then, Count Koenigsmark?

Koe.—(*Confused.*)—No, your highness—not to-night.

Duke.—(*To the* Countess.)—Something has happened between them—or why these disordered looks, and glowing countenances?—(*Aside.*)—Ay, unsuspicious being! To-morrow thou shalt be removed from my eyes for ever.—(*To the* Count.)—Have you lately heard any news from Elta? How fares the Duke, my father-in-law?

Koe. I have heard lately that his highness is very well.

Duke.—(*To the* Countess.)—They were intimate when children. They were educated together.

Amelia. Well, then they have probably been recapitulating the stories of their childhood.

Duke. Stories of their childhood! No. On those burning cheeks, and in those sparkling eyes, I read no childrens' tale. Why this confusion, which they both in vain endeavour to conceal? Countess, I little thought your penetration was so shallow. Do you discover nothing?

Amelia.—(*Aside.*)—Oh! Didst thou know why the lovely youth is thus confused!—(*To the* Duke, *in a tone of ridicule.*)—How can you fancy such a thing? Can you suppose the young Count so devoid of taste? Go, and speak to the Duchess. I, meanwhile, will examine the Count. If

your suspicions be true, rest assured that he shall not elude me.

Duke. That is well conceived. Do so; but be wary.

Amelia. Rely on me.—(*Aside.*)—I am not wont to tremble; but if he suspected this, I should indeed learn it.—(*To* Koenigsmark.)—How is it possible, Count Koenigsmark, that you should not be partial to dancing? It is surely a delightful amusement.

Koe. It is an amusement which is delightful to me only on certain conditions; and if I cannot obtain these, I rather decline it.

Duke.—(*To* Sophia.)—Duchess, will you accompany me into the ball-room?—(*Aside.*)—I must talk to her for the last time, in order that the hated being may confirm my resolution. [*Exit.*

(*The* Duchess *silently moves to him, and follows.*)

Koe.—(*Aside.*)—If I don't dissemble, all is lost.

Amelia. Fate has compassion on us, and, in compliance with our wishes, conducts us to each other. You little suspect to whom we are indebted for these heavenly moments.

Koe. I must confess, Countess, I am much astonished that the Duke should thus leave us together.

Amelia. Thank the Duke's jealousy for it, dear Count.

Koe.—(*Alarmed.*)—The Duke's jealousy!

Amelia. Yes—his jealousy of the Duchess.

Koe.—(*Aside.*)—Heavens!—(*Aloud.*)—Of the Duchess!

Amelia. Why thus startled? Whence this sudden alteration in your look?

Koe. Pardon me. A confused suspicion passed across my mind, at which I involuntary shuddered. I trembled lest—

Amelia. Dear Koenigsmark! how does this kind anxiety enchant me! I will explain the enigma. The Duke, at once attacked by jealousy, suspected a secret understanding

between you and the Duchess, when he saw you in conversation together.

Koe.—(*Aside.*)—Great God!—(*Suddenly recollects himself—aloud.*)—What a strange suspicion!

Amelia. Strange, indeed. But why did it startle you so much.

Koe. Because—because I reflected what fury would possess him, if his jealousy should be fixed upon a beloved object, when he is thus incensed where he does not love. Yes, Countess—I confess—I tremble—not for myself—for one far dearer—you.

Amelia. For me! Thanks, dear Count, for this sweet declaration. When the Duke mentioned his suspicions, I seized the opportunity of telling him to leave me with you. I said I would examine whether you had any secret understanding with the Duchess. Was it not a happy stratagem?

Koe. I am more obliged for it than I can express.—(*Aside.*) Oh, my Sophia! what an abyss surrounds us!

Amelia. Ah! there is the duke again. His restless mind drives him from place to place. We must part, and yet—I have so much—so much to say——

Koe. Speak, Countess.

Amelia. Not now—it is impossible.—But if you—(*As if reflecting*)—if you will come to me after the ball—

Koe.—(*Aside.*)—This is too much.—(*Aloud.*)—I shall await the moment with impatience, dearest Countess.—(*Aside.*)—Horrible! All my plans defeated!

Amelia. What is the matter?

Koe. I was—thinking of the Duke.

Amelia. I forgive that anxiety, dear Koenigsmark. I too have thought of him; and, that we may be the more secure, I will inform you by a note at what hour you may come.

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Till then, farewel. I feel it is time that I were gone.—(*She is lost among the company in the other room.*)

Koe.—(*As if petrified.*)—Yes—'tis true. Dangers accumulate around me every instant.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Friend, why did you converse so long with the Duchess? You excited the attention of all around you. Pray leave this place. You are quite confused.

Koe. Shall my happiness appear, and vanish like a flash of lightning? And yet—Sophia—nothing can terrify me.

Wil. Charles! Charles! What means this?

Koe. I will save her—I will—

Wil. Charles! What do you say? I dread the explanation of this mystery.

Koe. Great and glorious must be the actions which are wrought in her defence. There is one who knows how I adore her, yet shall not the most distant selfishness tarnish the splendour of the deed. I will execute the sacred resolutions which irresistibly inspire my soul. I will conduct this angel into perfect safety. I will restore to her the peace and happiness which she has lost. Then, having fulfilled my great vocation, then (have I sufficient strength) then will I absent myself for ever from her presence, that not one transient emotion of my overflowing heart may profane the holy deed.

Wil. How powerful is the passion which inflames his soul.

Koe. And like a martyr will I bear the tortures of my heart, regardless when it bleeds, and feasting on the recollection of the heroic act. Fulness of bliss shall I find in the remembrance——bliss without an end. All-righteous Heaven! I no / feel that thou hast sown in tender souls the seeds of ecstasy not hitherto described. I will no more compla[illegible]

Wil. Charles! do you no longer know me?

Koe.—(*Suddenly turns, and gazes at him; then recollects himself.*)—Ha!—Is it you, William? Forgive—

Wil. Dear Charles, you are ill—very ill. This passion has destroyed your faculties. Tell me, what has happened? Speak to me but in broken syllables, and shuddering will I then divine what rages in your soul.

Koe. Friend, how can I speak? To which idea shall I first give a name? The feelings which rage within this breast are like the ocean's billows. I am no longer he whom formerly you knew. Swifter from vein to vein courses my boiling blood. More violently beats my heart within my burning bosom. My quivering lips cannot find words for this tumult of sensations.—(*A* Servant *enters, delivers a letter to* Koenigsmark, *and withdraws. After having cast a cursory look on the letter.*)—Lament with me, William, that dark clouds must ever lower upon our sweetest joys.

Wil. What means that letter?

Koe. If I do not deceive the Countess, all is lost.

Wil. The Countess! What——

Koe. William, a thought occurs to me. I will interrupt the meeting; but in such a way that no suspicion shall attach to me.

Wil. For Heaven's sake!—A meeting with the Countess——

Koe. One of my servants is acquainted with the women who attend her. He shall instruct them to make a false alarm, when I have been there a few minutes, as if the Duke were coming—yet in such a way, that she herself can never learn from whom the order came. Then, amidst her confusion, I can easily escape.

Wil. What are you about to do, Charles?

Koe. Yes—thus shall it be—Thus can I escape. I would

pay, with my blood, for every moment which I must devote to her instead of my Sophia.

Wil. What horrible discoveries are these!

Koe. Horrible they may appear to you. But, come—I have no time to lose. Let us instruct the servant.

Wil. I conjure you, by the sacred ties which have united us from infancy—

Koe. Come, I say. Attempt not to oppose my fate. You will not? Farewel, then. [*Exit.*

Wil. My heart almost breaks to see him thus rush towards destruction. I must follow him. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Throughout this Act, the Scene is in one of the Countess's *Apartments.* AMELIA *is discovered with* ISABELLA. *Her Dress is no longer splendid, as at the Ball, yet exhibits taste and elegance.*

Amelia. Be cautious, I beseech you, Isabella. If you hear any thing of the Duke, let me know it instantly, in order that, before he enters, the Count may have time to escape through the other door.

Isa. You may rely upon me, Countess.—*(Aside.)*—Detested employment! After being despised and rejected by him, must I, perhaps, witness.——Oh! what a torturing thought!

Amelia.—*(In evident confusion and uneasiness.)*—I will feast upon the few sweet moments.—How dreadful, should they be interrupted.

Isa.—*(Aside.)*—Oh that they may!

Amelia. He will now soon be here. Girl! what a youth he is! What amiable modesty! I beseech you not to forget. As soon as there is any suspicion of the Duke's approach, let the attendants instantly call to each other. Oh that enchanting sweetness in his every movement!

Isa.—*(Aside.)*—But if he—if he in reality disdained her offer—if his heart be insensible to the joys of love—Ha! what a consolation would that be!

Amelia. But another word. No one but you must give me notice, if we be interrupted. That look, girl—that silent look of dignity! Words cannot describe it.

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—But, should I be doomed to feel the agony of seeing him in raptures——

Amelia. Do you hear? No one, except yourself, must know that he is with me. His eye beamed with such fervour—Oh! with voluptuous bliss did I devour the enchanting look.

Enter CHARLOTTE, *from the anti-chamber.*

Char. His highness, the Duke, is coming. [*Exit.*

Amelia. Provoking! What must I do? Should the Count—Isabella, how must we manage this?

Isa. I must stand at this door to hinder the Count's entrance.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, that it may be hindered!

Amelia. For Heaven's sake, detain him till the Duke retires. How hard to be thus confined by fetters which my heart abhors!—(*Throws herself upon a sofa.*)—I'll feign indisposition, that his visit may be short.

Isa. Don't be afraid, but rely on me.—(*Aside.*)—Perhaps all may happen as I wish. [*Exit.*

Enter DUKE.

Amelia.—(*In a languid voice.*)—I beg pardon for not rising to meet you, but I am not well.

Duke.—(*In a harsh unpleasant tone.*)—Not well; I am sorry for it. I hope, however, you are not too ill to find pleasure in your triumph.

Amelia. My triumph!

Duke Yes. To-morrow early, the Duchess will be removed for ever from our eyes.

Amelia. What! your wife? Are my entreaties, then, in vain?

Duke. Yes. All is prepared. She was ever in my way. I detest her. But enough! She shall be confined for life.

Amelia.—(*With dignified disdain.*)—Execrable triumph! Is such your opinion of Amelia? Amelia's triumph must be in creating the admiration, not the detestation of her enemies. Go, prince, you have mistaken me, and I, you.

Duke. This miserable sophistry shall not alter my determination. It must, and shall be so. I will ascribe what you have said to the usual enthusiastic notions which so often mislead you. To-morrow you will better comprehend the value of my intention; for you must be flattered in having been the instigator of it. Farewel! A speedy recovery to you in body and in mind. [*Exit.*

Amelia.—(*As she raises herself.*)—Be flattered! How does the term degrade me! To be flattered by a guilty act! To be the instigator of this guilty act! Oh, God! thou seest how this idea tortures me. Thou seest that my soul rises in opposition to the barbarous project. No. As I live, it shall not be. I will exert, to its utmost limits, all my disgraceful influence over his heart. No—no, it shall not be. I myself will perish rather than the innocent shall be sacrificed. At this moment I feel I have but been debased to rise in greater glory—I have but been degraded by vice, in order that my virtues may burst forth with greater splendour. Oh, my Koenigsmark! could I but regain my primitive worth in thy arms, with rapture would I soar from the lowliness of vice to the sublimity of virtue.

Enter ISABELLA, *hastily.*

Isa. The Count—the Count——

Amelia.—(*Transported with anxious expectation.*)—Is he really there?—Have you seen him?—Quick, Isabella!—Look!—Is my hair in order?—(*Runs to the glass, and arranges her hair with one hand, and her dress with the other.*)

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—I must see how this will end. I must observe them, cost what it may.

Amelia. And what did he say, when he came? Was he impatient?—There!—All is right. Now, go—admit him, and be attentive.—Quick—but don't forget what I before told you.

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—Alas! what must I see?

(*The* Countess *throws herself carelessly upon the sofa.* Isabella *opens the door through which* Koenigsmark *is to enter, and retires. The* Count *approaches fearfully, but with dignity.* Amelia *springs from the sofa in captivating disorder.*)—

Amelia. Oh, my friend! with what sweet anxiety have I expected you!

Koe.—(*Confused.*)—In painful suspense have I counted the moments till I—pardon me, Countess—if I do not yet conceive my happiness.—Its appearance was so sudden, so——

Amelia.—(*Aside.*)—How enchanting is the confused avowal, trembling on his lips!—(*Aloud.*)—Wonder not, dear Count, that my eye is riveted on yours—that with delight it dwells upon your charms. Wonder not that a female thus boldly breaks the bonds by which her sex is fettered. The inanimate laws of burdensome reserve may be proper for a common mind, but—

Koe.—(*Kisses her hand.*)—Dear Countess!

Amelia.—(*With dignity and fire.*)—Oh, my Koenigsmark! How long has this heart throbbed for thee! How long has it bled beneath the confinement of decorum! But now, at this sweet moment, will I yield to the indescribable dictates of my unfettered bosom—(*Stops, as if unable to describe her sensations.*)—Oh! read in this intoxicated look all that my faltering tongue refuses to unfold.

Koe. I would speak, dear Countess, if words would not profane the——

Amelia. Dearest, sole object of my love! Oh, that I could inspire words with animation to describe the sensations of my soul!

Koe.—(*Stammering.*)—There are—there are sensations—which cannot be described. The confusion of my transported looks, is all my eloquence.—(*With painful anxiety he casts a glance towards the door.*)—

Amelia. How triumphant is the rhetoric of our glowing hearts! Divine, singular youth, formed for the most singular of women, you enchant, while you enslave. In the name of my whole sex, (of whom I am perhaps not the most unworthy of your affection) I will do just homage to the most perfect, the most lovely of men.—(*While uttering the last words, she has seized his hand, and is sinking on her knee. In the greatest confusion he endeavours to raise her. A mute but captivating contest ensues. She gazes at him, and combines in her attitude all the most delicate, voluptuous sorcery, which seduction can devise. Scarcely has she quite sunk upon her knee, when* Isabella *suddenly calls from within.*)—The Duke is coming! The Duke is coming!—(*The* Countess *springs up affrighted.*)

Koe.—(*Aside.*)—I begin to breath more freely.

Amelia. Odious accident, which robs me of the sweetest moments of my life! Through that door, Count.

Koe.—(*Hastily—aside.*)—By Heavens, the woman is bewitching.

Amelia. Oh, this disappointment! Fly, fly. We shall soon meet again to be the more completely happy.—(*Weeping.*)—How am I afflicted, that the sweet enchantment should be thus dissolved! Farewel!—(*Embraces him.*)—Farewel!

[*Exit* Koenigsmark.

Oh! I could murder the murderer of my happiness. Why

just at this moment? Hateful, accursed accident!—(*Throws herself, with a discontented air, upon a sofa, in order to resume the appearance of indisposition. After a few moments, half raising herself.*)—How! No one comes. Am I to be thus trifled with?—(*A pause.*)—Still no one? Whom would not this drive mad? I can bear it no longer.

Enter ISABELLA, *with a timid look.*

Isa. Countess!

Amelia.—(*Enraged.*)—What means this? Why does he not come?

Isa. I beg pardon, my lady. It was a misunderstanding.

Amelia.—(*Starts up from the sofa as if mad.*)—Misunderstanding! What?—Insufferable! Who is to blame? The wretch who deceived me may tremble for her fate.

Isa. It was not my fault, I assure you, Countess. Charlotte told me, and I hastened to inform you.

Amelia. Charlotte! Call her in. I am but a woman, yet have I strength enough to plunge a dagger in her heart who treated me thus.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Art thou the wretch who dared to interrupt my heavenly—

Isa. Countess! Countess! You forget yourself.—(*Aside.*) She is transported beyond all bounds. How blind was she not to see that Koenigsmark despised her. Oh! I feel well again.

Amelia.—(*Aside.*)—I no longer know what I say.—(*To* Charlotte.)—Why did you tell Isabella that the Duke was coming, when it was not true?

Char. Forgive me, my lady. It was not my fault, for Ann told me so.

Amelia. One throws the blame upon another. Call Ann hither. I'll discover the truth, in spite of all your subterfuges. [*Exit* Charlotte. It costs me pains to steal these moments from the incessant disturber of my happiness, and shall my wishes be counteracted with impunity?

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—It is better to be tortured by this mistake, than by a conviction of his coldness.

Enter Charlotte *and* Ann.

Amelia. So, you are the infamous inventor of this falsehood?

Ann.—(*Much confused.*)—My lady—I—I thought—

Amelia. Speak, I command you. Who told you to say that the Duke was coming?

Ann.—(*With increasing confusion.*)—No—nobody told me—I—I only heard it from some one in the antichamber.

Amelia. How! Nobody told you, and you heard it from some one in the antichamber! Wretch! What do you mean? But you shall not leave this place alive, unless you instantly confess the truth.

Ann. Pardon, my lady, pardon!—I am not to blame. At first I refused to do it.

Amelia. Refused to do it! Ha! some mystery is lurking here. I ascribed this confusion solely to simplicity. Girl! I'll have you broken on the wheel, unless you instantly discover all.

Ann. Mercy, my lady, mercy! I will. A man, whom I have long known, asked me to do it.

Amelia. A man asked you!—Isabella, do you understand this?

Ann. At first I refused—indeed I did—but at last I did

it to oblige him, and received the present which he promised.

Amelia. Present! I cannot comprehend this!

Isa. Nor I.

Ann. I really did not mean to offend you, my lady, and intended to have mentioned it to you afterwards.

Amelia. Who is the man?

Ann. He has been in the service of several gentlemen. At present I believe he lives with Count Koenigsmark.

Amelia. Count Koenigsmark!—(*Aside.*)—That I could not have supposed.—(*To* Ann.)—Begone! Bring the man hither instantly. That is the only way to avoid the severe punishment which otherwise awaits you.

Ann. I believe he is still with your servants, my lady.

Amelia. Away then, and bring him to me. [*Exit* Ann. (*To* Charlotte.)—You may now go too. [*Exit* Charlotte. Isabella! Isabella! What means this dreadful mystery? In vain is every effort which I make to dive into it.

Enter Ann *and* Servant.

Did you instruct this girl to cause a false alarm, as if the Duke were coming.

Ser. Yes, honoured lady, I sue in her behalf. It was not her fault,

Amelia. And why did you bribe her to do this?

Ser.—(*Somewhat alarmed.*)—I did not bribe her. I only told her, as a joke, that she might do it. She took it in earnest, and, before I could prevent it, she called to the attendants in the next room, "The Duke is coming."

Amelia. How, shameless fellow! dare you tell me a falsehood! you promised her a present if she did it.

Ser. Yes—that—that was in joke, too.

Amelia. In joke! Enough! You have betrayed yourself. —(*To* Ann.)—Go, till I call you. [*Exit* Ann.

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—How will this end?

Amelia. You see that your evasions will not be of any service. You are in my power; and if you mean to save yourself, immediately confess at whose instigation you bribed the girl to cause a false alarm.

Ser. As—I have said—my lady—I meant it—as a joke —and nothing more.

Amelia.—(*Shews him a full purse.*)—See! I will reward you if you will confess the truth.

Ser. I can say no more. I must maintain what I have already stated to your ladyship. It is—it is the real truth.

Amelia.—(*Holds a dagger in her other hand.*)—Make thy choice.

Ser.—(*Falls on his knees.*)—I did not think you were so serious.—Mercy! It is not a crime. I will confess all.

Amelia.—(*Aside.*)—Base poltroon! I am more courageous than he; for do I fear this discovery less than he my threats?—(*Aloud.*)—Out with the truth!

Ser. I am in the service of Count Koenigsmark. My master knew I was acquainted with your maid, and ordered me, for the joke's sake, to make her believe that the Duke was coming, in order to create a false alarm in the Countess's apartment.

Amelia.—(*As if stunned.*)—What says he?

Isa.—(*Aside—in a tone of triumph.*)—'Tis plain. He has imposed upon her.

Amelia. What did you say just now?

Ser. The Count ordered me to make your maid believe—

Amelia. What Count?

Ser. Count Koenigsmark. And as I thought it was probably a joke among some young men—I did it without any bad intention.

Amelia.—(*Stupified with terror.*)—A joke——joke!——
—(*To* Isabella.)—Isabella—tell me—can any one see that I tremble?—(*Aloud.*)—At what time did the Count order you to do this?

Ser. At the time Ann called—or, I believe, rather sooner.

Isa.—(*Aside—pleased.*)—It is beyond a doubt that he has imposed upon her.

Amelia. Time Ann called!——Rather sooner!—Isabella, am I pale? A chill tremor passed through my frame.—At that very time!—I cannot understand it.—No—and yet, if I were obliged to understand it in that light.———Oh, Isabella! what horrible ideas are dawning in my soul!—Yes——horrible indeed! But—(*Rings.*)—as yet I have not quite lost my senses. As yet I seel a spark of my former spirit.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Let the servants come hither.—(*To* Isabella.)—Am I not generous, Isabella?—(*Pointing to the servant and the dagger.*)—He has plunged this into my heart, and in return I give him this.—(*Throws the purse to him.*)—There! Take the promised reward for thy odious service.

Isa. I beseech you Countess be on your guard.—(*Aside.*)—She no longer knows what she says.

The Servants *appear.*

Amelia. Keep this man in close custody. Lock him in one of the adjoining rooms, and bring me the key. Your lives are answerable for him.

Ser. My lady—

Amelia. No harm shall be done to you, and to-morrow you shall be released. Rely upon my promise—make no

opposition—and you will, perhaps, be still better rewarded.

[*Exeunt all the servants.*

Isa.—(*Aside—surveying the* Countess.)—She cannot yet conceive that he has imposed upon her. 'Tis now clear that he cannot feel the force of love; but he shall repent that he has thus despised two women.

Amelia.—(*After a short pause.*)—'Tis dark and mysterious; but I fear to learn more, lest it should destroy me.—Yet, no. Love was painted in his timid, bashful look. Love sparkled in his large majestic eye. Love spoke in every movement of his frame. As yet he has not tasted the intoxicating bliss, but only surmised its nature, when gentle warm desire rose in his youthful breast. As yet he has not assuaged the delicious poison which boils throughout the veins by that quick-working antidote—enjoyment. Will he not, then, glory in the attachment of a woman, who conquers where she looks? Yes.—But how can I account for this perplexing interruption? There—there lies the contradiction which will rob me of my senses.—(*Rolls her eyes wildly around.*)

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—I will avail myself of her rising fury, and excite her to revenge.—(*Aloud.*)—Countess, dare I—

Amelia. What do you want, Isabella?

Isa. Much would it grieve me if my suspicion were just—yet can I perceive it is so.

Amelia. Isabella!—Isabella!—What suspicion?—I had a suspicion too.

Isa. I should weep, if it were true that, after sacrificing the sweetest, the divinest charms, which any of our sex can boast—after this renunciation of the universal decorum belonging to our sex—after this unreserved avowal of every emotion, which glows within your bosom—

Amelia. What do you dare to say? To whom do you refer?

Isa. If, after all these sacrifices from the loveliest, most perfect woman in creation, he should remain cold and unfeeling—if that, of which the most distant hope would have transported thousands, were despised—

Amelia. Girl! What means this bold assertion? Who told thee it was possible to despise Amelia's affection?

Isa. Oh, Countess! Allow me this sympathetic participation of your feelings. Permit me to avow my indignation when I see your just pride wounded. Since I have known what an overflowing, inexhaustible fountain of delight your heart contains for him who merits it, I have jealously guarded the sanctuary, lest it should be profaned by coldness.

Amelia. Wilt thou drive me mad?

Isa. Are you sure that you are so inexpressibly beloved as you deserve? Are you so sure of it, that the confession of the Count's servant does not weaken your conviction?

Amelia. Wherefore these daring, insolent questions?

Isa. You term that insolence, which is but the tender anxiety of my cooler bosom for that treasure which few indeed deserve, but which you would lavish upon an ingrate. Believe me, the object, on whom you have bestowed your warm affections, deserves them not. Does the confession of yonder man excite no suspicions?

Amelia. What would you say?—I must own—it might—yes—it might be so. He alarmed me, I confess—and transient, but dark suspicions darted through my brain.—You are right.—'Tis strange—that just when he knew he was to pass a few minutes with me, he should, as if he wanted to escape the moments, which my longing heart so fervently had panted for———Ha!—were that his intention—were that really his intention,—(*In a rapid but determined voice.*) —I would murder him and myself.—But Isabella, it cannot be. That roving look, that enchanting bashfulness—

Isa. Bashfulness? Are you sure that such were his

sensations? Did he not rather betray confusion and disgust?

Amelia.—(*Affrighted.*)—How!—I did not consider that.—Yes.—'Tis—'tis not impossible.—Confusion!—Disgust!—But why?—And yet—Oh! what evil spirit dictated those dreadful words to thee!

Isa. Did he speak with timidity, or with confusion? Were his words the stammering eloquence of rapture, or the cold forced accents of *disgust?*

Amelia. Ha!—How the mist disperses from my sight!—Girl! Girl! what a light hast thou spread in my soul! Oh!—(*Hides her face.*)—

Isa. Dear Countess, I feel no pleasure in thus torturing you, but your honour, your welfare, your all was at stake. Be not incensed, when I confess that I saw every thing which your blind affection would not suffer you to see. I observed you—

Amelia. Infamous wretch!—How dared—

Isa. Do not be enraged, for I do not deserve it. I wished but to see whether you were beloved with the same all-defying affection which marked your conduct and avowals—but, alas!

Amelia. Finish thy killing words, thou wretch, in whom I have too far confided.—Oh God!—I cannot breathe.—(*Again hides her face.*)

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—Ah! now I pity her; for I know her agony.—(*Aloud.*)—Let these tears declare the sorrow which I feel in being obliged to disclose what I would so willingly conceal. I observed that the Count, while you imagined you were inspiring him with rapture, waited with anxious impatience for the moment of departure.—(*A pause.*)

Amelia. Peace!—Be silent, or I'll murder thee.—Oh! Horrible! Horrible! Begone! Quit my presence! The sight of thee is hateful to me. The sight of all mankind is

hateful to me. Oh, that I could extirpate the whole infernal brood!

Isa. Dearest Countess——

Amelia. Away!—For the last time I say to thee—begone!—What! Thou wilt not? Then shall this dagger—(*Wildly grasps the dagger, and rushes towards* Isabella, *who escapes. She stands alone for some moments in dreadful emotion.*)--Have I lived to see this! Oh, I could rend open every vein to cool the burning torrent of my blood. Amelia! Amelia! how art thou fallen!—(*As she is about to strike her face with her hand, she perceives the dagger, and starts.*)—Ha!—(*Surveys it with frantic violence.*)—Thou art a blessed weapon. Omnipotence is stationed on thy murderous point. Thou canst procure me ease.—Not if I employed thee against myself.—No.—Such a base common *tragic fool* I am not yet become, but thou canst allay the fury which torments me. A thousand, thousand times shalt thou be plunged into the cold traitor's heart.—Then will I gaze with ravishing delight upon his streaming blood —and from the sight create a healing balsam for my wounded soul.—(*A pause.—In an altered tone.*)—Oh, the deceiver!—(*In a milder tone.*)—The deceiver—(*In a moaning voice.*)—He did not love me—that is certain.—He did not love me—(*Sobbing.*)—Oh! how I could have loved him! But despised!—(*In a stronger voice.*)—Despised!—(*With violence.*)—Despised!—(*Wildly as before.*)—Away with these shameful tears! Let not my eyes drop another while I live. Let them learn to feast on blood.—Despised!—*Amelia despised?*—Impossible!—Yet—still—still he has deceived me.—(*Starts as if thunder-struck—wildness and sensibility are blended in her voice.*)—Ha!——Stupid creature that I am!—Have I been thus long in discovering that he loves another? He must love another. 'Tis well.—— 'Tis well. Rage through my brain, thou [illegible] thought,

and nourish fell revenge. He loves another. Oh that I were possessed of an all-annihilating influence, that I might spread desolation and ruin through the world! He loves another!——But whom? Whom can he love?—Oh, ye invisible powers! grant me for one moment the faculty of piercing penetration, that I might dive into this mystery, and discover whom—*whom* he loves.—(*Pauses, and then with frantic fury wrings her hands.*)—In vain! In vain!—My reason is gone—all reflection is at an end.—But—(*Stamps violently*)—but whom can he love?—I will know.—In spite of my madness, I will know.—Isabella!—(*Rings.*)—Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa.—(*Starts on seeing the* Countess *so much disordered —aside.*)—Ha! 'Tis as I wished.

Amelia. What thus affrights thee? Am I become a monster?—'Tis true I am wild—mad—yes, mad—but I shall soon be better.—I shall be better when I see blood—Attend to me, girl.—Thou hast done me a service. Thou hast opened my eyes. I ought to stab thee for it—but be at ease. I have just discovered that he must love another. 'Tis certain—for—despise!—No one can despise Amelia.—That is certain—therefore——do you hear———what was I saying?

Isa. You said what I long ago suspected.

Amelia. Oh, infamous!—Yes—he does love another. But whom? That I must learn.—Mark me. If my life be sacrificed thereby, I must learn it. Observe, now, what I tell you. Observe it, I say—for all depends upon it.—(*Quite disordered.*)—What—what was I going to say?

Isa. I p[illegible] hear it.

Amelia. True—I recollect. You must, by means of some other person, employ spies to follow Koenigsmark, to observe his every step, to lie at his door all night, and to give you a constant account of all his actions. But no one must know that I am concerned in these investigations.—This very moment you must send a faithful observer to observe him throughout the night. I must know whether he be gone home, or not—and also—also—but you will learn—you are wise and penetrating.—Manage the matter well. Do you understand me?

Isa. Countess, you shall see with what zeal I will execute your orders. I only beg that you will now retire to rest.—You may—

Amelia. To rest!—Yes. When this hand reeks with the traitor's blood, I will retire to rest. Leave me.—I shall not go to bed to-night.—Hold!—I had almost forgotten something.—You must procure me another dagger, and some poison.—Cowardly creature! why art thou alarmed? Daggers and poison are my only remedies.—You must procure them, I say.—I will, meanwhile, sharpen this dagger till day-break.

Isa. Dearest Countess, a little repose—

Amelia. What!—Thou speak'st to me as if I were a lunatic, who claimed compassion.—But perhaps—it may be so. Let me but rave—for it relieves me.—I shall recover my reason.——Away! Do what I have told you.—Procure me daggers and poison.——Away!—Away.—(*Seizes her arm, and leads her out.*)——————I feel an unknown vigour string my nerves.—Yes. Thus it is.—I am forbidden to return to the path of virtue.—Fate is resolved to bar the way.—I am doomed then to be a follower of Vice for ever.—'Tis well. Be it so.—I will fulfil my destiny; for I will be so foll a monster, that whole regions shall be struck with terror.

Enter ISABELLA *in great haste.*

Isa. Countess! Countess! He is just returned, and is gone down the gallery. He must, therefore, be seeking some one in the palace.

Amelia. Ha!——Whom can he be seeking?—Haste! Follow him, and observe where he goes. Wherever he stops, try to listen, and observe him. Then bring me an immediate account of all you have learnt.—Quick, lest he escape!—Away.—*(Seizes her arm, and while conducting her to the door, the curtain falls.)*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Throughout this Act, the Scene is in a Gallery of the Palace, which adjoins the Duchess's Apartments.

KOENIGSMARK *and* LOUISA *are discovered.*

Koe. How! The Duchess is ill, and will not see me?

Louisa. She will not see you. But why should I conceal the truth from you? She is well, but repents that she gave you permission to come.

Koe. Repents!—Will not see me!—Oh heavens!—All my hopes at once destroyed!

Louisa. I used every argument to convince her how upright were your intentions, how sincere and warm was the interest which you took in every thing relative to her.

Koe. You are my friend. You spoke the truth. Accept my thanks for this service, and——

Louisa. I described to her the horrors of her situation. I told her that you, Count, were the only one here who could assist us: but it was all in vain. She constantly exclaimed, "No: I cannot see him."

Koe. Oh! I have not deserved this. How it afflicts me! Go, Louisa—you are my friend.—Go, and with tears conjure your lady not to mistake me, but to—or—No—I will go with you. Come. She has not yet forgotten to esteem me. Of that I am convinced. Come. I will bear all the blame—I—(*Hastens towards the door.* Louisa *intercepts his passage.*)

Louisa. No, no, Count. Don't do that. Let me go first to prepare her. Wait a few moments here. [*Exit hastily.*

Koe.—(*About to follow her, goes a few steps, and irresolutely pauses.*)—Why do I not follow her? Am I fearful lest this devouring flame, which rages through my blood—But my heart is pure. Before the countenance of the Almighty shall I not stand with greater reverence than before her! I will save her. Without my assistance she is lost. Therefore, Koenigsmark, be firm and resolute.—(*Hastens to the door, opens it, and is about to rush into the chamber.*)

Sophia.—(*From within.*)—Hold, Count! Stay where you are.

Koe.—(*Stands as if thunderstruck at the door.*)—Ha! That is her voice. My resolution is fled; all my powers of mind are crippled.

SOPHIA *comes from the room. He retires with reverence.*

Sophia.—(*Much affected.*)—You ought not to have done that, Count. I requested to be left alone.—(*Aside.*)—But why—why—did I come hither? Why—(*Aloud.*)—Oh! how much could you have contributed to my happiness, and how little it would have cost you!

Koe. Have I deserved that my wishes should be thus mistaken? Can you harbour a bad opinion of my heart?

Sophia. Certainly not, Count; but the reason why I could not see you—No—you do not know—I have not a bad opinion of you—On the contrary—But I could not see you now, because——

Koe. Tell me the dreadful reason.

Sophia. Why should I not tell it? I resolved not to see you, from a desire of expiating a fault with which my conscience accused me.

Koe. What fault? If you have been induced by urgent circumstances to allow a visit at this hour, how can you deduce a motive for self-accusation? Have you forgotten

that to-morrow you will be conducted to perpetual imprisonment, unless——

Sophia. Count, I have not yet received a confirmation of your tidings, and therefore cannot give them credit.

Koe. How! Do you doubt my assertion?

Sophia. No, no; but I cannot yet conceive human nature to be so depraved. It is, therefore, certainly wrong that you should come to me in this way. Leave me, I beseech you. I am resolved to treat the whole account as a mistake, and with a calm, untainted conscience await the issue. The quick emotions of mortified innocence have melted into tears; and I am now composed.

Koe. What! will you condemn yourself? Will you doom yourself to undeserved imprisonment?

Sophia. It is a sweet idea to suffer with resignation, though innocent.

Koe. And submit to be trampled upon by worthless wretches?

Sophia. It is a great idea calmly to despise those worthless wretches who trample on me.

Koe. And shall no revenge pursue these villains, for their injustice in torturing the guiltless?

Sophia. It is an exalted idea, to consider the greatest injustice as unworthy of revenge.

Koe.—(*Aside, with enthusiasm.*)—Supernatural being! Her angelic sentiments inspire my soul with awe.—(*Aloud.*)—Yes, dear, noble princess, I acknowledge the grandeur of your sentiments; but you will thereby be destroyed.

Sophia. If you can feel the grandeur of these sentiments, feel the still more exalted one of perishing with dignified composure.

Koe.—(*Aside, transported.*)—I thank thee, Oh, Creator, for having bestowed upon me a mind which can boast, though but in a humble degree, a sympathy with such a mind.—(*Aloud.*)—This, too, I comprehend. But do not, most

perfect of your sex, do not suffer this noble generosity to extend so far as to work your own destruction. Let not a tender plant, which has budded in such heavenly beauty, be destroyed by the hostile storm.

Sophia. What means this warmth ?

Koe. Do not refuse to avail yourself of the eternal rights which careful Nature has allowed us all to claim, but more particularly you—peace and happiness.

Sophia. Leave me, Koenigsmark, leave me.

Koe. Shall these transcendant charms, granted by Heaven in the fulness of its bounty, perish in their opening bloom ? Shall this rose, worthy of unfading blossoms—this rose, intended to be the ornament of Eden, be undermined by that consuming worm affliction, and wither in a desert ?

Sophia. Oh ! if my peace be dear to you, do not address me thus.

Koe. Your peace is dearer to me than any thing. But can you say you now possess it ? I will restore it to you. I will point out the way, by which you may escape the abysses opening all around you, and find again the joys which have forsaken you. Lose not the opportunity. You must determine *now* or *never*. The waters of happiness spring but once for mortals ; with a rapid tide they roll away, and are almost instantly again dried up. If we neglect to taste them ere they pass, no power whatever can recal them. Anxious and parched we look where late the current ran, and thirst for one delightful but departed draught. Oh, dearest princess ! listen to the voice of a youth versed in the pleasures of your earlier years, who saw you despotically sacrificed to cruel policy.

Sophia. Count, I entreat - implore you to cease. I am criminal in having even thus long listened to you.

Koe. Why so distant towards me ?—Towards *me*, who feel in every pulsation the consonance of our sympathising

souls!—Are we not bound to each other by the ties of former happier days?

Sophia.—(*Weeping.*)—By my sighs and tears I conjure you not to remind me of those days, lest I lament what it is my duty to endure.

Koe. Yes, hapless princess—lament—I will lament with you. 'Tis a painful pleasure to recal the shadows of departed happiness, in order to spread a friendly gleam upon our present sorrows. Oh, Memory! thou powerful sensation! thou leavest not a nerve throughout my frame unstrung.—Before my soul flits every former scene, and every youthful wish. Why should I not recal those peaceful days?

Sophia.—(*Much agitated.*)—Spare me these tortures, Count.

Koe.—(*Quite absorbed in reflection.*)—How often did we saunter, arm in arm, in your dear mother's garden! Often, often have we wandered with infantile delight through the flowery paths and cooling woods of Elta. Often have we innocently played upon the mossy bank of the rivulet, which you so much loved.

Sophia. Koenigsmark! you promised to restore my peace of mind, and are destroying it for ever. Oh, cease.

Koe. ——Our anxious wanderings in search of the first scarcely opened violet—our admiration of the starry heavens—our confidential intercourse—(*Much affected.*)—Do not these give me some little claim—?

Sophia.—(*With tremulous utterance.*)—Yes—I do not deny—my heart acknowledges—You see my tears. Do not compel me to shed more.

Koe. Allow me, then, to mention what, with the most fervent wishes for your welfare, I propose to do, in order to rescue you.

Sophia. Oh, Heavens! Is it so certain that I shall be imprisoned to-morrow?

Koe.—(*Significantly.*)—Certain. Positive!

Sophia. Tell me, then, how will you save me?

Koe.—(*With manly resolution.*)—I will fly with you, dearest princess.

Sophia.—(*Hastily.*)—Oh Heavens! This to me! No, Koenigsmark. I can never be rescued by such means.

Koe. These are the only means. Be not alarmed. Your liberty is at stake—perhaps your life.

Sophia. Away with such a proposition!

Koe. You will be pent in a prison—deprived of the sight of heaven—incessantly tortured by false reports—and coolly murdered by degrees, if you refuse my counsel.

Sophia. No, Count. The innocence of my heart will protect me. They cannot treat me so barbarously.

Koe. This very innocence will be considered as a crime; and you will be doomed to suffer, because you distihguish yourself like a saint among a band of demons. The blackness of Vice cannot endure the splendour of Virtue. By the tears of your good mother, I conjure you to save yourself. I pledge my life for the certainty of the Duke's intentions.

Sophia.—(*In a tone of agony.*)—What—what will become of me! How am I tortured by contending feelings!

Koe. Oh! let the agony, at this moment raging within you, persuade you not to spurn the counsel, which, with the solemnity of inspiration, I repeat. I will save you from destruction. I will conduct you far from this poisonous atmosphere.—I will—The wildness of your looks cannot subdue my resolution, for my heart is raised and supported by an unknown influence.

Sophia. Oh, God! thou seest what I endure.

Koe. I will conduct you to a distant land, whence you may send information of your sufferings to your affectionate mother, and conjure her to use her influence with your royal father, that you may return to his paternal bosom, and

there find reparation for the evils he inflicted on you, when he bestowed your hand upon a stranger, whose conduct robbed you of every comfort, and drove you to this last resource.

Sophia. My soul shudders at the thought. Count, what does the woman deserve, who dares to break the bonds of nuptial duty? Koenigsmark, what dreadful counsel do you offer!

Koe. Bonds of nuptial duty! Oh, princess! one emotion of the heart will bid defiance to the duty which annihilates the laws of nature, and imposes upon us the renunciation of our sweetest sensations; the duty which would, by mere forms, unite opposites, and dare to couple the emblem of Virtue with the shameless front of Vice. Oh, no! I feel—and have often felt like you—I feel that your heart opposes the cold declaration of your lips.—And who first deviated from this nuptial duty? You, or your husband?

Sophia.—(*Aside.*)—What do I not feel at this moment! Oh! he has torn open a wound, which—

Koe. Follow, follow my advice. Listen to the warning voice of the friend of your youth. Trust yourself to my arms. They are strong as the intentions of my heart are pure. Fly with me far from this hated place; fly to some peaceful, smiling retreat, where you can calmly pass your days till the storms of Fate are dispersed, and my assiduous intercessions have prevailed upon your royal father to receive you again to his bosom.

Sophia. Koenigsmark, I believe your intentions to be upright, and I feel the horrors of my situation. Yet still can I not follow your advice. I must have positive proof of the vile design which you declare to have been formed by the Duke. I must have further information.

Koe. For heaven's sake, how can you find time for this enquiry? To-morrow you will be dragged away. Oh,

princess! princess! I see how you impose upon yourself.—Alas! when you look back upon your departed happiness, with the painful repentant conviction that you yourself were the destroyer of it——

Sophia. Why would you make the burden of my misery insufferable? I myself perceive, that, if the danger be so great, no time is to be lost. Hear, therefore, what I have to say. In an hour you shall know my determination, as I shall before that time have a certain account of every circumstance relative to my situation.

Koe. Princess! resolve instantly; for but a few hours are our own.

Sophia. I cannot. Till I am fully convinced of the dangers which threaten me, I cannot conscientiously acquiesce in the important step which you press me to take.

Koe. Oh! how these suspicions hurt me! You will dismiss me, then, with this dreadful vacuity in the heart which has been overflowing, without any slender recompence?

Sophia. What would you I should say or do? I acknowledge your good intentions—But, oh, leave this gallery. It is so near to my apartments—Leave it, I beseech you.—Has my submissive entreaty no power over you?

Koe. Every power, except to make me consent that you shall perish. But it is your wish.—I go.—Yet, tell me in what way you can gain any information at so late an hour.

Sophia. Louisa has written a letter to the minister's daughter. I every moment expect her answer, which will fix my determination.

Koe. 'Tis well. In an hour, then, I will be in your cabinet.

Sophia. Yes—But—but—Oh! how am I grieved that I must even think of such a thing!—Beware lest any one observe you.

Koe. Fear not that. I will meanwhile make preparations

that we may escape before day-break; for I am certain as to the result of your enquiries.

Sophia. Oh!—It were horrible—

Koe.—(*Approaches tremblingly, takes her hand, and kisses it with warmth.*)—Farewel. In—an—hour——

Sophia.—(*Endeavours to withdraw her hand, which he still holds to his lips—with dignity.*)—I beg, Count—

Koe.—(*Still holds her hand, and gazes at her.*)—Once—once it was not a crime—But now—Oh, sacred recollection of those blissful days, gone—gone for ever——

Sophia.—(*Extremely agitated.*)—Release me. What do you mean?

Koe.—(*Still holding her hand.*)—Oh, tears, speak the almighty language which my tongue denies.

Sophia. Go. Do not forget yourself—(*With dignity, and in an impressive tone.*)—Go, or we shall never meet again.

Koe.—(*As if awaking from a dream.*)—Heaven! what have I done?—Pardon—In an hour—Pardon—

[*Exit in violent agitation.*

Sophia.—(*Alone, after a short pause.*)—What has my madness uttered? He will return! No. Never, never shall he return. Count Koenigsmark! Count Koenigsmark! Another word.—(*Runs to the side at which he departed, and stops.*)—Alas! he is gone.—Was it a crime to listen to him? His intentions are, doubtless, upright and good. The danger, too, which threatens me.—Is it his fault that his interest in my behalf is so warm and violent? But,—this commotion—this beating heart—Why, why am I thus treated? Has any one a right thus to insult and mortify me? I was once happy and contented—yet—I wish I had not spoken to him. I feel his burning tears upon my hand. Why did he weep?—(*As if unable to draw her breath.*)—I know—not—I cannot breath—I feel within my narrow bosom a violent devouring fire.—(*Alarmed.*)—Horrible wretch!

Hide thy face, that the world may not read therein thine infamy.—Away!—Away!—*(As she is wildly rushing out,* Louisa *appears.)*—Ha!—Who goes there, at this late hour?

Louisa. I beg pardon, my lady—

Sophia. What! did you leave me? Were you not present when the Count was here?

Louisa. No, honoured lady.

Sophia. Did I not order you to accompany me?

Louisa. You gave me no orders.

Sophia. Did I not tell you that you must not leave the Count and me together?

Louisa. Indeed you never did.

Sophia. Unaccountable!—Then I was here alone with Koenigsmark?

Louisa. Can you be alarmed at that, princess?

Sophia. Why do you gaze at me thus? You seem as if you read something on my brow.

Louisa. Forgive me, my lady. I do not know the cause, but certainly you do not look as usual.

Sophia. You think, perhaps, I am not well, because I glow and tremble thus—But be at ease, good girl.—Was it not bold of Koenigsmark thus to attempt, against my will, to enter my apartment?

Louisa. Yes; but when you consider—

Sophia. I ought not to have forgiven it. He behaved ill. Did he not?

Louisa. Oh, no—certainly not.

Sophia. How! What do you mean?

Louisa. No. He did not behave ill. From infancy he claimed a right of feeling interested in your welfare. He sees what you suffer. He beholds the danger which threatens us—with anguish beholds it—and will avert it. He is a noble, excellent young man.

Sophia.—(With open fervour.)—Yes, Louisa; you are

right. I will not misconstrue his intentions. Come hither, Louisa. I see you are my friend. Come hither. Let me press you to my heart. You are a good girl. You become every moment more dear to me. I may, perhaps, ere long, have greater need of you.—(*Clasps her in her arms.*)

Louisa. Heavens!—Why do you tremble thus, my lady?

Sophia.—(*Starting back terrified.*)—Ha! Horrible! What have I done?—Avert thy face.—I cannot look at thee

Louisa. What is the matter? What is the matter?

Sophia. I beseech you—turn from me—or leave me—or—stay here—do not follow me.—(*Runs wildly into her room.*)

Louisa. What can she mean?—I am amazed; and, in spite of her commands, must follow her.—(*Going.*)

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa.—(*Aside, as she enters.*)—Thou, too, shalt assist in the accomplishment of my revenge.—(*Aloud.*)—Miss Louisa, stay a moment.—(*Aside.*)—She shall account for the unintelligible words which I have just now heard.

Louisa. Who calls me?—How! you, Isabella! at so late an hour in this part of the palace?

Isa. You are mistaken. 'Tis not so very late.

Louisa. Time, then, must fly swiftly with you.

Isa. Oh, no. Just the reverse. Time has passed heavily with me. I have counted the lagging seconds in greater agony than could the wretch upon the wheel. My words seem to surprise you—but mark me. 'Tis not yet so late, but that the fleeting night may lend her last dark mantle to cover dreadful—dreadful deeds. Come. Let us go into the garden, and enjoy the cool air.

Louisa. Cool air. I do not feel that it is here too hot.

Isa. You don't!—Indeed!—But whence this confused, affrighted look?

Louisa. And whence your menacing, wild look?

Isa. My look menacing and wild! You are mistaken, I am quite composed.

Louisa. And you are mistaken. I, too, am quite composed.

Isa. Why will you not take a walk with me in the garden? We might have some confidential conversation.

Louisa. I did not know that we were in the habit of conversing confidentially. I must attend the Duchess.

Isa. Indeed! But tell me—why is the Duchess so sorrowful of late?

Louisa. Because all around her are happy.

Isa. I don't understand you.

Louisa. Nor I you. I wish you a good night—if you can enjoy it. [*Exit.*

Isa.—(*Alone.*)—How! Impertinent creature! But thy reign shall soon be at an end. What a discovery have I made within a few short minutes; I could almost fancy it a dream. But no—I saw them—I cannot be deceived. They love each other more than words can express; for as yet they have not been able to avow their affection.—Amelia! Amelia! I fear the dreadful tidings will destroy thee. But she shall not know all. She must not learn that the Duchess is about to escape, because she would otherwise be imprisoned for life to-morrow. No. That might allay the fury of her vengeance. I will describe what I have seen in terms which shall make her tremble. Silly fool that I have been, to suppose he could not love!—How did I feast upon this wretched consolation; But now!—now!—Oh, Amelia! wert thou my bitterest foe, I would become thy tenderest friend, in order to complete my vengance on the faithless sex. There she is. In her furious looks I perceive poniards ready for my purpose.

Enter AMELIA.

Amelia. Whither did he go? Where did you see him? I have been every where in search of you. Why did you bring me no tidings? Cold, sluggish beings that you are around me; do you mean to judge of my burning eagerness by your sleepy sensations?

Isa.—(*Aside.*)—Rage on. It suits me.—(*Aloud.*)—Here Countess—here he was—Here he spoke with such fire and vehemence——

Amelia. Here! To whom?

Isa. Oh, Countess! he is not a cold traitor. He is—he is an abominable traitor. I have beheld with what rapture, with what ecstasy his heart flew towards hers.

Amelia.—(*With raging impatience.*)—Hers! Whose?—Whose?

Isa. Countess—Oh! how can I force the words from my oppressed bosom!—Countess! he can love.—He can love as youth never loved before. He can dote upon—adore—

Amelia. Torturing being! who has taught thee the art of robbing mortals of their senses? Whom—whom does he love?

Isa. Here did I see him, with the glowing marks of love unutterable painted in every look. Here did I hear him, while the sounds of indescribable affection echoed in every word.

Amelia.—(*Walks violently towards her.*)—Tremble, if thou delay'st another moment. Instantly declare *who* was here with him.

Isa. You are determined, then, on knowing it? Yet, if I tell you—if I thus at once tear your heart piecemeal—Countess—pardon me—my own heart breaks at the thought.

Wait a few minutes. I would not thus suddenly inflict the deadly wound.

Amelia. Wretch! Wilt thou murder me by slow degrees? —(*Seizes her.*)—Now—if thy life be dear to thee—out with it!

Isa.—(*In a resolute tone.*)—Yes; I will confess the truth, even if you plunge the dagger, which I am preparing for yourself, a thousand times into the hearts of the perfidious pair.

Amelia.—(*Gazes at her for a moment with astonishment.*) Girl! how hast thou caught a spark of my fire?

Isa. Did she but possess a shadow of your worth—did she but bear a trace of your perfections—then might I conceive it possible that he should prefer the reflection of beauty to beauty's self. But, as it is——Oh, Countess! the blood will boil throughout your veins when I declare it.—The Duchess!—

Amelia.—(*Overpowered with sudden horror.*)—Duchess! —What said you?—What?—Did you speak just now?—What—(*The words die away upon her tongue.*)

Isa. Yes, the Duchess. She it was with whom he here conversed; with whom he had here a secret assignation, for which he so soon left you. She it is on whom he dotes—She it is whom he adores.

Amelia.—(*At once awaking from her former stupor.*)—Away, away from my sight! Thou art a base impostor.

Isa. Oh that I were, Countess! Oh that I had not seen how with intoxicated looks they hung upon each other! Oh that I had not heard the tones in which they poured forth their enraptured souls!—(*The* Countess *again sinks into a state of stupefaction.*)—Look around you, where we are. With whom but her could he converse here? Are not those her apartments?

Amelia.—(*Who is sinking to the earth.*)—Support me Isabella—or I fall—(*Swoons.*)

Isa.—(*Supporting her.*)—Countess! Countess!—What have I done!—

Amelia.—(*After a pause, raises her head. She is pale as death, and for a few moments looks wildly around.*)—Oh, all ye unknown powers—spirits—angels—demons—who have any influence over mankind, grant me sufficient strength to bear this horrible discovery.

Isa. Countess, yield not so much to these sensations. I know others far more worthy of you. Think of vengeance.

Amelia. Ha!—Thou speakest comfort to my soul. Girl, low as I am sunk, I will embrace thee for rousing the dormant sensations of my soul.—True. Vengance alone can alleviate my torments. Streams of blood must quench the fire which rages in my bosom. Fool that I was, not to suspect that he loved her—not to divine the real cause of his confusion when her name was mentioned!—Oh, horrible! horrible!

Isa. Countess, let not despair enter into your mind. Once more I remind you to think of vengeance—Vengeance on the traitor and your rival.

Amelia. Rival!—Oh, had it been any other person—but *she—she!*—Deceitful, hypocritical wretch! Was this thy innocence and virtue—this thy coldness towards every one who dared to think thy husband's conduct might justify his hopes? Yet tell me—Isabella—is it possible that you can have been mistaken? Are you sure you saw him?—Are you sure he was so warm—so violent?

Isa. His ardour baffles my description I can attempt.

Amelia. No more, no more! Oh, Koenigsmark, must I know that thou art feeling the raptures of Paradise, while I am doomed to endure the tortures of Hell? Isabella, with mingled shame and fury I confess, this horrid overpowering discovery will long, long rage with burning violence in my bosom.—(*Her voice gradually falters.*)—No sighs—no tears can assuage it—not even the perfidious wretch's blood.

—(*With sudden alarm.*)—What did I say?—His blood!—No, no, no.—(*Walks up and down.*)—Why was I born with these devouring, uncontrollable feelings?—Why was I sent with this fiery soul among these icy beings?——Dear Isabella, force a tear from my eye.——Oh, I would press thee to my heart, and bless thee, if thou couldst cause me to shed one single tear.

Isa. Dearest lady, do you not feel the burning tears which at this moment trickle down your cheeks? But check them, I beseech you. Have you forgotten that you are Amelia? Does Amelia seek redress in tears? Hear all—then weep if you can. I have learnt still more than I have yet related. He means to escape with her.—Right! Your astonishment is natural. Within an hour he will return, and with her leave this palace for ever. Let us hasten to the Duke.

Amelia. For heaven's sake, what said you?—Escape?—Leave the palace for ever!

Isa. Most positively.

Amelia.—(*With frantic violence.*)—Aid me, then, fury of disappointed love. Away with these tears, unworthy of Amelia! Girl, girl, accept my thanks. To the Duke instantly! To the Duke—the welcome instrument of vengeance.—What said you?—When will he return?

Isa. He agreed to be with her in an hour from their last interview.

Amelia. Then in an hour shall I be fully revenged. In an hour the traitor will know what it is to despise Amelia. Away to the Duke instantly! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Throughout this Act, the Scene is in the Chamber of the Duchess.

SOPHIA *and* LOUISA *are discovered sitting.*

Sophia. Could I but believe you, Louisa; could I but think that this was not a treacherous slumber into which you are lulling my heart—

Louisa. Think not so, dearest lady. Surely it cannot be blameable to fly from a land where you never can be happy, where Vice sits on the throne, and triumphantly tramples upon Virtue; where, after every duty towards you has been disregarded, plans have been formed to rob you of liberty—perhaps of life. Oh, fly, unless you wish to become the victim of your barbarous husband! Throw yourself into the arms of one, who was the upright friend of your early years, and who in every respect is worthy of your esteem.

Sophia. Yes, Louisa, with an unaccountable tremor, I confess that your words accord with my sensations. But, oh, why do so many contending ideas rack my brain? Louisa, my peace of mind is gone—That inward satisfaction with myself, which I was wont to feel, is gone.

Louisa. Dearest lady, disclose to me all that oppresses you. Perhaps my sincere friendship may pour into your wounded mind the balm of consolation.

Sophia. Louisa, you anticipate my wish. Long have I wanted to entrust my sorrows to the sympathetic bosom of a friend. Willingly would I describe the contending

emotions of my mind—its ardent wishes for some unknown blessings—its sad yet sweet anxiety—but, Oh! I cannot. This strange sensation courses through my whole frame, but describe it I cannot. Give me your hand, Louisa. Let me recline upon your bosom. I am so much oppressed—

Louisa. Your sufferings are indeed great.

Sophia. True, Louisa. Yet, great as they are, I feel they all would cease if—

Louisa. If you would follow the counsel of your friend—of Koenigsmark.

Sophia. Koenigsmark!—My friend!——Yet true—he is my friend.

Louisa. That he is most certainly. Obey the dictates of your heart, and throw yourself into his arms; for he alone can make you happy.

Sophia. Right, my Louisa. He alone can make me happy. The truth proceeds in such pleasing accents from your lips, that you convince me, and fix my resolution. I feel that with the purest conscience I can accompany him. Nothing shall alter my determination. I am firm and immoveable.—(*She espies* Koenigsmark, *and sinks with a shriek upon the sofa.* Koenigsmark *and* Louisa *fly to her assistance.*)

Louisa. Dearest lady, what is the matter? Why are you thus alarmed?—None but friends are here.—Alas! she has fainted.—Dearest princess.—(*Points to* Sophia's *heart.*)—Count, this heart bleeds for you. Make not a bad use of my avowal.—(Koenigsmark *starts as if thunderstruck.*)—Compose yourself—I am your friend.—(Koenigsmark *falls at* Sophia's *side, takes her hand, and kisses it with fervour.*)—Heaven be praised! She revives.—Count, I know all. I have spoken in favour of your project, because I think it the only one by which this heavenly being can be rescued. I leave you. Use every persuasion in your power. I know you are incapable of a bad action. [*Exit.*

Sophia.—(Raises her head, and says in a weak voice)—Is he still there, Louisa?

Koe. Your sincerest friend is here.

Sophia.—(Is alarmed, and withdraws her hand.)—Ha! you still here, Count!—You have torn my heart—you have destroyed my peace of mind. Destroy me also, or restore to me that of which you have deprived me.

Koe. Oh, Providence, assist me at this dreadful moment!

Sophia.—(Turns, and gazes at him with a look of sympathy and sorrow.)—Koenigsmark—if I said any thing which afflicts you, forget it, and forgive me. My mind is so disordered, that I know not what I say or do.

Koe. Why did the appearance of a friend thus overpower you?

Sophia. I know not. Our powers often forsake us when most wanted. Heaven granted me strength to form a resolution, but denied me strength to execute it.

Koe. And therefore sent me to raise your drooping courage. How happy am I, that you are at length convinced of your danger, and have determined to avoid it by immediate flight. I have not been idle. In an hour, or less, all will be ready for our escape.

Sophia. I should at once have given credit to your words, could I have thought my enemies such monsters as they are; but the intelligence gained by Louisa has robbed me of the doubt that man could be so infamous.—*(Rises.)*—With the firm conviction that the step you propose is such as my conscience will never disapprove, I yield, and accompany you.—Support me, Koenigsmark—I am very weak.

Koe. Compose yourself, dear princess.—Rely on your sincere friend.

Sophia. Yes, you are my friend. Yes, Koenigsmark, in you I place the utmost confidence. Conduct me whither you please: and, oh, if you can ever restore me to the bo-

som of my family, how grateful will I be! My mind harbours not a single doubt. I am ready to accompany you.

Koe. May I never be permitted to behold my princess again, if I do not justify this confidence—(*His tone and manner become gradually more enthusiastic.*)—Be not incensed, Almighty Ruler of the world, if I have murmured against thee in days of sorrow. The ecstacy of this moment would be a sufficient recompence for an eternity of suffering. Pardon me, dearest princess: I am unable to suppress the swelling rapture of my heart. My imagination flies with unfettered pinions to other regions, and I gaze upon the happy prospect of better days till—Oh, princess!—Oh, my friend! —or—(*Appears to have forgotton himself, but suddenly stops*) —or am I not allowed to call you my friend?—(*All recollection of their situation has vanished from the minds of both. From the eyes of the Duchess beams the warmest sympathy.*)

Sophia. Oh, yes. Call me your friend—the name sounds sweetly to my ear. Why should I conceal that I am your friend? Why should I deny the pleasing sensations which the Creator has implanted in my heart? When hand in hand we wandered through cool groves, and fragrant meadows—then we often called each other by that name. Why should we—

Koe. Why should we not always call each other by that name?

Sophia. That we will. Let us forget that on the jocund path of life we met with a gloomy chasm.

Koe. Yes; we will forget that for a short time we were doomed to exchange this flowery path for a dismal desert, where our joys only drooped to bloom with greater beauty; where the sun only withdrew to shine again with double lustre. Heaven will be happy in bestowing happiness on two beings, whom—

Sophia. Whom it evidently formed for each other. Yes, Koenigsmark, we shall be happy.

Koe. Oh, transporting thought! To pass our days in peace, innocence, and sweet retirement, with hearts free from the tempest of ungratified passion, and calmly beating for each other!—(Sophia *gazes at him, and is lost in the idea of the pleasing prospect he depicts.*)—Nothing will then disturb our peace, and our joys will be harmless as Nature. The first beams of the rising sun will wake us from our gentle slumbers; or the rustling of the leaves around the arbour in which the swelling moss had invited us to repose, and the cool evening had surprised us, while gazing with delight upon the landscape beautified by the setting sun, or upon the murmuring brook at our feet—till the clear sky lost its reflected colours, the sparkling water lost its golden hue, and we, at length, familiar with Nature, sunk to soft repose.—Oh! when the transporting prospect of such a futurity appears to me—I lose myself in the beauty of the picture.—(*In ecstacy.*)—Oh, my friend, my—yes, I once called you Sophia.—Sophia is the name so often repeated in former days, which I have been forbidden to utter.—Oh, my Sophia!—(*He is unable to say more. The recollection of their former life draws their hearts irresistibly to each other. With sympathetic eagerness and rapture, they fall into each others' arms.*)

Sophia.—(*In a faltering voice.*)—Oh, my Charles!—(*At the moment that, in their embrace, they have thrown their arms round each other, the Duke, Amelia, and* Isabella, *rush into the room, accompanied by officers, officers, and guards. At the dreadful sound of their approach,* Koenigsmark *and* Sophia *start from each other, as if thunderstruck.*)

Koe.—(*Draws his sword.*)—Ha! We are betrayed.—Heavens! what have I done?—(Sophia *swoons.*)

Duke. Yes, wretch, I have heard all that has passed.—(*To the guards.*)—Stab him, if he will not yield. Stab him, [illegible] and let him die in lingering agony.

Amelia.—(*Passes the guards, and approaches* Koenigs

mark; *then says, in such a way as that the* Duke *cannot hear it.*)—Perfidious wretch! this is Amelia's vengeance.—(Koenigsmark *defends himself against the guards, fighting with the fury of despair till he loses his sword, receives several wounds, and falls dead on the floor.*)

Amelia.—(*To the* Duke, *in an altered voice.*)—You are revenged. He is dead.—(*A deep silence ensues.—All eyes are fixed upon the dead body and the Duchess, whom several servants have been in vain endeavouring to bring to herself. Some express horror; others compassion; but the Countess is the most prominent of the group. Since* Koenigsmark *fell, she has seemed another being. Her eyes are riveted upon him, and the expression of her countenance is horrible. A dreadful stupefaction seems to have seized her whole frame.*)

Duke.—(*Interrupting the awful silence with unabated fury.*)—Unparalleled infamy! There must be more accomplices in this plot. By Heaven I'll dive into the mystery, and extinguish the recollection of it with streams of blood. Where is Louisa? That creature must be in the secret. Bring her hither. [*Exeunt some attendants.*

An Attendant. The duchess revives.

Duke. 'Tis well. Now thou shalt suffer for thy infidelity —thou viper in my bosom.

Sophia.—(*Opens her eyes.*)—Whither have they taken him? Where am I?

Duke. Hell and furies! Dares she enquire after him, even in my presence!—Answer me, infamous hypocrite.

Sophia.—(*Looks at him, shudders, and turns away with a cry of horror and despair.*)—Oh, God! why didst thou ordain that I should wake?

Duke.—(*With barbarous delight.*)—You were enquiring for some one. Look there.—(*Points to* Koenigsmark—Sophia *sees him, and falls upon him with a shriek.*)—Raise her.—(*Servants obey.*)

Amelia.—(*As if awaking from a dream, when she sees the*

Duchess fall on the dead body,—turns aside.)—Alas! it is true. They loved each other sincerely.

Sophia.—(*Whom the attendants have raised, leans over the body.*)—Dead!—Dead!—Break then, my heart. Flow, flow, ye tears.—He is dead; he is dead. But, no.—Incapable of feeling is my heart—Incapable of weeping are my eyes—Dead!—Oh, if it were separation for ever—how horrible!

Amelia.—(*Almost senseless.*)—Horrible indeed! Koenigsmark, how wert thou beloved!

LOUISA *rushes into the room.*

Louisa.—(*Seizes* Sophia's *hand, and bathes it with tears.*)—Oh, my unfortunate lady, what did I advise?

Sophia. You here, Louisa! What do you want? He is dead, he is dead.

Duke. Tear them asunder.

Sophia.—(*Looks at once wildly and resolutely at him.*)—Murderer!—Cruel, barbarous murderer!—I will expose thee to the world. I will discover the blackness of thy soul, and all the tyrannical art by which thou destroyest those whom thou selectest for thy victims.

Duke. What mean you by this presumption?—Have you no conscience, harlot? Drag them both away.—(Guards *hesitate.*)—Do you hear?—(Guards *prepare to obey.*)

Sophia.—(*Retreats a few steps, and addresses the* Guards *with majestic dignity.*)—If you have any regard for your unhappy princess, release me—for a few minutes, and then execute the Duke's commands.—(Guards *withdraw. She turns to the* Duke.)—Allow me to say a few words.

Duke. You can have nothing more to say. Go, go.—Make no attempt to defend your infamous conduct.

Sophia. Infamous conduct!—Oh, who could have believed that I should ever have been obliged—have been

able to endure this?—Infamous conduct!—Ah, if you knew the consciousness of rectitude which inhabits this bosom—but the world will know it.

Duke. Peace!

Sophia. Prince, allow me to proceed. These are my last words; for, part as we may, we shall never meet again. I will neither justify nor accuse myself, but will speak of myself as I am. The witnesses of this bloody scene shall not depart without completely knowing me. They shall not describe their princess as a criminal, when they relate this dreadful tale to their children. They shall say she has deserved the compassion, not the abhorrence, of the world.

Duke. I'll hear no more. Your crimes are manifest. Away with her!

Sophia. Prince, these are my last words. Even the culprit, when at the scaffold, is allowed a last address. I own I have acted criminally towards you; but as truly as you are the author of my sufferings, I have acted criminally for the first time, and no further than you witnessed. I was led away by the overpowering sensations which a higher Power implanted in my heart.—Oh that the commencement of my happiness should have been the end of my virtue!—So great is my misery, that I cannot even comprehend it to its full extent—for I am still alive. Weep not, Louisa: I suffer more than you, and yet you see I do not weep.—(*Scarcely has she said this, ere she bursts into tears. All are silent, and deeply affected, except the* Duke, *who whispers in the ears of some officers, and points at the* Duchess. *The* Countess *stands as if petrified.* Sophia *endeavours to proceed with more firmness.*)—This young man was admitted into my room to day for the first time. Necessity compelled me to admit him, for I wished to put myself under his protection, finding that I could by no other means escape the dangers which surrounded me.

Duke.—*(Aside.)*—What means she?

Sophia. Yes. The dangers which surrounded me; for know, all of you, the Duke, my husband, intended that I should to-morrow be conveyed to prison—there to remain for life.—Thus was innocence to be treated.—*(All are astonished.)*

Amelia. Horrible! Horrible!

Duke.—*(Embarrassed.)*—Surely you don't believe her.—*(A murmur of indignation arises.)*—Ha! I am betrayed.

Sophia. Duke, it is in vain that you deny your intentions. They are, doubtless, known to many in this assembly. The unfortunate youth was the only person in whom I could confide. I have known him from my infancy, but that—*(With tremulous utterance)*—that—*(In a firm tone.)*—Why should I be ashamed to own it?—That so warm an affection for him glowed in this bosom I knew not till now. I have for years struggled against it, without knowing its existence. I wished to act towards my husband as became his consort—I wished to endure my hard lot without complaint, and to overpower the seducing sensations of my bosom—But Fate would not allow it. I was too weak to contend against a dreadful combination of circumstances, some of which are still mysterious to me, and will probably ever remain so. For a single moment only did error lead me from my duty—But Heaven is just. I loved the youth, and must therefore undergo a dreadful punishment on earth, that I may hereafter be allowed to love him for ever.——Thou only object of my affections, wherever thou mayst now be—there be happy.—We shall soon meet again.—*(Throws herself upon the dead body.)*

Duke. Raise the creature. Her intellects are deranged.—*(The attendants raise* Sophia, *who is in a state of insensibility. Duke turns to the officers.)*—Obey my command.—*(Officers give a signal to the soldiers, who bind the* Duchess.*)*—Be cautious that she may not have it in her power to de-

stroy herself.—Away with her to the citadel! Your lives are answerable for her safety.

Amelia.—(In extreme agitation.)—Hold, hold! prince. I beseech you, by all that is dear to you—revoke your order.

Duke. Countess, it does not become you to interfere in my concerns.

Amelia. On my knees I conjure you—

Duke.—(To the officers.)—Obey.

Amelia. By all your hopes—

Duke. Begone, I say. I am not accustomed to repeat my orders.—(Sophia *is carried away,* Louisa *following.)*

Amelia.—(Rises.)—You remain inexorable, then! I have lost all influence over you. 'Tis well. I will now disclose a secret—a dreadful secret, which concerns us both. Isabella, come nearer.—(Isabella *approaches her, with a timid look.)*—You heard all the first conversation between the Count and Duchess.—Was her intended imprisonment the principal subject of it?

Duke.—(Aside.)—What means she?

Isa.—(Embarrassed.)—My lady—

Amelia. Your confusion is a sufficient avowal——yet answer me.

Isa. It was, my lady; it was the only subject.

Amelia. Gracious Heaven!—And why did you conceal all this from me?———Wretch, confess the truth.

Duke.—(Aside.)—I do not comprehend this.

Isa. I will confess all, my lady, but not so publicly.—You cannot wish it.

Amelia. Here and now will I be informed of all. I no longer know what fear is. I have reached the goal of my career, and mortal power cannot appal me. Instantly therefore, disclose every thing, you know on this subject.—You will not?—(*To the* Duke.)—Prince, this discovery is of material consequence. Please to command the guard—

Isa.—*(Falls on her knees.)*—Pardon, lady, pardon! I have grossly deceived you, in order to make you the instrument of my revenge.

Amelia. Revenge!

Duke. How will this end?

Isa. I loved the count; he slighted me: and I therefore availed myself of your attachment to ruin him. His first conversation with the Duchess did not in the least resemble my report to you. The princess conducted herself with that reserve, of which virtue alone is capable.—Oh, how dreadfully has my passion misled me!

Amelia. Eternal Providence!

Duke. Explain this mystery.

Amelia. In a few moments you shall fully comprehend it.—*(To* Isabella.)—Rise. Thou hast been guilty of a horrid act. My crimes are great—yet still I feel that my heart has been sometimes alive to virtue; but such meanness attaches to thy crime, that I would not have been guilty of it to obtain a diadem. My errors, Heaven knows, have been caused by uncontrolled passion; but in thy conduct I perceive such cool, deliberate villany, that I could almost fancy thou hast nourished this hopeless attachment for the sake of committing a crime. Thou art an abortion of nature—a base *little* being. Thou hast made me the murderer of a youth, for whom I would a thousand times have sacrificed my life.—*(All start.)*

Duke. Countess, what means this?

Amelia. You shall be satisfied immediately.—Isabella, we shall meet no more.—Go, and every moment feel, in the horrors of an accusing conscience, a punishment far greater than death.—Go, and pray to Heaven for mercy, if thou canst.—*(Averts her countenance.* Isabella *slowly leaves the room.)*—Now, prince, I must say a few words to you—such words as you have never heard.

Duke. Countess, you are quite altered. Retire with me.

Amelia. No. Here—close to this bloody corse—here, where I became a murderer, my confession must be made. —But first let me once more sue in behalf of your unfortunate—your innocent wife.

Duke. Innocent! No more. All petitions are vain.

Amelia. Duke, you drove her to despair. You spurned her from your heart; and when she had resolved to endure this harsh treatment without a murmur, you resolved to imprison her—to murder her by lingering torments.

Duke. What! Reproaches too! If you waste another word on this subject—

Amelia. Enough!—Remain inexorable—heap crime on crime—and when the measure of guilt is full, wonder not if Heaven be inexorable. I shall take another path, on which you have not sufficient courage to venture.

Duke. No more, I say. Were not you the instigator of all this? Was not affection for you the cause of my acting thus?

Amelia. Just heaven! hear it not. I the instigator of this detestable deed!—Have you forgot what I said but a few hours ago, when you first discovered your tyrannical intentions? Dare not to accuse me of such an act, or I will accuse you before a tribunal, whose omnipotence defies your despotism.—Thou black, infernal tyrant!

Duke.—(Turns to the rest with an astonished air.)—She has surely lost her senses. Countess—

Amelia.—(Interrupting him with dignified solemnity.)—Prince, the days of my humiliation are past, and banished virtue returns to my bosom. With unshackled force my renovated soul rises from the abyss of vice. Here, before the Eternal Judge, whose omnipresence I feel—before your astonished attendants—before yourself—Duke—I solemnly declare that I abhor you, and the abominable dignity to which you raise me—that I have long abhorred you—that

pride and vanity had in part subdued the native greatness of my soul—but that I have long and ardently wished to return to the bosom of virtue.

Duke. Countess, no more, as you fear my displeasure!

Amelia. Your displeasure!—Prince, there are situations in which we could laugh, were the world to be falling into ruins round us. In this situation am I now. The mercy of my Creator is my present care—what, therefore, is to me the displeasure of a fellow-creature? But the moments are precious, and you must hear what I have to say. This unfortunate youth—this sacrifice to the dreadful sympathy of several hearts, I loved—beyond description loved.—*(All shew signs of the utmost astonishment.)*

Duke. Unparalleled effrontery!—Out of my sight, abandoned wretch!—But no. By Heaven this insult shall not be borne.—*(Walks up and down, and whispers in the ears of the officers, while furiously pointing at the* Countess.)

Amelia. You perhaps imagine that I shall fall at your knees, and implore your pardon, or that I shall calmly allow you to imprison me.—You are much mistaken.—I will punish myself by quitting this world. Why should I any longer remain in it? All that could make life valuable to me lies there.

Duke. Away with her!—Who dares to oppose my commands?

Amelia.—*(Tears herself from the guards, and rushes with a dagger in her hand towards the* Duke.)—Prince, you know not that in my situation I am terrible? Yes.—I could make a world tremble.—(Duke *turns pale, and retreats a few steps.)*—How cowardly are tyrants, when resolute despair rises in opposition to them! Prince, I require no more than to be allowed to drop a tear upon this unfortunate, much-loved youth.

Duke. What! in my presence, wretch?

Amelia. A single tear—but a single tear.—*(Hanging over*

Koenigsmark.)—Oh, Koenigsmark, my crime is horrible, but my contrition is sincere.—*(Weeps.)*

Duke. I command you to go.

Amelia. I shall trouble you with but few more words.—Prince, the moment will come when the recollection of your injured wife will fill your soul with terror—when the sight of your injured subjects will be insupportable. Your death will be an example to all despots, who, like you, trample on the sacred laws of society, and glory in their tyranny.

Duke.—(To the officers.)—You see that her intellects are deranged. Do as I directed.

Amelia. I have finished. I shall trouble you no more.—*(Raises her eyes towards Heaven.)*—Eternal Judge, I put an end to my pilgrimage, because my crime requires it—because there is nothing in this world which I hope for, or fear, which I love or hate. To thee I consign my soul.—*(Draws forth a dagger, and stabs herself.)*—Mercy—eternal mercy. —*(Dies.)*

Duke. Heavens!——Support me—I am not well——— Help!—*(Sinks into the arms of the attendants. The curtain falls.)*

THE END.

Stella.

Act.2. page.19.

STELLA.

A

DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

JOHANN WOLFGANGVON GÖTHE,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1806.

832.6
Goe/[illegible]re

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERNANDO,
CHARLES,
STEWARD,
COACHMAN.

STELLA,
MRS. SUMMER,
LUCY.
LANDLADY
ANN.

Scene

STELLA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Room in a small Inn.—A Horn is heard at a distance. Enter* LANDLADY, *in great haste.*

Land. CHARLES! Charles!

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Well! What now?

Land. Where have you been hiding yourself again? Go to the door. The coach is coming. Shew the passengers into this room, and bring their luggage.—Come—move, I say. What! are you making faces again?—(*Exit* Cha.)—I'll cure you of your idle tricks, I promise you. A lad, who lives at an inn, should always be brisk and active, or when he becomes a landlord, he will be good for nothing. If any thing could persuade me to marry again, it would be that I might have some one to keep these creatures in order, It falls too heavy on a woman alone.

Enter CHARLES, *shewing the way to* Mrs. SUMMER *and* LUCY, *who are in travelling dresses.*

Lucy.—(*Carrying a portmanteau—to* Cha.)—Never mind this—it is not heavy—but take that box, which my maid is carrying.

Land. Your servant, ladies. You are come betimes. The coach very seldom arrives so soon.

Lucy. We had a merry young coachman, with whom I should like to drive through the world. Besides, there were but two of us, and we have not much luggage.

Land. If you mean to dine, ladies, I must beg you to wait a little; for dinner is not ready.

Mrs. Sum. May I request you only to let me have a little soup?

Lucy. I am in no hurry. Be so good as to provide for my mother.

Land. Immediately.

Lucy. And pray let the soup be good.

Land. The best I have. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sum. Must you always be ordering something? I thought this journey would have taught you wisdom. We have always paid for more than we have eat. And in our circumstances!—

Lucy. Why, dear mother, we have not yet been in distress———

Enter COACHMAN.

Ha! Friend, how do you do?—You want to be paid I suppose?

Coach. Didn't I drive an uncommon pace?

Lucy. You mean by this, I suppose, that you have deserved an uncommon payment.—Well, if I had a carriage I would hire you. There!

Coach. I thank you, Miss. You don't mean to go any further, I suppose?

Lucy. Not at present.

Coach. Your servant, ladies. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sum. I see, by his countenance, that you have given him too much.

Lucy. Ought I to have sent him away dissatisfied?—I am sure he was very civil to us.—You always say that I am too fond of my own opinion. At all events I am not too fond of my money.

Mrs. Sum. Do not, dear Lucy, misconstrue what I say. I like your good spirits and generosity; but they should be kept within proper bounds.

Lucy. I really admire this little place, mother.—The house above, probably, belongs to the lady, whose companion I am to be.

Mrs. Sum. I am glad you like the place at which you are destined to reside.

Lucy. It seems quiet, to be sure—but in that respect it will only be like Sunday in a town.—The lady has a pleasant garden, I understand, and is a good woman. I shall be very comfortable, I dare say. What are you looking at, dear mother?

Mrs. Sum. Do not ask me, happy girl, whom no painful recollection tortures!—Alas! At that time it was otherwise.—Nothing is more distressing to me than to enter an inn.

Lucy. Where is the place, in which you would not be uneasy?

Mrs. Sum. And where the place in which I should not find cause to be so?—Oh Lucy, how different were my sensations, when I travelled with your father—when we enjoyed the happiest period of our lives, the first years of our union. —At that time every thing had to me the charms of novelty.—At his side I passed a thousand objects, the minutest of which became interesting to me through his genius and affection.

Lucy. I should like to travel, too.

Mrs. Sum. And when, after sultry weather—or a cold frosty day, we found ourselves at eve in many a meaner place than this, how did we enjoy the humble accommoda-

tion, while sitting on a wooden bench, and eating our frugal meal!—Yes. Then it was otherwise!

Lucy. Surely it is now time to forget him.

Mrs. Sum. Do you know what it is to forget? Dear Lucy, you have (God be thanked) sustained no loss which is irreparable. Since the moment that I was convinced he had forsaken me, life had no longer any charms.—Despair took possession of my soul, and scarcely can I remember my situation.

Lucy. I can only remember that I sat upon your bed and wept because you wept. It was in the green chamber, and I was more sorry to part with that chamber than any other, when we were obliged to sell the house.

Mrs. Sum. You were only seven years old, and could not feel what you lost.

Enter ANN, *with the soup*, LANDLADY *and* CHARLES.

Ann. Here is the soup, ma'am.

Mrs. Sum. I thank you, my dear. Is this your daughter?

Land. My step-daughter, ma'am; but as she is honest and industrious, I don't lament that I have no children of my own.

Mrs. Sum. You are in mourning?

Land. Yes, for my husband. I lost him about three months ago. We had not been married quite three years.

Mrs. Sum. You seem to bear the loss very well.

Land. To be sure I do, ma'am. I have very little time for weeping and lamentation. Charles, bring the lady a napkin.

Lucy. Whose house is that on the hill?

Land. It belongs to her ladyship—a very worthy, charming woman.

Mrs. Sum. I rejoice to hear a neighbour confirm what has

been reported to us at the distance of many miles. My daughter will, in future, reside here with her.

Land. I wish you joy, young lady.

Lucy. I wish she may please me.

Land. You must have an odd taste if she does not.

Lucy. I am glad to hear it, for when I try to accommodate myself to the disposition of another, I must feel a real regard for the person, or I shall never succeed.

Land. Well! Well! We shall meet again, and you can hen tell me whether I have spoken the truth. Every one, who belongs to her ladyship's family, is happy. When my daughter is a little older, I intend her to spend a few years in her ladyship's service. It will be of use to the girl as long as she lives.

Ann. Oh, when you see her, how you will like her! You don't know how anxiously she expects you.—She is very kind to me, too. If you wish to go to the house, I'll shew you the way.

Lucy. Before I do that, I must change my dress, and have something to eat.

Ann. Suppose, then, mother, I run up, and tell her ladyship that Miss is arrived?

Land. Very right.

Mrs. Sum. And say that we will wait upon her immediately after dinner. [*Exit* Ann.

Land. My daughter is very fond of her ladyship, and she deserves every body's love, for she is the best soul in the world. She lets the villager's daughters wait upon her till they understand the business of a servant, and then she finds them good places. This is the way in which she has passed her time since my lord has been away. It is amazing that, though she is so unhappy, she should be so kind and good.

Mrs. Sum. Is she not a widow?

Land. That God knows. His lordship went away about three years ago, and has never been heard of since—and

she loved him beyond every thing. My husband could never finish when he began to talk of them—and I say, into the bargain, that there never was such a kind-hearted soul in the world. Every year, on the day that she saw him for the last time, she shuts herself in her room, and won't admit any body—nay, whenever she speaks of him, it makes one quite melancholy.

Mrs. Sum. Unfortunate woman!

Land. There's much to be said about it.

Mrs. Sum. What mean you?

Land. One does not wish to mention it.

Mrs. Sum. I beseech you—

Land. If you will not betray me, I'll tell you the whole history. About eight years since they came to this place and bought the estate. Nobody knew who they were.—He was called my lord, and she my lady. It was said that he was an officer who had gained a fortune in foreign service, and chose now to live in a retired way. She was then very young—not above sixteen years old—and beautiful as an angel.

Lucy. By this account she is now only four-and-twenty.

Land. Exactly,—but she has had more sorrow than commonly falls to the lot of such young people.—She had a child, which died soon after it was born. She buried it in the garden, and since his lordship has been absent, she has built a hermitage close to it, and fixed upon a place for her own grave. My late husband was rather in years, and not so soon moved as some folks: but he never was so happy as when he was telling us how happy my lord and lady were while they lived together.

Mrs. Sum. My heart pants to meet her.

Land. Hear the rest.—People say that his lordship was a man of strange principles, for he never went to church—and they who have no religion have no God; consequently they

never keep themselves in any order.—All at once it was said that my lord was gone—so he was, and he never returned.

Mrs. Sum.—(*Aside.*)—An exact description of my fate!

Land. Just at the time that I was married and came to this inn—it will be three years next Michaelmas—the story was in every body's mouth.—This man knew more than that—and that more than his neighbour. In short, it was even whispered that they had never been married—but you must not betray me. It was said that he was a great man—that he had seduced her—and I know not what.—To be sure, when a girl does take such a rash step, she is certain to repent it as long as she lives.

Re-enter ANN.

Ann. Her ladyship begs you will step to the house immediately. She will not detain you a moment. She only wishes to see you.

Lucy. It is not proper in this dress.

Land. Go—pray go. She pays no regard to dress, I promise you.

Lucy.—(*To* Ann.)—Will you accompany me?

Ann. With all my heart!

Mrs. Sum. Lucy, a word.—(*Leads her aside.*)—Remember my warning. Betray not our rank or misfortunes. Conduct yourself towards her with respect.

Lucy. Leave all to me. My father was a merchant—went to America—died there—in consequence of which our circumstances—leave all to me. I have learnt my lesson, you know.—(*Aloud.*)—Would it not be better, if you were to take a little rest?—Our landlady will, I am sure, shew you a bed-room.

Land. I have a retired room that will exactly suit you, madam.—(*To* Lucy.)—I wish her ladyship may please—

[*Exeunt* Ann *and* Lucy.

Mrs. Sum. My daughter has very great spirits.

Land. Yes, ma'am—she is young. Her spirits will sink some day or other.

Mrs. Sum. Alas! I fear you are right.

Land. Come, ma'am. Let me shew you the room.

[*Exeunt.*

(*The arrival of a carriage is heard soon after, and* FERNANDO *enters, in uniform, followed by his* Servant.)

Ser. Shall I order another chaise, and remove the luggage sir?

Fer. No—bring it in.—I shall go no further.

Ser. No further! You told me, sir—

Fer. I tell you now, that I shall go no further. Engage a bed-room for me, and take my trunk into it.—(*Ser. goes. Fer. walks to the window.*)—Do I again behold thee, heavenly scene—do I again behold thee?—How quiet is the house! No window open! How desolate the balcony, where we so often sat!—Ha! How does this cloister-like appearance of her dwelling flatter my hopes!—Thinks she of Fernando in her solitude?—Has he deserved that she should think of him?—Oh, I feel as if, after the long joyless sleep of death, I was re-animated—so new, so impressive is all around me.—The trees—the fountain—every thing! Thus flowed the water, when I (Oh, how many thousand times!) gazed at it with her till both were lost in meditation.—Its noise is melody to me—melody recalling past delight.—And she? She will be what she was.—Yes, Stella—thou art not changed—my heart assures me that thou art not.—How does it pant to sympathize with thine!—But I will not—I dare not.—I must first collect myself—I must convince myself that I am really here—that no dream deceives me. For often, awake and on my pillow, has Fancy led me o'er far distant countries to this spot.—Stella! Stella!

Feel'st thou not that I am near—that I come to forget all my cares in thy arms?—And if thou hoverest over me, dear shade of my unhappy luckless wife, forgive me and forsake me.—Thou art dead. Let me, therefore, forget thee. In the arms of an angel let me forget my loss, my sorrow, my repentance.—I am so near her, that, in a moment——I cannot! I cannot!—I must prepare myself for the ecstatic interview—or I shall die at her feet.

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Do you wish for dinner, sir?

Fer. Is there any ready?

Land. Yes, sir. We only wait for a young lady, who is gone to see her ladyship.

Fer. Her ladyship is well, I hope?

Land. Do you know her, sir?

Fer. Some years ago I used to be at the house. How fares her husband?

Land. God knows. He is gone—no one knows where.

Fer. Gone!

Land. Yes. He left the good soul—God forgive him!

Fer. She knows how to console herself, I suppose?

Land. Console herself!—You know very little of her, if you think so.—She lives as retired as a nun—and scarcely accepts a visit from any one in the neighbourhood.—She attends to her own family—instructs the children of the village, and, though every body knows she is unhappy, she is always friendly and good humoured.

Fer. I'll call upon her.

Land. Do, sir. She sometimes invites the curate's wife—and the bailiff's wife—and me—and talks to us quite familiarly. To be sure, we take care not to remind her of his lordship—but once it did happen, and God knows how——

felt when she began to speak of him, and to praise him Why, sir, we all cried like sucking babes.

Fer.—(*Aside.*)—Have I deserved this?—(*Aloud.*)—Have you shewn my servant a bed-room?

Land. Yes, sir. Charles!—Shew the gentleman his room.

[*Exit* Fer.

Enter LUCY *and* ANN.

Well, what do you say now?

Lucy. She is a charming woman, and I am sure I shall be happy with her. She would scarcely allow me to leave her, and made me promise that I would return immediately after dinner, with my mother, and our trunks.

Land. I knew that would be the case.—Are you ready for dinner, Miss?—A tall handsome officer is arrived since you were here—if you are not afraid of him.

Lucy. Not in the least.—I like soldiers better than any other people. They are no disguise, and you know directly whether they are good or bad.—Is my mother asleep?

Land. I don't know.

Lucy. Then I must see how she does. [*Exit.*

Enter Cu[illegible]

Land. Charles!—There! You have forgotten the salt-cellars, again—and look at the glasses.—I ought to break them against your head, if you were worth as much as they cost.

Enter FERNANDO.

The young lady is returned. She will come to dinner in a moment.

Fer. Who is she?

Land. I don't know. She appears to be of a good family; but poor, and will in future be her ladyship's companion.

Fer. Is she young?

Land. Very young—and sharp as a needle. Her mother is above, too.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Your servant, sir.

Fer. I am happy in having so fair a companion at dinner.—(Lucy *acknowledges the compliment.*)—Landlady, shall we have the pleasure of your society, too?

Land. If I sit down one minute, sir, not a soul will stir in the house. [*Exit.*

Fer. A tête-à-tête, then, it seems.

Lucy. With a table between us.

Fer. You are resolved to live in future with her ladyship?

Lucy. I must.

Fer. I should think that you would not find it difficult to meet with a companion who would be more entertaining than her ladyship.

Lucy. I don't wish it.

Fer. On your honour.

Lucy. Sir, I perceive you are like all your sex.

Fer. What do you mean?

Lucy. That you are very arrogant. You men think we cannot exist but with you—yet I am grown thus old without man's assistance.

Fer. You have no father, then?

Lucy. I scarcely remember that I had one.—I was young when he left his family, and embarked for America. The vessel sunk, and he perished.

Fer. And are you so indifferent——

Lucy. Why should I be otherwise?—He did very little for

me——and though I may pardon him for leaving us, I wish not to be my mother, whom sorrow is hurrying to the grave.

Fer. And you are without assistance—without protection?

Lucy. We are—what then?—Our property has daily grown smaller, but I have daily grown greater—and I am not afraid of being able to provide for my mother.

Fer. Your fortitude astonishes me.

Lucy. Oh, sir, that is easily gained. Those, who have often been upon the brink of ruin, and yet have always been preserved, feel confident.

Fer. Can you not inspire your mother with a portion of this confidence?

Lucy. Alas! It is she who has sustained a loss—not I.—I thank my father for having given me life, because I am happy; but she—who had rested all her happiness on him, who had sacrificed to him every thing——to be now forsaken—deserted——Oh! It must be horrible!—I have as yet lost nothing—and cannot therefore speak properly upon the subject.——You seem thoughtful, sir?

Fer. Yes. In this life every one must expect to lose.—(*Rising.*)—Yet every one may also hope to gain.—God support your fortitude!—(*Aside.*)—You have astonished me.—Oh! How happy——I too have in this world—hopes—joys—and—

Lucy. What do you mean, sir?

Fer. Every thing good. The warmest wishes for your happiness! [*Exit.*

Lucy. An odd man! But he seems to be of a kind disposition. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in* Stella's *House. She is discovered, giving orders to a* Servant.

Stel. Yes, you will find her at the inn. Tell her I am waiting for her.

Ser. My lady, she promised to come immediately.

Stel. But you see she does not come.—Go, and say that I expect her mother also. [*Exit* Ser. The girl has gained my regard already. I can scarcely wait till she comes.—What a silly love of novelty is this!—I am a child.—Yet why should I not love?—Much, very much does it require to fill the vacuum in this heart!—Alas, yes.—Formerly, when he loved me—when he hung upon my neck, his looks filled my whole soul, and——Oh God of Heaven!—Inscrutable are thy decrees.—Often, when he pressed his lips to mine, and with his kisses I inhaled the fire, which animated him—often did I raise my tearful eyes to thee, and in the fulness of my heart beseech thee to continue the bliss thou hadst bestowed.—But such was not thy will.—(*Sinks for a moment into meditation, then suddenly starts, and presses her hands to her heart.*)—No, Fernando, I meant not to reproach thee.

Enter Mrs. SUMMER *and* LUCY.

There she is!—Dear girl, you are now mine.—I thank you madam, for the confidence, with which you entrust this

treasure to my care. She is an open-hearted girl, I dare be sworn. I shall soon learn you freedom, Lucy.

Mrs. Sum. You feel what I entrust to you.

Stel.—(*After a pause, in which she has surveyed* Mrs. Sum.)—Pardon me, madam. I am not ignorant of your history. I know that I am speaking to persons of a good family; but your appearance has surprised me. Your look inspires me with respect and confidence.

Mrs. Sum. My lady—

Stel. Not a word!—What my heart feels I willingly avow. I hear you are not well.—Be seated, I beg.

Mrs. Sum. I am much better than I have been. The journey, the pleasant weather, the variety of objects, and the pure air of spring, which have often in former days reanimated me—all these have had of late such beneficial effects, that even the remembrance of past happiness is become to me a pleasing sensation, and I perceive in my soul some faint reflection of those blissful days, which youth and love gave birth to.

Stel. Love! Ah!—How blissful are the first days of love!—No, golden age, thou art not past.—Each heart acknowledges thy presence at the moment that it feels the power of love.

Mrs. Sum.—(*Taking her hand.*)—How nobly thought! How true!

Stel. Your countenance glows like the countenance of an angel. The colour spreads upon your cheeks.

Mrs. Sum. Oh! And my heart!—How does it beat! How does it fly towards yours.

Stel. You, too, have loved, then. Thank Heaven I have at length found a being, who can understand me, who will pity me. Till now, all have beheld my sorrows with indifference—you, I am sure will not.—Is it my fault that I possess a heart susceptible and constant? What have I not

done? What have I not essayed? But in vain. My heart pants for that object— and for that object only—for nothing else in this wide world.—Oh! The object of affection is a world.

Mrs. Sum. They who love bear a Heaven in their bosoms.

Stel. True! True!—You remind me of him again. I see him rising, when in company, to look for me. I see him running across the fields to throw himself into my arms at the garden-door. I see him drive from the door, yet fancy him at my side.—How well do I remember when I sat in the arbour, and felt sure that wherever he might be, visible or invisible, he watched with tenderness my every action! I felt that the waving of my feather had more attraction to him than all the eyes which sparkled in a ball-room, and that all the music he might hear was but an accompaniment to the everlasting song of his heart: "Stella! Stella! How do I love thee!"

Lucy. Can one person love another so much?

Stel. Yes, Lucy—but, why have I at once entered on this subject?—Perhaps because it is my favourite subject, and like a child I feel happy while dwelling on it—like a child, which hides itself in a corner, and calls to you that you may look for it.—How completely is the heart filled, when we think ourselves neglected, and positively determine to renounce the traitor! With what imagined strength of mind we enter again into his presence! How do our bosoms heave with the triumphant thought, and how completely is our resolution overcome by a single look—a single pressure of the hand!

Mrs. Sum. How happy must you be in feeling thus the sweet delights of pure affection!

Stel. I am. The distress and misery of a thousand years are not a sufficient compensation for the bliss which the

first looks of love—the trembling frame—the faultering voice—the soft approach—the yielding sigh—the fiery kiss—the embrace of ecstasy—But, madam, you are not well.

Mrs. Sum. Men ! Men !

Stel. They make us happy and miserable. They fill our hearts with sweet presages of delight. What new unknown sensations swell our souls, when their impetuous passion first assails our nerves !— How often has my frame trembled, nay almost been convulsed when with an ungovernable flood of tears he poured the sorrows of a world upon my bosom !— I entreated him, for heaven's sake, to spare himself and me, but in vain. The flames, which raged within him, spread to me, and found their way even to my very marrow. Thus I became from head to foot all heart, all sensibility. Where can I go ? Point out to me a place where one, who suits the description I have given, can breathe freely.

Mrs. Sum. We place confidence in man. When under the influence of passion he deceives himself. Is it wonderful, then, that he deceives our sex ?

Stel. Madam, a thought darts across my mind.—We will be to each other what men ought to have been to us. We will live together, and share each other's fate.—Your hand —From this moment I will not allow you to leave me.

Lucy. That never can be.

Stel. Why not, Lucy ?

Mrs. Sum. My daughter feels—

Stel. Not that I confer any obligation, I hope.—Hear me, and then feel what an obligation you confer on me by staying.—Oh, I must not be left alone. I have done every thing. I have bought poultry, deer and dogs. I teach the little girls of the village to knit and sew, merely that I may not be left in solitude—that I may see some living creature near me.—And when on a sweet cheerful morning some deity seems kindly to remove the load of sorrow from my

heart—when I awake at ease, behold my blooming garden enlivened by the sun, and feel myself ready for the occupations of the day——then, then am I blest indeed.—I walk and inhale the wholesome breeze—I give orders and directions in my household—and in the freedom of my heart I loudly thank the Almighty for the happy hours he grants me.

Mrs. Sum. Your ladyship is right. Employment and beneficence are the only compensation to a heart, which feels the pangs of luckless love.

Stel. Compensation!—No. Some comfort they may be—something instead of what is lost, but not an equivalent. Where can she find a compensation, who has lost the object of her affection?—Often, when I walk in my garden, and wander from one idea to another, calling to mind the happy scenes of past delight, and anticipating future joy—suddenly it occurs to me that I am alone.—In vain I stretch forth my arms—in vain pour forth the plaints of love till I think that I must almost draw the moon from Heaven.—Still I remain alone—no voice replies to me.—and the stars smile coldly on my woe.—Then, suddenly, I see before me—the grave of my infant.

Mrs. Sum. You have been a mother, then?

Stel. I have. Oh God, didst thou allow me too to feel this transport only that the bitter loss might make me still more wretched?—When a bare-footed child meets me in my walk, kisses its hand, and rivets its large eyes upon me—the sight pierces to my heart. "So tall," I think, "would my Amelia have been." With mournful affection I clasp it in my arms, kiss it a hundred times.—My heart is oppressed—the tears gush down my cheeks—and I fly.

Lucy. But you surely have escaped much trouble.

Stel. Trouble!—(*Smiles, and lays her hand on* Lucy's *shoulder.*)—A mother knows not the meaning of that word.—My infant died. To describe my sensations is impossible.

Wonderful it is that the shock did not at once destroy me. —The rose-bud was broken—it lay at my feet—I stood petrified—my bosom was marble—I felt no pain—I knew not what had happened.—My maid raised the child, pressed it to her heart, and suddenly exclaimed: "It lives."—I fell upon her neck, clasped her in my arms, and shed a flood of tears upon the child—but, oh, she had deceived herself. It was dead. She laid it on the earth, and I fell near it in all the horrors of despair.—(*Throws herself upon a sofa.*)

Mrs. Sum. Withdraw your thoughts from the sad scene.

Stel. No. It is well for me that my heart can unburthen itself, that I can disclose to a sympathising soul what has so long oppressed me.—Let me continue to speak of him, who was to me every thing, who——you shall see his portrait.—I have always thought the features an index of the mind.

Lucy. I am curious to see the portrait.

Stel.—(*Opens her cabinet, and leads them in.*)—There it is!

Mrs. Sum.—(*Aside.*)—Gracious God!

Stel. The likeness is strong, but his countenance was far, far more expressive. That forehead, these black eyes, this brown hair——but oh, the painter could not express that look of kindness and affection which animated all his features.—My heart alone can feel it.

Lucy. My lady, I am astonished.

Stel. At what?

Lucy. I dined at the inn to-day with an officer, who very much resembles this picture.——Oh, I'll bet my life it is himself.

Stel. To-day! You are mistaken, you are mistaken.

Lucy. Indeed I am not. To be sure the officer was older —browner—more sun-burnt.—It is he, it is he, I am sure.

Stel.—(*Rings the bell.*)—Lucy, my heart will break. I must away this instant.

Lucy. That will hardly be proper, I think.

Stel. Proper! Oh my heart!

Enter a SERVANT.

William, run to the inn. You will find an officer there who must—who is—Lucy, tell him—he must come hither.

Lucy. Did you know his lordship?

Ser. As well as I know myself.

Lucy. Go, then, to the inn, where you will find an officer, who very much resembles this picture. See whether I am deceived.—I could swear it is himself.

Stel. Tell him to come hither instantly.—(*Exit* Ser.)—Oh that the meeting were over!—Oh that I had him in these—but no—you are mistaken—it is impossible.—Allow me to retire, dear friends, allow me to retire.—(*Walks into her cabinet and shuts the door.*)

Lucy. What is the matter? You are quite pale, dear mother.

Mrs. Sum. This is the last day of my life.—My heart cannot bear the shock.—All, all at once!

Lucy. Merciful Heavens!

Mrs. Sum. The husband—the portrait—the expected much-loved husband is—my husband—and your father.

Lucy. Mother! Best of mothers!

Mrs. Sum. And he is arrived—will clasp her in his arms, ere a few minutes have elapsed—Lucy, we must begone.

Lucy. Wherever and whenever you please.

Mrs. Sum. Instantly.

Lucy. Come, then, into the garden. I'll run, in the mean time, to see whether the coach is gone. If not, while they are lost in happiness, we can depart unperceived.

Mrs. Sum. Yes, while they are folded in each others arms.—Oh that I at the same moment, should be obliged to fly—to fly for ever——

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. This way, my lord. Have you forgotten your cabinet? Oh, how happy will my mistress be!

FERNANDO *walks across without perceiving* Mrs. Sum. *and* Lucy.

Mrs. Sum. 'Tis he! 'Tis he! I am lost.

[*Rushes out, followed by* Lucy.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*As in the last.* *Enter* STELLA *and* FERNANDO.

Stel. He is returned.—Look at him ye walls.—He is returned.—(*Approaches the picture of a Venus.*)—Look at him, goddess. How often have I paced this apartment weeping and uttering my complaints to thee!—He is returned. Scarcely can I give credit to my senses,—Dearest! Dearest! You have been long absent—but you are returned.—(*Presses him to her bosom.*)—Nothing will I feel—nothing will I hear—nothing will I know, but that you are returned.

Fer. Stella! Much-loved Stella!—(*Falls on her neck.*)—God of heaven, thou dost allow me to shed tears again.

Stel. Thou only comfort of my soul!

Fer. Oh Stella, let me again inhale thy breath,—that breath more sweet and more refreshing than the zephyrs of the spring.

Stel. Dear Fer..ando!

Fer. Breathe into this longing agitated bosom, new love, new bliss, new ecstasy.—(*Presses his lips to hers with fervour.*)

Stel. Best of men!

Fer. Heavenly banquet! Here, where thou breath'st, every object seems delighted and delighting. What villain could reflect upon thy firm affection and fidelity—and not feel bound to this spot for ever?

Stel. Dear enthusiast!

Fer. Thou know'st not what the dew of Heaven is to the

thirsty pilgrim, who returns from that sad dreary wilderness, the world, to thy embrace.

Stel. And do you know, Fernando, what the poor shepherd feels, when he again beholds his strayed, his long-lost sheep?

Fer.—(*Falls at her feet.*)—My Stella!

Stel. Rise, dear Fernando. I cannot see you kneel.

Fer. Why not?—Why should I not bend the knee while my heart bows before thee, thou pattern of every thing amiable and good?

Stel. You are returned.—This is all I can say——all I know—all I feel.

Fer. I feel as if the first moments of our happiness were again present. I hold thee in my arms—I inhale from thy lips the certainty of thy affection—I am lost in ecstasy; and wonder whether I am asleep or awake.

Stel. Dear Fernando, I perceive you are not become more sedate than you used to be.

Fer. God forbid that, on this occasion I should be more sedate!—But believe me, Stella, these moments of delight make me what I ought to be—they inspire me with piety. I can pray, for I am happy.

Stel. Heaven forgive you for being thus fickle, yet thus faithful! When I hear your voice, I think again that this is my Fernando, who lives no one in the world but me.

Fer. And when I see thy mild blue eyes—when I gaze at them even till I lose myself, I think that, during all the time I have been absent, no other object has attracted their regard.

Stel. You are not mistaken.

Fer. Indeed!

Stel. Had any one attracted my regard, I would confess it. Did I not, during the first days of our attachment, confesss to you all the little impressions which had been

made upon my heart?—And was I not on that account more dear to you?

Fer. Thou angel!

Stel. Why do you gaze thus at me? Sorrow, I fear, has bleached my cheeks.

Fer. My rose!—My blooming flower!—Stella!—Why do you shake your head?

Stel. How strange that we can love you thus—that we feel so unwilling to charge you with the sorrows which you cause!

Fer.—(*Laying his hand upon her head.*)—Have they made your hair grey, Stella?—No. The same auburn locks that I so often have admired.—(*Draws the comb from her hair—it falls, and flows gracefully over her shoulders.*)

Stel. Mischievous creature!

Fer.—(*Entangling his fingers in her hair.*)—Rinaldo in his former chains!

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. My lady!

Stel. What do you want? Why this cold sullen look? You know such looks are dea[illegible] to me, when I am pleased.

Ser. And yet, my lady——the[illegible]wo strangers are determined to leave the house immediately.

Stel. Leave the house! Why?

Ser. That heaven knows. I saw the daughter run to the [illegible]m, return, and speak to her mother.—I made further enquiries, and found they had ordered a post-chaise, in consequence of the coach having proceeded. I spoke to them—they begged that I would be kind enough to convey their trunks away secretly, and wished a thousand blessings might be showered upon your ladyship.

Fer. Is that the lady, who arrived to-day with her daughter?

Stel. It is. I wished to take the daughter into my service—and likewise to have given her mother an asylum.—How unfortunate that they should just now—

Fer. What can be their reason for departing thus suddenly?

Stel. Heaven knows.—I cannot, will not think about it. I am sorry that they leave me—though I have you—though I have you again, my dear Fernando.—Speak to them, dearest—speak to them immediately, and endeavour to detain them.——Go, Henry—persuade them to come hither. —(*Exit* Ser.)—Tell her she shall be at liberty to live as she pleases in every respect.—I will expect you in the arbour, dear Fernando.—Come, soon.—The nightingales sing in our garden as in former times.

Fer. Thou sweet enchantress!

Stel.—(*Hanging on him.*)—You will come soon.

Fer. Immediately. [*Exit* Stel.

Angels of Heaven!—How her presence animates and cheers me!—Scarcely do I know myself.—Every thing, which oppressed my bosom is removed.—Every care, every tormenting recollection, every sad apprehension—all, all are removed.—But will they no more return?—Never. While I behold my Stella, never—while I see her smile, never—while I clasp her in my arms, never, never, never!

Enter STEWARD.

Stew.—(*Joyfully.*)—Are you really returned, dear master?—Let me kiss your hand.

Fer.—(*Withdrawing.*)—I am returned.

Stew. Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!

Fer. Art thou happy?

Stew. My wife is still alive—I have two children—and my master is returned. Can I be otherwise than happy?

Fer. How hast thou managed my affairs?

Stew. I am ready to lay my accounts before you immediately, my lord.—You will be astonished when you see how much the estate is improved.—May I ask how you have fared?

Fer. Peace!—Shall I tell thee all?—But yes, thou dost deserve it, grey-headed accomplice of my follies and my guilt.

Stew. Happy is it for me that you are not the captain of a band of robbers; for were you to command, there is nothing which I would not do.

Fer. Thou shalt know all.

Stew. Your wife? Your daughter?

Fer. I have not been able to find them. I dared not venture into the town, but I know from certain authority that my wife some time since placed confidence in a false friend, a merchant who obtained from her the whole property which I left, by promising a larger interest than it yielded, and then absconded with the amount. Under the pretence of retiring into the country, she has disappeared, and perhaps procures a scanty subsistence by her own and her daughter's labour. Thou know'st she had fortitude enough to undertake this.

Stew. Well!—Were I not so happy at home with my wife and children, I should envy you your travels.—Do you mean to remain with us now, my lord?

Fer. I do.

Stew. You can never be so happy elsewhere.

Fer. Oh that I could forget those days—those days for ever past—

Stew. Which were sometimes gay——and sometimes gloomy. I well remember when your lordship first beheld

my former mistress. You loved her almost to adoration—courted her society—and were eager to be rid of liberty.

Fer. Sweet happy days!

Stew. I remember too, when she was brought to bed of a daughter, that she at the same time lost a considerable portion of her cheerfulness and beauty.

Fer. No more, I prithee.

Stew. I remember that your lordship then began to look around you—that you found the angel, who is my present mistress—that you contended against the scruples of your conscience—and at length found yourself obliged to make the one or the other miserable. How convenient it was that an opportunity of selling your estates occurred!—You left your home, your wife, your child, and flew hither with a sweet being, who was ignorant of the world and suspected no deceit.

Fer. It seems thou art as talkative a moralist as ever.

Stew. Your lordship taught me to be so. Did you not entrust me with all the secrets of your conscience?—When you wished to leave this place (I know not whether prompted by a wish to find your wife and daughter, or by the hope of banishing the melancholy which hung upon your spirits), I was the person that assisted you in the plan.

Fer. Thus far I have been patient. No more!

Stew. Stay with us now, and all will yet be well. [*Exit.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Mrs. Summer!

Fer. Shew her the way. [*Exit* Ser.

This woman makes me sad before I see her. No happiness is in this world complete. The daughter's fortitude has disordered me. What will the mother's lamentations do?

Enter Mrs. SUMMER.

—(*Aside.*)—Oh God! And even her features must remind me of my guilt.—Heart, heart! If it be in thy power to feel thus—why hast thou not power to pardon what is past?—The shadow of Cecilia's form!—But, alas! where do I not behold that form?—Inventive fancy brings it each moment to my view.—(*Aloud.*)—Madam——

Mrs. Sum. What are your commands, my lord?

Fer. I wish you to remain with my Stella.—Be seated.

Mrs. Sum. The sight of the wretched is a burden to the happy—and to the wretched the sight of the happy is a still greater burden.

Fer. I do not understand you.—Can you have mistaken Stella? She is all goodness and affection.

Mrs. Sum. My lord, it is my wish to depart—I must depart. Believe me, I have reasons for my conduct. I beseech you let me go.

Fer.—(*Aside.*)—That voice! That form!—(*Aloud.*)—Madam.—(*Turns away.*)—By heavens, it is my wife.—(*Aloud.*)—I beg pardon—I—— [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sum. He recognized me. I thank thee, heaven, for arming me with strength at such a moment. Am I the forsaken ruined Cecilia—I who can bear a shock like this with calmness and with fortitude? Eternal Providence, how kind art thou! All that thou takest from us thou keepest in store, till we shall most require it.

Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fer.—(*Aside.*)—She has not recognized me.—(*Aloud.*)—I beseech you, madam, I conjure you to open your heart to me.

Mrs. Sum. Then should I be obliged to tell the story of

my woes, and how can you be prepared for sorrow on a day which restores to you all the joys of life. No, my lord. Allow me to go.

Fer. I beseech you.

Mrs. Sum. I would willingly spare myself as well as you; for the recollection of past happiness always enhances present grief.

Fer. You have not always been unhappy, then?

Mrs. Sum. No—or I should not now be so completely wretched.—*(After a pause with more composure.)*—The days of my youth were jocund and delightful. I know not what it was in me, which attracted the attention of your sex, but many were eager to obtain my affection. For some of them I felt friendship and regard; but there was not among them one, with whom I thought I could pass through life. Amusements courted me on every side—one day seemed with a friendly air to greet another;—and yet I felt the want of something. When I looked further into life—when I thought of the joys and sorrows which await us mortals, I could not but wish for a husband, who would accompany me through the vicissitudes of the world, who, in return for my unbounded love, would become in my age a friend and protector—a substitute for those parents whom I had left for him.

Fer. Proceed, Madam.

Mrs. Sum. And I saw this man—I saw him, on whom during the first days of our acquaintance I founded all my hopes. The liveliness of his disposition seemed to be united with such goodness of heart, that mine lay open to him. I bestowed on him my friendship—and oh, in how short a time, my love.—God of heaven! When he rested his head upon my bosom, how did he seem to thank thee for the bliss, which he enjoyed in his Cecilia?—How often did he fly from the bustle of the world to me, and vow I was his only comfort and delight!

Fer. What could disturb so sweet an union?

Mrs. Sum. Nothing is durable in this world.—He loved me, I am certain, as sincerely as I loved him. There was a time when he studied nothing but my happiness. Oh! The first years of our union were most blissful. If, now and then, any thing disagreeable occurred, it was but transitory. I knew not what a real evil was.—Alas! My husband led me on this flowery path that he might at last leave me in a dreadful desert, alone and unprotected.

Fer.—(*Who gradually becomes more embarrassed.*)—How! Were not his sentiments what you had expected them to be?

Mrs. Sum. Can we know what dwells in the heart of man? —I observed not that he grew—what name shall I give it?—Indifference it was not. He loved me still—but my affection was not a sufficient recompence. I at length discovered this. I found that I perhaps was only sharing his regard with some rival.—It was not in my nature to suppress this. —I reproached him with it.

Fer. What could he urge against the accusation?

Mrs. Sum. Nothing—but he forsook me.—To describe my sensations is impossible. All my hopes at once destroyed —all, at the very moment that I thought to reap my harvest.—Forsaken!—Abandoned!—All the supports of the human mind, affection, confidence, rank, daily increasing fortune, the prospect of a numerous well-provided family—all fell together, and I was left to weep with the unfortunate pledge of our affection.—Mournful dejection succeeded this raging agony. I could no longer shed a tear. My heart was transfixed with despair, and sunk into torpid despondency. The misfortunes, which swallowed the remnant of my fortune I heeded not——till I at last—

Fer. The villain!

Mrs. Sum.—(*Suppressing her tears.*)—No. He is not a villain.—I pity the man, who is the slave of a female.

Fer. Madam!

Mrs. Sum.—(*Assuming a tone of raillery, in order to conceal her emotion.*)—I look upon him as a prisoner. He says "Yes," and "It is so," whenever we are pleased to make an observation. He is drawn from his own sphere into ours, with which he has nothing in common. He deceives himself for some time, and woe be to us, if he ever open his eyes. -I could unfortunately be no more than an honest housewife, who attended to all his wishes, and endeavoured in every respect to please him—who devoted all her time to her child and household—and whose mind was often so much occupied by these, that she could not be an entertaining companion.—With his lively genius he must, of course, have found my society dull and insipid. I acquit him. He is not guilty.

Fer.—(*Falls at her feet.*)—He is! He is!

Mrs. Sum.—(*Sinks with a flood of tears into his arms.*)—My Fernando.

Fer. Cecilia!—My wife!

Cecilia.—(*Turning away.*)—No. Not your wife.——My heart fails me.—(*Again falling on his neck.*)—Fernando!—Be thou what thou mayst—allow a wretched woman to shed these tears upon thy bosom.—Support me for this single moment,—then leave me for ever.—I am not your wife.—Do not spurn me from you.

Fer. Oh God!—Cecilia!—Do I feel thy tears upon my cheek?—Do I feel thy heart beat against my bosom!—Spare me, spare me.

Cec. I require no more than this one moment.—Allow me to relieve my heart——I shall then be stronger—and will leave you for ever.

Fer. Sooner will I lose my life than thee.

Cec. I shall see you again, but not in this world. You belong to another. I cannot deprive her of you.——Open, open to my view, oh heaven, that I may catch a glimpse of that, which can alone console me at this dreadful moment

Fer.—*(Seizes her hand, gazes at her, and clasps her again in his arms.)*—I have found thee again.—Nothing, nothing in the world shall part us.

Cec. Yes. You have found what you never sought.

Fer. Say not that, Cecilia.—I have sought thee, thou forsaken angel. Even in the arms of Stella, peace was a stranger to my bosom. Every thing reminded me of thee, and of my daughter.—Gracious heaven! What bliss awaits me!—Was that lovely creature whom I saw to-day my Lucy?———I have sought you in every quarter, Cecilia. Three years have I been thus employed. When I reached our former abode, I found it, alas! altered, and in the possession of a stranger. The way in which you lost your property is also known to me. Your departure from our former home was a dagger to my heart. Finding all search ineffectual, and being weary of my life, I entered into the service of a foreign power, and lent my aid to crush the dying freedom of the noble Corsicans. After a long and wondrous pilgrimage, I determined to come hither—and here thou seest me on thy bosom, dearest, best of wives.

Enter Lucy.

Oh, my daughter!

Lucy. Dear, good father—if you be again my father.

Fer. For ever!

Cec. And Stella?

Fer. Dispatch is necessary.—Unfortunate woman!—Why, Lucy, why did we not this morning recognize each other? My heart beats—you know how much I was agitated when I left you. Oh, had we known each other then, what unbounded misery had Stella escaped!—But we will begone.—I'll tell her you are resolved on departure, and will not distress her by taking leave. Go to the inn, Lucy, and let a chaise be instantly prepared. The servant shall

bring my portmanteau after you.—Be at hand, my dear Cecilia.—And you, my daughter—when you have given the necessary orders, come back, and wait for me in the saloon. I will escape by saying that I mean to accompany you as far as the inn, see you safely begin your journey, and pay for the chaise.—Poor soul! In spite of all thy goodness, I am about to deceive thee.—

Cec. Go!——Hear me, Fernando.

Fer. No more!——Do as I have directed. We will go as soon as possible. [*Exeunt* Cec. *and* Lucy. Go!—And whither shall we go?——A dagger would end this complicated agony, and plunge me into that torpor, for which I now would give every thing.—Ha! Let me call to mind the day when with self-sufficient strength I stood before the wretch who wanted to cast off the burden of existence.—How happy was I then—how miserable now!—— Oh had I made this discovery but one hour sooner, I had been saved.—I should never have again beheld my Stella—I should have convinced myself that in four years she had forgotten me, and mourned her loss no longer. But now!— How shall I appear before her? What shall I say to her? —— Oh! How heavy does my guilt fall on me!——Both the dear angels have I forsaken, and when I find them both again———I am forsaken by myself.—Horrible!—Oh my heart, my heart! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A Hermitage in* STELLA'S *Garden.* STELLA *is seated in it.*

Stel. Thy appearance is inviting, more inviting than usual, dear spot in which I hoped so soon to be interred.—Yet to me thou no longer hast attractions.—I wish to live, and shudder at the sight of thee. Alas! How often when Fancy has been busy, have I buried my head and bosom in the mantle of death, and cheerfully stept into the grave, which I had prepared within thy moss-clad walls. How often have I wished, that here corruption, like a darling child, might suck my overflowing tortured breast, and end my being in a happy dream.—Yet now——the sun shines on me again—every thing around is happy, gay, and animated.—And why?—He is returned. At his approach, creation seems to me a world of ecstacy. I feel another being; Oh, I will drink life from his lips.—Transports indescribable await me in his arms.—Fernando!—He comes. Hark!—No.—Not yet.—Here shall he find me—close to my rose-tree—and before my altar.—This bud I'll pluck for him—and then I'll lead him to this arbour.—It was well that I made it, narrow as it is, large enough for two persons.—Here my book was wont to lie—here stood my writing-desk—Away! Away!—I have no room but for Fernando.—Would that he were here! Ha!—My wish is gratified.—He comes.

Enter FERNANDO.

Where have you loitered, dearest?—I have been long alone. —*(Anxiously.)*—Why so grave?

Fer. The women have disordered me.—The mother pleases me, but she will not stay, nor will she give a reason for departing. Let her go, Stella.

Stel. If she cannot be prevailed upon, I will not attempt to detain her against her inclination.—I do not now want society, for—*(Hanging upon his neck)*—you are returned, Fernando—I hold you in my arms.

Fer. Compose yourself, dear Stella.

Stel. Let me weep.—Oh that this day were over!—All my limbs still tremble. Such joy—such transport!—So unexpected—all at once!—My Fernando returned!—Even yet I dare not trust my senses.

Fer.—*(Aside.)*—Wretch that I am—to leave this angel! —*(Aloud.)*—My dearest Stella———

Stel. That is my beloved Fernando's well-known voice.— Stella! Stella!—You know how much I always liked to hear you speak my name.—Stella!—No one can utter it like you.—The very soul of love is in the tone.—How lively in my mind is the recollection of the day, when I first heard you call me Stella—when I first felt that all my happiness depended upon you.

Fer. Happiness!

Stel. Yes. Surely you would not take into account the melancholy hours which have been my lot during your absence.—Think not of them, Fernando.—From the moment that I first beheld you, every sensation of my soul was altered. Do you remember the afternoon that you came into my uncle's garden, as he and I were sitting under the tree behind the summer-house?

Fer.—*(Aside.)*—She will break my heart.—*(Aloud.)*—I well remember it, my Stella.

Stel. I know not whether you observed that you had caught my attention instantly.—I, however, perceived that your eyes were in search of me.—Oh Fernando!—Then my uncle proposed music. You took a violin, and while you played, I gazed intently at you. I examined every feature of this face—and during an unexpected pause—you raised your eyes. They met mine—How I blushed, as I turned aside. You noticed it, Fernando; for from that time I felt your looks. I observed that, to my uncle's great surprise, you often made mistakes. Each of them pierced to my heart. It was the sweetest confusion which I ever felt. For all the wealth of the Indies I could not again have looked at you. To relieve my palpitating bosom I withdrew.

Fer. Your description is exact, even to the minutest circumstance.—*(Aside.)*—Unfortunate memory!

Stel. I myself am often astonished that my recollection of every thing respecting you should be so lively and correct.—I well remember when you were wandering in search of me through the serpentine walk. My friend, whom you knew before I ever saw you, leaned on your arm. She called Stella!—You repeated it.—Scarcely had you spoken, ere I recognized your voice.—You soon found me—you took me by the hand.—I know not which of us was most confused.—We saw into each others hearts—and from that moment ——my dear Charlotte discovered it, and told me on the very evening that I had gained the affection of Fernando. ———What bliss have I since felt in my Fernando's arms. —Oh that Charlotte could be a witness of my ecstacy!—She was a good girl, and shed many a tear when I was ill —when I was love-sick. How I wished that she might have accompanied me, when for your sake I bade adieu to every thing which had been dear to me.

Fer. Every thing which had been dear to you!

Stel. Does that expression surprise you? Is it not true?—Can you imagine, when it proceeds from Stella's lips, that it is a reproach? For your sake I have done little—not enough.—I can never do enough for you.

Fer. Indeed! Was it, then, a trifle to forsake the uncle who loved you as a father loves his only child—who had so often held you in his arms—whose will had ever been your will?—Was it a trifle to renounce his fortune and estates—to quit for ever the place of your nativity—the companions of—

Stel. No more, I beseech you. What were all these compared to your affection?—What enjoyment could I have derived from them, if my Fernando had been absent?—I own that when alone I often wondered why I might not retain the comforts to which I was accustomed without losing you. For what reason, I was wont to think, are we obliged to fly? Has my uncle refused to bestow my hand upon him?—No.—For what reason, then, must we fly?—But I soon found excuses enough for you.—For *you!*—Oh, I could never be in want of an excuse.—Suppose it were a whim, I used to say—suppose it were gratifying to him thus secretly to snatch the prize——or suppose it were his pride to possess the girl without a dowry?—you may imagine that my pride was not a little interested in forming the best conclusion so you were acquitted.

Fer.—(*Aside.*)—I can bear no more.

Enter ANN.

Ann. I beg pardon, my lord—but I am sent in search of you. All the luggage is fastened to the chaise, and after ordering us to be as quick as possible, you make it wait.

Stel. Go, Fernando—pay for the chaise—see them drive from the inn—and return.

Ann. Don't you go with the ladies, my lord? Your servant brought your portmanteau.

Stel. This is some mistake.

Fer. Of course.—Listen not to the girl.

Ann. To be sure it seems curious that your lordship should leave my lady, to go with a person whom you never saw till to-day at dinner. But I must own your lordship squeezed her hand rather tenderly when you left her.

Stel.—(*Embarrassed.*)—Fernando!

Fer. Why attend to this child?

Ann. I assure you, my lady, that all I say is true. His portmanteau is fastened to the chaise, and he means to go with the ladies. I was determined that your ladyship should know he was going.

Fer. Going! Whither?

Stel. Leave us, Ann. [*Exit* Ann. Relieve me from this horrible uncertainty. I have no fears—yet has this girl distressed me.—Fernando!—You are agitated.—I am your Stella.

Fer.—(*Turns and seizes her hand.*)—Thou art my Stella.

Stel. You alarm me, Fernando. How wild are your looks!

Fer. Stella, I am a villain—a cowardly villain. The sight of thee unmans me.—I am resolved to fly. I have not sufficient resolution to plunge the steel into thy heart—but I am base enough to poison thee.

Stel. For heaven's sake—

Fer.—(*Trembling, and in a tone of desperation.*)—That I may not see thy agonies—that I may not hear thy groans—I will fly.

Stel. I can no more—(*Is sinking, and leans on him.*)

Fer. Stella—my beloved Stella, whom I hold in my arms—thou, who art to me every thing.—(*With cold determination.*)—I will forsake thee.

Stel.—(*Smiling, and almost lifeless.*)—Me!

Fer.—(*Gnashing his teeth.*)—Thee—with the woman and the girl who were here.

Stel. It grows—dark—

Fer. And this woman is my wife.—(*Stel. starts, gazes at him, and lets her arms sink.*)—And this girl is my daughter. Stella!—(*Perceives that she has swooned.*)—Stella!—(*Conveys her to a seat.*)—Help! Help!

Enter CECILIA *and* LUCY.

Behold—behold this angel.—She is no more.—Help.—(*They endeavour to awake her.*)

Lucy. She revives.

Fer.—(*Looking keenly at them.*)—Through thee! Through thee! [*Rushes out.*

Stel. Who? Who?—(*Rising.*)—Where is he?—(*Sinks back and gazes at* Cec. *and* Lucy.)—I thank—I thank you. Who are you?

Cec. Compose yourself.

Stel. Ha! You! Are you not gone? Heavens! Who told me—Who are you? Who are you?—(*Seizing* Cecilia's *hand.*)—Oh! I can bear no more.

Cec. Angel! Let me press you to my heart.

Stel. Tell me—for deeply it lies buried in my soul—tell me—are you—

Cec. I am—I am Fernando's wife.

Stel.—(*Starts up.*)—And I!—(*Walks to and fro with a disordered mien.*)

Cec. Come to your chamber.

Stel. My chamber! Of what do you remind me? Horrible! Horrible! Are these the trees which I planted and reared? Why is every thing become at once thus strange to me? Abandoned! Lost, lost for ever! Oh Fernando, Fernando!

Cec. Go, Luty—seek your father.

Stel. For heaven's sake, no! Have compassion on me. Let him not come. Withdraw, I beg. Father! Husband!

Cec. Dearest lady!

Stel. Ha! Do you pity me? Can you thus clasp me in your arms? No, no, no. Leave me. Spurn me.—(*Falls on* Cecilia's *neck.*)—Yet grant me a single moment. I shall not long trouble you. My heart! My heart!

Lucy. She needs repose.

Stel. I cannot look at you. I have embittered your existence—I have robbed you of every thing—I have made you most wretched, while I was most happy—in his arms, oh, how happy!—(*Sinks on her knees.*)—Can you forgive me?

Cec. Rise, rise.—(*She and* Lucy *endeavour to raise her.*)

Stel. No. Here will I kneel, weep and implore forgiveness of you and the All-merciful. Forgive me—forgive me—(*Springs from the ground.*)—Oh, forgive and console me. I am not guilty.——Thou didst give him to me, holy God of Heaven. I kept him as thy choicest gift. O leave me. My heart will break.

Cec. Unhappy innocent!

Stel. I read in your eyes and on your lips the words of Heaven. Support me—You forgive me—you feel how wretched I am!

Cec. Sister, revive—revive, I do beseech you. Believe me, Stella, he who implanted in our hearts feelings which often make us wretched, can also assist us with consolation.

Stel. Oh! let me die in your arms.

Cec. Come with me, I beseech you.

Stel.—(*After a pause, starts wildly from her.*)—Leave me, all of you—leave me, I say. A world of horror and confusion rushes into my soul, and fills it with unutterable pangs. It is impossible—it is impossible! Thus at once!

It cannot be borne.—(*Stands awhile with downcast eyes—then looks around—espies* Cec. *and* Lucy—*utters a loud shriek, and rushes out of the hermitage.*)

Cec. Follow her, Lucy, and attend to her. [*Exit* Lucy. Almighty God! look down upon thy children, surrounded by distress and horror. My sufferings have taught me much. Grant me strength, and if the knot cannot be loosed—do not—oh! do not tear it asunder.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—STELLA's *cabinet, into which the moon shines. She is discovered with* FERNANDO's *portrait before her, and is on the point of cutting it from the frame.*

Stel. Surround me, pitchy darkness!—shroud me and guide me, for I know not which way I direct my steps. I must begone—into the wide world But whither—alas, whither? —I feel as if I were banished from creation. No more shall I wander where the silver moon-beams tip the waving summits of my pines. No more shall I wander where the awe-inspiring shade surrounds the tomb of my beloved Amelia. No: I must away, far from the place which contains all the treasures of my life—every transporting recollection. And thou, my hermitage, in which I have so often prayed, so often wept, in which I hoped my spirit after death would have enjoyed the past—from thee too I am banished. Banished! Thank Heaven, I am become callous—my brain is seared—I cannot comprehend the dread idea, banishment—or surely I should be distracted. —Alas! What dizziness is this! Farewel! Farewel! —Never, never to be seen again! The sensation inspired by this thought is as if death were creeping through my veins. Never to be seen again! Let me begone.—(*Seizes the portrait.*)—And shall I leave thee behind me?—(*Takes a knife and begins to cut the picture from the frame.*)—Oh that I were incapable of reflection—that in torpid slumber I could

resign my being—but it may not be. I am doomed to feel all the horrors of an outcast. Oh Fernando,—(*Turns the portrait towards the moon*)—when first thou didst behold me, and my heart sprung forth to meet thee, didst thou not feel confident of thy affection and fidelity? Didst thou not feel what a sanctuary unclosed itself, when my heart was opened to thee? And yet thou didst not start with horror—thou didst not fall—thou didst not fly. Thou couldst for pastime pluck those flowers, my innocence, my happiness, my life; tear them with heedless hand, and scatter them upon the earth. Oh Fernando, Fernando, Couldst thou do this? Could such rank villany dwell in thy heart? Thou hadst a wife and daughter—I was free —my soul was pure as is the morning in the month of May. All, all my hopes were centered in Fernando.—(*Gazing at the portrait.*)—How grand, yet how complacent! That was the look, which hurried me into the abyss of misery. I hate thee. Away! Villain! Seducer! This to thy heart!—(*She is about to push the knife through the picture.*)—Fernando!—(*Turns away.*)—Fernando!—(*The knife drops from her hand, and she sinks into a chair with a flood of tears.*)—Beloved of my soul!—Never, never!

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. My lady, the horses are at the garden-door, according to your orders. The clothes are packed, and every thing is ready.

Stel. The portrait!—(Ser. *takes the knife, cuts the picture from the frame, and rolls it.*)—Here is money.

Ser. But why?

Stel.—(*Pauses awhile, then looks wildly round.*)—Away! away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another apartment. Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Leave me, leave me. Again these horrors overpower my weak attempts at meditation and reflection. I cannot think. Every thing around me wears a cold and dreary aspect. Ha! What want you? Am I not more wretched than you? What do you require of me?——(*Breathes with difficulty.*)—Horrors increase on every side.—(*Strikes his forehead.*)—How will this end? No hope, no consolation! The three best creatures on this earth—miserable through me—miserable without me—alas, still more miserable with me. Could I complain—could I despair—could I implore forgiveness—could I enjoy one hour of hope, lie at their feet, and taste the bliss of sympathy—Where are they? Thou, Stella, art stretched upon the cold earth—thy eyes are raised towards Heaven, and, in a feeble voice, I hear thee say: "What sin, Oh God, had I committed, that thy arm is thus stretched forth against me? How had I offended thee, that thou didst guide this villain to my arms!" Cecilia! my wife! my unhappy, much-wronged wife! My daughter, too! All, all destroyed by my base conduct. Each has a claim upon me, and I—in vain! Deep, unfathomable is the abyss. Stella, of what have I robbed thee—or rather—of what have I robbed thee not, thou angel? There's madness in the recollection—why, then, am I thus cool? 'Tis well.—(*Takes a pistol from the table.*)—I'll be prepared for every thing.—(*Loads it.*)

Enter CECILIA.

Cec. My dear husband, what have you resolved upon?—(*Sees the pistols.*)—You seem to be ready for the journey.—

(Fer. *lays the loaded pistols again on the table.*)—You seem, too, more composed, Fernando. May we have a little conversation?

Fer. What want you, my dear wife?

Cec. Call me not by that name till you have heard me. We are all at present lost in confusion. I have suffered much, and have learnt to be determined. Do you understand me, Fernando?

Fer. I hear you.

Cec. Mark me, then. I am but a woman—an unfortunate woman, but resolution dwells within my breast. Fernando,—I am resolved. I will leave you.

Fer. Cecilia!

Cec. Be not surprised that I come hither to declare this. Think you that no one can take leave, when determined to forsake the object of affection?

Fer. Cecilia!

Cec. I make no accusation, and think not that I sacrifice too much. Hitherto I have lamented the loss of my husband; a loss which I could not repair. I have found him again—his presence re-animates me, and inspires me with new vigour. Fernando, I feel that my affection for you is not selfish. It is not the passion of a lover who would sacrifice every thing to gain the object of her wishes. Fernando, my heart beats for you alone—it beats with the sensation of a wife, who from affection is able to sacrifice her affection.

Fer. Never! Never!

Cec. Why thus agitated?

Fer. Thy words are daggers to my heart.

Cec. You shall be happy. I have a daughter, and in you —a friend. We will separate, yet not be parted. I will live at a distance from you, and yet be a witness of your comforts. I will be your confidante, into whose bosom you shall pour all your joys and sorrows. Your letters shall be

my very life, and mine shall be to you a pleasing visit—Thus shall you remain mine, without being separated from Stella. We will love each other, and ever feel an interest in each other's welfare. Give me your hand on this, Fernando.

Fer. If this be a jest, it is too cruel; if the reverse, it is inconceivable. But be it as it may, I will suppose you serious. What you say is grateful to your feelings, but you are not aware, Cecilia, that you deceive yourself, when you think you can allay the torments of your heart, by this dazzling fancied consolation. No, my wife, thou art mine, and mine thou shalt remain. Why say any more? Why need I state the reasons! I will be faithful to thee, or may I—

Cec. And Stella?—(Fer. *starts and walks to and fro with frantic looks.*)—Who deceives himself now? Who attempts to deaden his pain by fancied consolation? Yes, you men know yourselves.

Fer. Cecilia, talk not thus. Stella is unfortunate, and is doomed to lead a wretched life far from you and me. Let her go—and spare me.

Cec. Retirement, I must own, would well suit her heart, and it would be some consolation to her, when she reflected that we were restored to each other; for she now reproaches herself as the cause of our separation. Were I to leave you, I know she would always think me more unhappy than I really should be; for she would judge of my sensations by her own. She never would enjoy peace, while she reflected that she had robbed me of every comfort. I therefore almost agree with you that—

Fer. Right! Let her fly to some convent.

Cec. Yet, when I reflect, why should she be buried in a convent? What has she done that she should be doomed to waste the jocund years of youth in solitude, far from the world—far from the man, whom she so ardently loves—from the man, who—confess, Fernando—you love her.

Fer. Ha! What means this? Art thou an evil spirit in the form of my Cecilia? Why rend my heart thus? Why lacerate what is already lacerated? Am I not sufficiently distracted? Begone. Leave me to my fate, and God have mercy on you!—*(Throws himself into a chair.)*

Cec.—*(Approaches him, and takes his hand.)*—There was once a nobleman—(Fer. *attempts to rise, but is prevented by her*)—a count of the empire. A sensation of pious duty drove him from his wife and home to the Holy Land!

Fer. Ha!

Cec. He was a worthy man—he loved his wife—took leave of her—recommended his household to her care—embraced her—and departed. He travelled far, fought many a battle, and at length was made a prisoner. His master's daughter pitied the poor slave—she released him from bondage—fled with him—and accompanied him through all the succeeding dangers of war. What a sweet armour-bearer! —Crowned with his well-earned laurels, the count resolved on a return to his loved wife. But the girl——? He felt he was but a human being—he had confidence in human nature—he took her with him. And see—his worthy wife flies to embrace her husband—in his arms feels all her love, all her hopes, all her fidelity rewarded. Here see his knights spring with proud triumph from their steeds upon their native soil—there behold his attendants unloading the booty and laying it at her feet. Already in idea has she locked the treasure in her chests, decorated her castle, enriched her friends with it. Dear, noble woman, the greatest treasure is not yet produced. Who is the veiled female approaching with her suite?—Gently she dismounts from her horse.—"Here," cried the count, taking her by the hand, and leading her to his wife, "receive these treasures from this fair one's hand—receive me from her hands. She released me from slavery—contrived my escape—fought with me served me—waited on me. What do I owe her? There! Take

her, and reward her."—(Fer. *lies sobbing with his arms stretched over the table.*)—The noble countess fell upon her neck, and with a thousand tears exclaimed: "Take all that I can give you. Take half of that which is entirely yours. Take him entirely—let me too possess him entirely. Each shall have him without robbing the other." She threw herself into his arms, sunk on her knee, and cried: "We are thine."—They seized his hands, and hung upon his neck.—God rejoiced in their affection, his vicegerent blessed them—and they were happy. One dwelling, one bed, and one grave contained them.

Fer. Oh God of Heaven, who sendest thy angels to us in the hour of need, grant us strength to bear the supernatural appearance.—My wife!—*(Falls into his former attitude.)*

Cec.—*(Opens a door and calls.)*—Stella.

Stella *rushes in and falls into* Cecilia's *arms.*

Stel. Support me. Oh Heavens!—(Fer. *springs from his seat, and attempts to rush out of the room.)*

Cec.—*(Holds him.)*—Stella, take half of that which is entirely yours. You have saved him—you have saved him from himself—you have restored him to me.

Fer. Stella!—(*Turns towards her.*)

Stel. I cannot comprehend it.

Cec. You feel it.

Stel—*(Falls into his arms.)*—Dare I?

Cec. Are you not grateful to me for detaining you, dear fugitive?

Stel.—(*Presses* Cec. *to her heart.*)—Angel!

Fer.—*(Embracing both.)*—Mine! Mine!

Stel.—*(Holding his hand and hanging on his neck.)*—I am thine.

Cec.—*(Holding the other hand, and hanging on his neck.)*—We are thine.

THE END.

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Emilia Galotti.

Act. 5.

Published June 1, 1806, by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1806.

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Lec/1 vii

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE *of Guastalla.*
MARQUIS MARINELLI, *his Favourite.*
COUNT APPIANI.
CAMILLO ROTA, *a Privy-Counsellor.*
ODOARDO GALOTTI, *Father of* Emilia.
CONTI, *a Painter.*
ANGELO, *an Assassin.*
PIRRO, *Servant of* Galotti.
BAPTIST, *Servant of* Marinelli.

COUNTESS ORSINA, *the* Prince's *Mistress.*
CLAUDIA GALOTTI, *Mother of* Emilia.
EMILIA GALOTTI.

Servants.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The* Prince's *Cabinet.*

The PRINCE *is discovered sitting at a Desk, which is covered with Papers.*

Prince.—(*Glancing over some of them.*)—COMPLAINTS—nothing but complaints! Petitions—nothing but petitions!—What a distressing situation is mine! Yet princes are envied.—Yes. Could we relieve all who apply to us, we might with justice be envied—Emilia!—(*Looking at the signature of a petition.*)—But Emilia Bruneschi—not Galotti. What does this Emilia Bruneschi want?—(*Reads.*)—She requires much—but her name is Emilia. Her petition shall be granted.—(*Signs the paper and rings.*)

Enter a SERVANT.

Are any of the council in the antichamber?

Ser. None, may it please your highness.

Prince. I have begun the day at too early an hour. The weather invites me abroad. Order the coach, and send for Marinelli. He shall accompany me. [*Exit* Servant. I can attend to nothing more. I was composed—at least I

fancied so—till this petition caught my eye—the petition of an Emilia. Farewell to all composure.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. I have sent to the marquis.—A letter from the Countess Orsina.

Prince. Orsina! Leave it on the table.

Ser. The messenger waits—

Prince. I will send an answer, if it be necessary. Where is she? In town, or at her villa?

Ser. She came to town yesterday.

Prince. So much the worse—better I mean! The messenger has so much the less occasion to wait. [*Exit* Ser. My dear countess!—(*With asperity, as he takes up the letter.*)—What matters it whether I read it or not?—(*Throwing it away again.*)—Why yes—I once thought I loved her—perhaps too I really did—but the sensation has no longer any place in my breast.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Conti the painter requests the honour—

Prince. Conti! 'Tis well. Admit him. His conversation will give another turn to my ideas.

Enter CONTI.

Good morning, Conti! How fare you? How do the arts thrive?

Con. They go a-begging.

Prince. That they must not, and shall not, in my small territory, if the artist be willing to work.

Con. Work! I feel a pleasure in it. But an artist, who

is obliged to work too much, will soon cease to deserve that title.

Prince. You misunderstand me. I do not mean that his works should be extensive, but that strict attention should be devoted to them.—Well, Conti, you have brought something with you?

Con. The portrait which your highness ordered—as well as another, not ordered by your highness, but which, I think, deserves inspection.

Prince. The first is—I scarcely recollect—

Con. The countess Orsina.

Prince. True.—The order was given so long ago, that I had almost forgotten it.

Con. Our fine women are not every day at an artist's command. The countess has only been pleased to sit once during the last three months.

Prince. Where are the portraits?

Con. In the antichamber. I'll bring them to your highness. [*Exit.*

Prince. Her picture may come—for her picture is not herself. Perhaps, too, I may again find in that what I no longer perceive in herself. But I wish not to find it again. Yet when I loved her, I was always jocund and happy.—Now I am exactly the reverse.—No, no, no. My ideas are more pleasant, though less extravagant.

Re-enter CONTI, *with the pictures.*

Con.—(*Places one of them with the front towards a chair, and prepares the other for the* Prince's *inspection.*) I must beg that your highness will confine yourself to the boundaries of our art. Stand here.

Prince.—(*After having surveyed the picture for a few moments.*)—Excellent, Conti—most excellent!—It does cre-

dit to your skill. But you have flattered her beyond all measure.

Con. The countess appeared to be of another opinion—and, in fact, I have flattered her no more than art must flatter. Art is obliged to paint as plastic nature designed the form, without the deduction which the opposing materials necessarily cause—without the deduction occasioned by the ravages of time.

Prince. A reflecting artist has a right to twofold credit. The original of this picture found, notwithstanding—

Con. I beg your highness not to mistake me. The original is a person who has a claim to my respect. I did not mean that any expression should escape my lips, which conveyed a contrary idea.

Prince. As many as you please.—Well! What said she?

Con. "I am satisfied," she said, "if I be not plainer."

Prince. Not plainer!—Exactly like her.

Con. And she said it with a look—of which I own this picture shews no trace.

Prince. That was my idea, when I told you how much you had flattered her.—Oh, I know that proud contemptuous look you mention. It would disguise the countenance of a Grace. I am willing to allow that a pretty mouth may, by a little satirical contraction, acquire additional beauty; but, observe me, this contraction must not extend to grimace, as it does in the countess. The eyes too ought to accompany this expression of satire—eyes, which the countess has not, either in reality or in this picture.

Con. Your highness's expressions quite astonish me.

Prince. Why so? All the beauty which art could bestow upon the bold, large, prominent Medusa's eyes of the countess, you have honestly bestowed.—Honestly, I say. But you might, in my opinion, have been more honest. For tell

me yourself, Conti—does this picture express the character of the original? You have converted pride into dignity, disdain into a smile, and gloomy caprice into placid melancholy.

Con.—(*Somewhat chagrined.*)—Your highness must excuse me, if I say, that we painters expect the picture, when finished, to find the lover as warm as when he ordered it. We paint with the eyes of love, and the eyes of love alone must decide upon our works.

Prince. Well, well, Conti!—you should have brought the picture a month since, then—Lay it aside. What is the other?

Con.—(*Taking it up, and still holding it turned from the* Prince.)—Likewise the portrait of a female.

Prince. Then I had almost—rather not see it. For the image depictured here,—(*Placing his finger on his forehead*) —or rather here—(*Placing his finger on his heart*)—it cannot equal. I should like, Conti, to admire your art in other subjects.

Con. Other artists may certainly produce more admirable portraits; but a more admirable subject cannot exist.

Prince. Then I'll bet a trifling sum, Conti, that it is the portrait of your own mistress.—(Conti *turns the picture.*) What do I see? Is this your work, or do my eyes deceive me?—Emilia Galotti!

Con. How! Does your highness know this angel?

Prince.—(*Endeavouring to compose himself, but unable to remove his eyes from the picture.*)—A little—just enough to recognize her again. A few weeks since I saw her with her mother in a carriage—since that time only in sacred places —where I had not so good an opportunity of observing her. I know her father, too. He is not my friend. He it was, who most violently opposed my pretensions to Sabionetta. He is a proud, harsh, hasty old man, but in every other respect worthy of esteem.

Con. You speak of the father—but this is the daughter—

Prince. It is. By heavens, you must have stolen the resemblance from her mirror.—(*With his eyes still riveted upon the picture.*)—Oh, Conti! you know that the artist is best praised when his works make us forget to praise.

Con. Yet, I am extremely dissatisfied with this portrait—and am, notwithstanding, satisfied in being dissatisfied with myself.—What a pity is it that we cannot paint with our eyes! It is so long a journey from the eye, through the arm, to the pencil, that much, very much is lost. But as I have already said, though I know what is lost, though I know how it is lost, I am as proud, nay prouder of this loss, than of what I have retained. For by the former I perceive, more than by the latter, that *I* am a good painter, though my hand is not always so. Is not your highness convinced that Raphael would have had as great a genius as any painter ever possessed, had he unfortunately been born without hands?

Prince.—(*Turning his eyes for a moment from the picture.*)—What say you, Conti? What do you want to know?

Con. Oh, nothing, nothing.——Your soul, I perceive, was quite in your eyes. I love such souls, and such eyes.

Prince.—(*With affected coldness.*)—You really then, Conti, think Emilia Galotti one of our first beauties.

Con. One of them! Yes. The very first—Your highness is disposed to banter me—or you must, for some time, have seen as little as you have heard.

Prince. Dear Conti—(*Again riveting his eyes on the picture.*)—No one but a painter can properly decide on beauty?

Con. And should every one's sensations, then, wait for the decision of a painter?—To a cloister let the torpid creature retire, who would learn of us what is beautiful.—But thus much I must, as a painter, say to your highness: I shall ever consider it one of the greatest delights which I

have felt in this world, that Emilia Galotti has sat to me. This head, this countenance, this forehead, these eyes, this nose, this mouth, this chin, this neck, this bosom, this shape, this whole form, are from the present time my only model of female beauty. The picture itself, for which she sat, is in the possession of her father; but this copy—

Prince.—(*Suddenly turning to him.*)—Is not promised to any one, Conti?

Con. Is for your highness, if it be liked.

Prince. Liked!—(*Smiling.*)—Can I do better, Conti, than make your model of female beauty my own? Take back the other portrait——and procure a frame for it.

Con. I will.

Prince. As rich and magnificent as the carver can make it; for the picture is intended to be hung in the gallery. But this may remain here. As it is necessary that I should study the model of Beauty, it must not be hung against a wall, but always at hand. I thank you, Conti, I thank you sincerely.—As I have already told you, the arts shall never beg their bread in my dominions—as long as I *have* any.—Send to my treasurer, Conti, and let him pay you for both the portraits—what you please—as much as you please.

Con. I am almost afraid that your highness means to reward me for something further than my skill.

Prince. How easily is the jealousy of an artist roused!—No, no.—Do you hear, Conti?—As much as you please.

[*Exit* Conti.

Yes—as much as he pleases.—(*Turning to the picture.*)—Thou art bought too cheap at any price. Oh thou enchanting work of art, is it true that I possess thee?—Thou enchanting master-piece of nature, would I could possess thee, too! Claim what thou wilt, honest mother—claim what thou wilt, morose old father. Demand any price.—Yet, dear enchantress, I should be more happy, far more happy could I buy

thee of thyself:—This eye—how modest, how bewitching! This mouth, when it opens to address the adoring hearer—when it smiles.—Ha! some one comes. I am as yet too envious of thee.—(*Turns the picture to the wall.*)—It is Marinelli.—I wish I had not sent for him. What a morning might I have had!

Enter MARINELLI.

Mar. I hope your highness will pardon my delay. I was not prepared for so early a summons.

Prince. The morning was so fine, that I felt an inclination to take the air—but now it seems rather gloomy, and my inclination has subsided.—(*After a short pause.*)—Any news, Marinelli?

Mar. I have heard nothing of consequence.—The countess Orsina arrived in town yesterday.

Prince. Yes, here lies her morning salutation,—(*Pointing to the letter*)—or whatever else it may be. I feel no inclination to read it.—Have you seen her?

Mar. Am I not unfortunately her confident?—But if I again fill that situation with any lady, who may think proper to love your highness so sincerely, may I—

Prince. Make no rash vows, Marinelli.

Mar. Indeed! Is it possible!—Then the countess is not so very wrong in her suspicions?

Prince. Very wrong, most certainly. My approaching union with the Princess of Massa, makes it necessary that I should, for the present, break off all connexions of such a nature.

Mar. If this be the case, Orsina will certainly know as well how to submit to her fate as the prince to his.

Prince. Mine is undoubtedly more severe. My heart becomes a sacrifice to the welfare of the state, whereas she need

but withdraw hers, without being obliged to bestow it on another against her inclination.

Mar. Withdraw it—"Why withdraw it," says the countess, "for the sake of a wife, whom policy, not affection, unites to the prince?"—In such a case, if she be still beloved, she can retain her former situation. It is not therefore a wife, for whose sake she expects to be sacrificed, but——

Prince. Another object of affection. Well, Marinelli, should you think me criminal, if Orsina were right in her conjectures?

Mar. I!—I hope your highness does not confound my sentiments with those of the silly woman, whose cause I assert—from compassion assert; for yesterday she affected me in a most singular manner. She wished to be perfectly silent on your present coldness. She affected to be quite composed. But in the midst of the most indifferent subjects, some expression, some reference escaped her, which betrayed the affliction of her heart. With an air of gaiety she said the most melancholy things, and, on the contrary, made the most ridiculous remarks with the mien of deep distress. She has taken recourse to books, which, I fear, will complete her malady.

Prince. Yes, for books at first deranged her shallow understanding—But that, which was the chief cause of our separation, you will scarcely use, Marinelli, for the purpose of renewing my attachment.—If love robbed her of her senses, it is certain she would have lost them, sooner or later, had she never felt the influence of love.—And now, enough of her!—Let us turn to some other subject.—Is nothing new, then, going forward in town?

Mar. Nothing—or next to it—for that count Appiani is to be married to-day, is next to nothing.

Prince. Count Appiani! To whom? I never heard that it was talked of.

Mar. It has been kept a profound secret—and, indeed,

there was not much to talk of.—Your highness will laugh—but such is ever the fate of sentimental young men. Love always contrives to play them tricks of the worst kind. A girl, without property or rank, has contrived to catch him in her snares, with very little trouble—merely a parade of virtue, sensibility, and so forth.

Prince. He who can, without hesitation, resign himself to the impressions which innocence and beauty make upon him, is, in my opinion, rather to be envied than derided.—What is the name of the happy fair one?—For, though I know, Marinelli, that you and Appiani dislike each other, he is, nevertheless, a very worthy young man, a handsome man, a rich man, an honourable man. I should be happy, if I could gain his good opinion—and shall think of the means.

Mar. If it be not too late—for, as far as I can learn, it is not his intention to make his fortune at court. He intends to retire, with his sweet spouse, to his estate in Piedmont—that he may indulge himself in chasing goats upon the Alps, and training marmots.—What can he do better? Here his credit is destroyed by the base connexion he has formed. The first circles will, of course, no longer admit him.

Prince. The first circles!—Why mention them? Does not form, constraint, *ennui*, and often poverty appertain to them?—But let me hear the name of the fair damsel, who is the cause of all these wonderous sacrifices?

Mar. One Emilia Galotti.

Prince. What, Marinelli? One———

Mar. Emilia Galotti.

Prince. Emilia Galotti! Never!

Mar. Most certainly. Your highness—

Prince. I tell you, *no*. It cannot be.—You have mistaken the name.—The family of Galotti is extensive.—It may be a Galotti—but not Emilia Galotti—not Emilia.

Mar. Emilia—Emilia Galotti.

Prince. Then there must be another who bears both the

same names.—You said *one* Emilia Galotti. You said it in a careless tone—one Emilia Galotti—in a tone, that if speaking of the Emilia I mean, none but a fool could use.

Mar. You are incensed. Does your highness know this Emilia?

Prince. It is my place to ask, not yours.—Is she the daughter of Colonel Galotti, who resides at Sabionetta!

Mar. The same.

Prince. Is it she who lives with her mother in Guastalla?

Mar. The same.

Prince. Not far from the church of All-Saints.

Mar. The same.

Prince. In a word—(*Seizes the portrait and gives it to* Marinelli.)—There! Is it this Emilia Galotti? Repeat thy two damning words "*the same*," and plunge a dagger in my heart.

Mar. The same.

Prince. Hell and torments!—This—this Emelia Galotti will to-day become—

Mar. The Countess Appiani.—(*The* Prince *snatches the picture from* Marinelli *and throws it aside.* Marinelli *proceeds.*)—The ceremony will be privately performed at the father's villa in Sabionetta. Towards noon, the mother and daughter, the count, and perhaps a friend or two, will leave town together.

Prince.—(*Throws himself into a chair.*)—Then I am lost, and will no longer live.

Mar. What thus affects your highness?

Prince.—(*Starting from his chair.*)—Traitor!—What affects me thus!—Hear me. I love her—I adore her. Yes, you may know it—nay, doubtless, long have known it; but you and many more wish me to wear, for ever, the ignominious fetters of the proud Orsina.—That you, Marinelli, who have so often assured me how sincere was your friendship—but a prince has no friends—that you should act so

treacherously, so deceitfully, as to conceal, till this moment, the dangers which threatned my attachment———Oh, if I ever forgive it, may my sins never be forgiven.

Mar. Prince, I am thunderstruck. I cannot find words to express my astonishment.—You love Emilia Galotti?—Hear me, then. If I ever had the smallest knowledge, or suspicion of this attachment, may I be numbered with the damned!—

Prince. Pardon me, then, Marinelli—*(Throwing himself into his arms)*—and pity me.

Mar. Well, yes, prince. Now see the consequence of your reserve. "A prince has no friends." And why? Because he will have none. To-day you honour us with your confidence, entrust to us your most secret wishes, open your whole soul to us,—and to-morrow we are as perfect strangers to you, as if you had never exchanged a word with us.

Prince. Alas, Marinelli, how could I entrust to you a secret which I would scarcely confess to myself?—

Mar. And have, therefore, of course, not confessed to the author of your uneasiness?

Prince. To her!—All my endeavours to obtain a second conversation have been fruitless.

Mar. And the first—

Prince. Ask no more questions, unless you wish to drive me to distraction. You see me struggling in the waves. Why enquire how it happened? Save me if you can—then begin to ask questions.

Mar. Save you! Is there any great difficulty in doing that? What your highness has not had an opportunity of confessing to Emilia Galotti must be confessed to the countess Appiani. Goods, which cannot be obtained in their primitive perfection, must be bought at second hand—and are often, on that account, bought at a cheaper rate.

Prince. Be serious, Marinelli, or—

Mar. To be sure, such articles are generally so much worse—

Prince. You go too far, Marinelli.

Mar. But the count intends to leave this country.—Well, we must devise some scheme—

Prince. Dearest, best of friends—yes—devise a scheme for me. What would you do, were you in my situation?

Mar. I would think a trifle no more than a trifle, and resolve to exercise the power which I possessed.

Prince. Mention not a power, of which I can, on this occasion, make no use. To-day, said you?—This very day?

Mar. To-day, it is intended that the nuptials shall be solemnized—but, till that is absolutely the case, you may still cherish hope.—(*After a short pause.*)—Prince, will you let me act as I please? Will you approve all I do?

Prince. Anything, Marinelli, which can avert this blow.

Mar. Let us, then, lose no time. You must not remain in town, but go to your palace at Dosalo. The party will pass it in their way to Sabionetta. Should I not succeed in eluding the count's vigilance. I think——yes, yes, he will be caught in that snare without doubt. You wish to send an ambassador to Massa respecting your marriage. Let the count be ambassador, and order him to depart this very day.

Prince. Excellent!—Bring him to my palace.—Haste, haste!—I will leave town instantly. [*Exit* Marinelli. Where is it?—(*Turns to the portrait.*)—On the earth! That was too bad.—(*Takes it up.*)—Yet still I will not look at thee. Why should I plunge the arrow deeper into my heart?—(*Lays it on the table.*)—I have sighed long enough—longer than I ought.—My inactivity had nearly ruined all.—And may not all be yet lost?—May not Marinelli fail in his attempt?—Why should I rely on him alone?—It occurs to me that, at this hour,—(*Looks at his watch*)—at this very hour, the pious girl constantly attends mass at the church

of the Dominicans.—How, if I attempted to obtain a moment's conversation?—But to-day—the day of her marriage—her mind will be occupied with other things than mass.—Yet, who knows?—I'll make the essay.—(*Rings.*)

Enter SERVANT.

My carriage!—Are none of the council arrived?

Ser. Camillo Rota waits without.

Prince. Admit him,—(*Exit* Servant.)—But he must not attempt to detain me long. At another time, I will attend to his scrupulous investigations.—There was a petition of one Emilia Bruneschi——here it is—but good Bruneschi, if she who induced me to grant it—

Enter CAMILLO ROTA.

Come, Rota, come.—There lie the papers which I have examined this morning. You will know what is to be done.

Cam. I will attend to them.

Prince. Here is a petition from one Emilia Galotti—Bruneschi. I have already agreed to it, and signed it—but the request is not a trifle. You may defer the matter—or not defer it, as you please.

Cam. As your highness pleases.

Prince. Have you brought any thing?

Cam. Sentence of death for your highness's signature.

Prince. With all my heart. Where is it?

Cam.—(*Starts and gazes at the* Prince.)—I said a death-warrant.

Prince. I understood you. Where is it? I am in haste.

Cam.—(*Looking at his papers.*)—I really believe I have not brought it. I beg your highness's forgiveness. It can be signed to-morrow.

Prince. True. To-morrow, more, Rota. [*Exit.*

Cam.—(*Shaking his head, as he collects the papers.*)—"With all my heart!" So ready to sign the condemnation of a fellow-creature. I would not have been instrumental in procuring his signature, at such a moment, had the criminal murdered my own son.——"With all my heart!" The words have stunned me. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Room in* GALOTTI'S *House. Enter* CLAUDIA *and* PIRRO, *from opposite sides.*

Clau. Who arrrived just now?

Pir. My master, madam.

Clau. My husband? Is it possible?

Pir. Here he comes.

Clau. So unexpectedly—(*Hastens towards him.*)—My dearest lord!

Enter ODOARDO.

Odo. Good-morning, my love. My arrival surprises you, no doubt?

Clau. Most agreeably—if you bring no bad news.

Odo. None whatever. The happiness, which awaited me to-day, would not allow me to sleep. The morning was so fine, and the ride so short—in a word, I am come to see how busy you are, and shall return immediately. Where is Emilia? Occupied by dress, I suppose?

Clau. No. She is much better employed; for she is gone to hear mass. She said she ought, to-day, to pray for heaven's blessing, more than on any other day—then took her veil, and went.

Odo. Alone?

Clau. It is but a few steps—

Odo. One step on the path of error is enough.

Clau. Be not angry—but come in and take some refreshment.

Odo. Well, well, as you like. But she ought not to have gone alone.

Clau. Stay here, Pirro, and if any one enquire for us, say we decline all visits to-day. [*Exeunt* Odo. *and* Claudia.

Pir. I shall have enough to do; for I have been plagued by fifty inquisitive people already.—Who comes this way?

Enter ANGELO, *in a short mantle, with which he conceals his face.*

Ang. Pirro! Pirro!

Pir. An acquaintance, it seems.—(Angelo *throws back the mantle.*)—Heavens! Angelo!

Ang. Yes, Angelo, as you perceive. I have been wandering long enough round the house, in order to find some opportunity of speaking to you.

Pir. And dare you appear in public? Don't you know, that, in consequence of your last murder, a reward is offered for your head?

Ang. You don't intend to claim it, I presume?

Pir. What do you mean by coming hither?

Ang.—(*Shews a purse.*)—There! That belongs to you.

Pir. To me!

Ang. Have you forgotten the old gentleman—your last master?

Pir. Don't mention him, I beseech you.

Ang. Whom you led into our clutches on the road to Pisa.

Pir. Consider—if any one should over hear us—

Ang. You remember his diamond-ring. It was so valuable, that we could not immediately convert it into money, without exciting suspicion. At length, however, I have succeed-

ed. I received a hundred pistoles for it, and this is your share. Take it.

Pir. No—no—you may keep it.

Ang. Well, with all my heart! If you chuse to risk your life without any hope of recompence—

Pir. Give me the purse, then.—(*Takes it.*)—And now, what do you want? For, that you came in search of me merely to give me this money—

Ang. Seems to you not very natural. What do you mean? Do you think I would withhold what is due to you? That may be customary among honest people, but we don't follow their fashions.—Farewel!—(*Affects to be going, but turns at the door.*)—One question I must ask. Why did old Galotti come in such a hurry to town this morning?

Pir. For no reason in the world, but because the weather tempted him to ride. His daughter will be married at Sabionetta this evening, to count Appiani. He cannot stay here till the party leaves town—

Ang. Then he will return soon?

Pir. So soon, that if you remain any longer, he will discover you. But you surely have no thoughts of attacking him. Beware, Angelo. He is a man—

Ang. Don't I know him? Have I not served under him in the army? At what time do the young people leave town?

Pir. Towards noon.

Ang. Will many friends accompany them?

Pir. None. A single carriage will contain the party, which consists of the mother, the daughter, and the count.

Ang. How many servants will attend them?

Pir. Only two. I shall ride forward to apprize the old man—

Ang. Right, right. Another question. Is the carriage Galotti's or the count's?

Pir. The count's. But surely you cannot think that the few ornaments which the bride may wear will reward you for—

Ang. Then the bride herself shall be my reward.

Pir. And you mean that I should be your accomplice in this crime, too?

Ang. Ride forward, and take no trouble about the matter.

Pir. Never!

Ang. What? I believe the fellow means to play a conscientious part,—Pirro, you know me. If you utter a syllable—if every circumstance be not as you have described it—

Pir. But, Angelo, for heaven's sake—

Ang. Do what you cannot avoid. [*Exit.*

Pir. Wretch that I am! This villain—But my master comes.

Enter ODOARDO *and* CLAUDIA.

Odo. She stays too long.

Clau. Be not in such great haste. It would distress her to learn that you had been here, without having seen your only child.

Odo. I must wait upon the count, too. How eager am I to call this worthy man my son! His conduct enchants me and, above every thing, his resolution to pass his days at a distance from the bustle of the world.

Clau. My heart almost breaks when I think of it. Must we so entirely lose our only child?

Odo. Can you think you have lost her, when you know she is in the arms of an affectionate husband? If she be happy, you ought to be fully satisfied. You almost make me again suspect that your motive for remaining with her

town, far from an affectionate husband and father, was the dissipation of the world, and proximity of the court, rather than the necessity of giving her a proper education.

Clau. How unjust a suspicion! But to-day, Odoardo, I may be allowed to speak somewhat in favour of town and court, though both are to you so hateful—for here alone could love have introduced to each other a couple formed for mutual comfort—here alone could the count have discovered our Emilia.

Odo. That I allow. But were you right, good Claudia, because the event has been fortunate? It is well that the plan has ended so happily. Let us not affect to be wise, when we have only been fortunate. It is well that the plan has ended so happily. They who were destined for each other, have found each other. Now, let them go where peace and innocence invite them. Why should the count remain here? To cringe—to fawn—to flatter—to supplant the Marinellis—to make a fortune which he does not want—to obtain a dignity, which he does not value? Pirro!

Pir. Sir!

Odo. Lead my horse to the count's door. I'll follow you anon, and mount it there. [*Exit* Pirro.
Why should the count serve here, when he may command elsewhere? Besides, you do not consider, that, by marrying my daughter, he is sure to lose the prince's favour totally. The prince hates me—

Clau. Less, perhaps, than you fear.

Odo. Fear! I fear his hate? Never!

Clau. For—did I tell you that he has seen our daughter?

Odo. The prince! Where?

Clau. At the ball given by the chancellor Grimaldi, which he honoured with his presence. He conducted himself so graciously towards her—

Odo. Graciously!

Clau. Yes. He conversed with her for some time.

Odo. Conversed with her!

Clau. Appeared to be delighted with her cheerfulness and good sense.

Odo. Delighted!

Clau. Spoke of her elegance and beauty, in terms of admiration.

Odo. Admiration! And all this you relate to me in a tone of rapture!

Clau. Why should I not?

Odo. Well, well. This, too, has ended happily. Ha! when I think———That were the place where a wound would be to me most mortal. A libertine, who admires, instantly desires. Claudia! Claudia!—The very thought rouses my fury. You ought to have mentioned this to me at the very time it happened. But to-day I would not willingly say any thing unpleasant to you. And I should,—(*Taking her hand*)—were I to stay longer. Therefore, let me begone. God be with you, Claudia. [*Exit.*

Clau. What a man!—What rigid virtue—if virtue that should be called, to which every thing seems suspicious and wrong. If this be a knowledge of mankind, who would not wish to remain in ignorance?——Why does Emilia stay so long?——He dislikes the father—consequently, if he admire the daughter, it is concluded that he means to bring disgrace into the family.

EMILIA *rushes in, much alarmed.*

Emi. Heaven be praised! I am now in safety. Or has he even followed me hither?—(*Throwing back her veil and espying her mother.*)—Has he, my mother, has he? No, thank heaven.

Clau. What agitates you thus, dear girl?

Emi. Nothing—nothing.

Clau. Can nothing make you look thus fearfully around —and tremble thus?

Emi. What have I been obliged to hear?—And where have I been obliged to hear it?

Clau. I thought you were at church.

Emi. I was. But what are churches and altars to the vicious?—Oh, my mother!—(*Throws herself into* Claudia's *arms.*)

Clau. Speak, my daughter, and remove my fears. What evil can have happened to you in the sanctuary of the Lord?

Emi. Never should my devotion have been more fervent and sincere than on this day. Never was it less what it ought to have been.

Clau. Emilia, we are all human beings. The faculty of praying fervently is not always in our power, but even the wish to do so is considered as a prayer.

Emi. And our wish to sin as a sin.

Clau. That my Emilia never wished.

Emi. No, my mother. The honour did not make me sink so low as to have such sensations. But how hard it is that vice, while dwelling in another's bosom, should force us to become her accomplices.

Clau. Compose yourself. Collect your ideas as well as you can. Tell me at once what has happened to you.

Emi. I had just sunk upon my knees, further from the altar than usual—for I arrived too late. I had just begun to raise my thoughts towards heaven—when some person placed himself behind me—so close behind me, that willingly as I would have moved, I could not, lest the devotion of my neighbour might interrupt mine. Devotion was the worst thing of which I thought. But it was not long before I heard a sigh close to my ear, and not the name of a saint— no—the name—do not be angry, dear mother—the name of

your daughter.—My own name! Oh that a peal of thunder had at that moment made me deaf to the rest. The voice spoke of beauty and of love—complained that this day, which crowned my happiness (if such should eventually prove the case) made him, who spoke to me, the prey of misery for ever. He conjured me—all this I was obliged to hear, but I did not look round. I wished to seem as if I was not listening.—What more could I do? Nothing but pray that my guardian angel would strike me with deafness—even if for ever. This, too, I did. This was the only prayer, which I could utter. At length the service was at an end. I arose trembling at the idea of being obliged to turn round, trembling at the idea of beholding him, whose impiety had so much shocked me—and when I turned, when I beheld him——

Clau. Whom, my daughter?

Emi. Guess, dear mother, guess; I thought I should have sunk into the earth. Himself.

Clau. Whom do you mean?

Emi. The prince.

Clau. The prince! Blest be the impatience of your father's disposition! He was here just now, and would not stay till you returned.

Emi. My father not stay till I returned!

Clau. If, in the midst of your confusion, you had told him what you have just related———

Emi. Well, dear mother—could he have found any thing in my conduct deserving censure?

Clau. No—as little as in mine. And yet, yet—you do not know your father. When enraged, he would have mistaken the innocent for the guilty—he would have fancied me the cause of what I neither could prevent nor foresee. But proceed, my daughter, proceed. When you recognized the prince, I trust that you had sufficient command over your-

self to convey, by your looks, the contempt which he deserved.

Emi. That I had not. After the look with which I recognized him, I had not courage to cast a second towards him. I fled.

Clau. And the prince followed you?

Emi. That I did not know till I had reached the porch, where I felt my hand seized—by him. Shame made me stop; for had I endeavoured to extricate myself, I should have attracted the attention of every one who was passing. This was the only idea which then occurred to me, or which I at present remember. He spoke, and I replied—but what he said, or what I replied, I know not. Should I recollect it, my dear mother, you shall know it. My senses had forsaken me—nor did they return till I found myself in the street. I heard his steps behind me—I heard him follow me into the house—I heard him run after me up stairs—

Clau. Fear has its peculiar faculty, my daughter. Never shall I forget the countenance with which you rushed into this room!—No. He dared not follow you so far. Heavens! Had your father known this! How angry was he when I merely told him that the prince had lately seen you, and spoken in your praise!—Be at ease, however, my dear girl. Fancy what has happened a mere dream. No serious consequences can arise from it. To-day you will become the wife of Appiani, and thereby escape every design which may be formed against you.

Emi. But at all events the count must know it. To him I must relate it.

Clau. By no means. Wherefore? Why? Do you wish to make him uneasy without a cause? And granting that he may not become so at present—know, my child, the poison, which does not operate immediately, is not on that account less dangerous. That which has no effect upon the

lover, may have a serious one upon the husband. The lover might even be flattered with the idea of bearing away the prize from so great a rival; but when he has borne it away, —alas, my dear Emilia, the lover often becomes quite another being. Heaven-forbid that you should ever know this by experience!

Emi. Dear mother, how willingly I always submit to your superior judgment. But should he learn from any other person that the prince spoke to me to-day, would not my silence increase his uneasiness? I think it would be better not to conceal any thing from him.

Clau. Weakness—the weakness of a girl, who loves and is beloved. Let him, on no account, know what has happened.

Emi. I submit. I have no will when I hear yours.—— I feel, indeed, more easy. What a silly, fearful girl I am! I might have conducted myself otherwise, and should, perhaps, have been as little inclined to forgive myself.

Clau. I would not say this, till your own good sense had said it, which I was sure would be the case as soon as your alarm was at an end. The prince is a gallant young man. You are not used to the unmeaning language of gallantry. In your mind a civility becomes a sensation—a compliment becomes a declaration—an idea, a wish—a wish, a design. Nothing, in this language, sounds like every thing, while every thing is in reality nothing.

Emi. Then must my terror have appeared to you ridiculous indeed. Oh, you are right. My good Appiani shall never know what has happened. He might, perhaps, think me more vain than virtuous. Ha! He comes. That is his step.

Enter APPIANI, *in deep meditation. His eyes are cast down, and he approaches without observing* Claudia *and* Emilia, *till the latter runs towards him.*

App. Ha! My dearest! I did not expect to find you in this room.

Emi. I wish you to be cheerful, though you may not expect to see me. Why so grave and solemn? Surely this day should inspire you with happy sensations?

App. This day is of greater value than my whole life; but it teems with so much bliss for me——perhaps it is this very bliss, which makes me so grave—so solemn, as you express it.—(*Espies* Claudia.)—Ha! You too here, madam. This day I hope to address you by a more familiar name.

Clau. Which will be my greatest pride. How happy you are, Emilia! Why would not your father share our delight?

App. But a few minutes have elapsed since I tore myself from his arms—or rather he from mine. What a man is your father, my Emilia! A pattern of every manly virtue! With what sentiments does his presence inspire my soul! Never is my resolution to continue just and good, so firm as when I see or think of him. And by what, but by fulfilling this resolution, can I make myself worthy of the honour which is conferred upon me, when I become his son—when I become your husband, dear Emilia?

Emi. And he would not await my return home.

App. Because he would but have been distressed that his visit could be no more than momentary.

Clau. He expected to find you employed about your bridal ornaments, and heard—

App. What I heard again from him with every feeling of love and admiration. Right, my Emilia. I shall be blessed with a pious wife, and one who is not proud of her piety.

Clau. But let us not, by attending too much to one subject, entirely forget another. Now go, Emilia.

App. Go! Why?

Clau. Surely, my lord, you would not lead her to the altar in her present dress.

App. In truth, I was not, till you spoke, aware of that. Who can behold Emilia, and observe her dress? Yet why should I not lead her to the altar thus?

Emi. No, dear count, not exactly thus; yet in a dress not much more gay. In a moment I shall be ready. I do not mean to wear those costly jewels, which were the last present of your prodigal generosity. Oh, I could quarrel with those jewels were they not your present—for thrice I've dreamt, that, while I wore them, every diamond changed suddenly to a pearl—and pearls, you know, dear mother, signify tears.

Clau. Child, the interpretation is more visionary than the dream. Were you not always more fond of pearls than diamonds?

Emi. I own that I——

App.—(*Thoughtful and melancholy.*)—Signify tears!

Emi. How! Does the idea strike you?

App. It does, though I ought to be ashamed that such is the case; yet when the fancy is disposed for sad impressions——

Emi. But why should yours be thus disposed? What did I wear, when I first attracted your attention? Do you remember?

App. Remember! I never see you in idea but in that dress.

Emi. I mean to wear one just the same—airy and free—

App. Excellent!

Emi. And my hair—

App. In natural ringlets as at that time.

Emi. Not forgetting the rose in it. Right! Have a little patience, and you shall see me thus. [*Exit.*

App.—(*Looks after her with a downcast mien.*)—"Pearls signify tears!"

Clau. Emilia's remark was just, my lord. You are to-day more grave than usual. And why? You are now but a step from the point of your wishes. Can you repent that such is your situation?

App. How could such a suspicion find a place in your mind? But it is true. I am to-day uncommonly dejected. You say I am but a step from the point of my wishes. True. I therefore have not reached the point. All that I have seen, heard, or dreamt, has preached since yesterday this doctrine to me. To be one step from the goal, or not to have won the race, is in reality the same. This one idea incorporates itself with every other which occurs to me. What can it mean? I understand it not.

Clau. You make me uneasy, my lord.

App. I am angry at my friends—at myself too.

Clau. Why so?

App. My friends absolutely require, that, before I solemnize my marriage, I should acquaint the prince with my intentions. They allow I am not bound to do this, but still maintain that respect towards him demands it; and I have been weak enough to be prevailed upon. I have already ordered my carriage.

Clau.—*(Starts.)*—For the purpose of waiting on the prince!

Enter PIRRO.

Pir. My lady, the Marquis Marinelli is at the door, and enquired for the count.

App. For me!

Pir. Here his lordship comes.—*(Opens the door and exit.)*

Enter MARINELLI.

Mar. I beg pardon, madam. My lord, I called at your house, and was informed that I should find you here. I

have a matter of importance to communicate. Madam, I once more beg your pardon. My business will be adjusted in a few minutes.

Clau. I will not be any hinderance to it.

[*Curtsies and exit.*

App. Now, my lord?

Mar. I come from his highness.

App. What are his commands?

Mar. I am proud in being selected to convey his most distinguished preference towards your lordship— and if count Appiani will do me the honour of believing me one of his most devoted friends—

App. No more ceremony, I beg.

Mar. I obey. The prince is under the necessity of immediately sending an ambassador to make arrangements respecting his marriage with the daughter of the duke of Massa. He was long undetermined whom to appoint, till his choice, at last, fell upon you, my lord.

App. Upon me!

Mar. Yes—and if friendship may be allowed to speak in its own favour, I was instrumental—

App. I must own you surprise me not a little. I have long concluded that the prince would never deign to employ me.

Mar. I am sure he only waited for a proper opportunity; and if the present mission be not worthy of count Appiani's consequence and talents, I own my friendship has been too precipitate.

App. You constantly mention this term friendship. With whom am I conversing? The Marquis Marinelli's friendship I never dreamt of gaining.

Mar. I acknowledge my fault, count Appiani, my unpardonable fault, in wishing to be your friend without your permission. But this need not, at present, come under discussion. The favour of his highness, and the dignity he

offers, remain the same. I am sure that they will be eagerly accepted.

App.—*(After some consideration.)*—Undoubtedly.

Mar. Come, then, with me.

App. Whither?

Mar. To the prince's palace at Dosalo. All is ready. You must depart to-day.

App. What say you? To-day!

Mar. Yes. Rather now than in an hour hence. The affair requires the utmost dispatch.

App. Indeed! Then am I sorry that I must decline the honour which the prince intended to confer upon me.

Mar. How!

App. I cannot depart to-day—nor to-morrow—nor the next day.

Mar. You are joking, count.

App. With you!

Mar. Inimitable! If with the prince, the joke is so much the merrier. You cannot?

App. No, sir, no—and I trust that the prince himself will think my excuse sufficient.

Mar. I am eager to hear it.

App. Oh, it is a mere trifle. I mean to be married to-day.

Mar. Well—and then?

App. And then? A strange question, methinks.

Mar. There are examples, count, of marriages having been deferred. I do not mean to infer that the delay was pleasant to the bride and bridegroom. To them it is natural enough that it should be unpleasant, yet the command of our sovereign—

App. Sovereign! A sovereign, chosen by myself, I am not bound to obey as strictly as your lordship, who are by birth his subject. I came to his court a volunteer. I wished

to have the honour of serving him, but not of being his slave. I am the vassal of a greater sovereign.

Mar. Whether greater or smaller is immaterial. A monarch is a monarch.

App. Idle controversy! Enough! Tell your prince what you have heard. Tell him I am sorry it is not in my power to accept the honour offered to me, as I to-day intend to solemnize an union, which will constitute my happiness.

Mar. Will you not at the same time inform him with whom?

App. With Emilia Galotti.

Mar. Of the family which resides in this house?

App. Yes.

Mar. Humph!

App. What is your pleasure?

Mar. I should think there would be on that account less difficulty in deferring the ceremony till your return.

App. The ceremony!

Mar. Yes. The good honest parents will not think much about it.

App. The good honest parents!

Mar. And the lady will remain faithful to you of course.

App. Of course!——But indeed these expressions are used of course by a court-monkey.

Mar. This to me, count!

App. Why not?

Mar. Heaven and hell! You shall hear from me.

App. Pshaw! The monkey is envious, but—

Mar. Death and damnation! Count, I demand satisfaction.

App. You shall have it.

Mar. And would insist upon it instantly—did I not think it wrong to interrupt the bridegroom's joys.

App. Good-natured creature! You shall not put yourself to any inconvenience.—*(Seizes his arm.)*—I own an

embassy to Massa does not suit me, but I have time enough to take a walk with you. Come.

Mar.—*(Extricates himself from the* Count's *grasp.)*—Patience, my lord, patience! [*Exit.*

App. Go, worthless wretch.——I am obliged to him for having forced my blood into circulation. I feel better.

Enter CLAUDIA, *hastily and alarmed.*

Clau. Heavens! My lord—I overheard some warm expressions. Your cheeks glow with anger. What has happened?

App. Nothing, madam, nothing. The marquis has conferred a favour on me, by sparing me a visit to the prince.

Clau. Indeed!

App. We can therefore leave town at an earlier hour. I go to give orders respecting our departure, and shall return immediately. Emilia will, in the mean time, be ready.

Clau. May I be quite at ease, my lord?

App. Quite, I assure you. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the* Prince's *Palace at Dosalo.*

Enter PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Mar. In vain. He refused the proffered honour with indescribable contempt.

Prince. Thus ends all hope, then. Emilia will to-day be his.

Mar. According to all appearances, she will.

Prince. I relied so firmly on your project—but who knows how ridiculously you acted? I ought to have recollected that though a blockhead's counsel may be good, an ingenious man must execute it.

Mar. A pretty reward, this.

Prince. Why should you be rewarded?

Mar. For having risked my life in your behalf. Finding that neither serious nor contemptuous remarks could prevail upon the count to accept the dignity of your ambassador, I tried to rouse his anger. I said things to him which made him forget himself. He used insulting expressions, and I demanded satisfaction—yes, satisfaction on the spot. One of us must fall, thought I. Should it be his lot, the field is ours—should it be mine—why, he must fly, and the prince will at least gain time.

Prince. Did you act thus, Marinelli?

Mar. Yes—he, who is ready to sacrifice his life for princes, ought to be informed how grateful he will find them.

Prince. And how did the count act? Report says—that he is not the man, who would wait till satisfaction was a second time demanded.

Mar. Circumstances alter cases. He said that he had something of greater consequence than a duel to occupy his attention at that time, and added, that he should be ready to meet me in a week after his marriage—

Prince. With Emilia Galotti. The idea drives me to distraction. Thus, then, the affair ended, and now you come hither to boast that you have risked your life in my behalf.

Mar. What could I do more?

Prince. More! As if you had done any thing!

Mar. May I be allowed to ask what your highness has done? You were so fortunate as to see her at church—and spoke to her, of course.

Prince.—*(With a sneer.)*—You have curiosity enough—but I will satisfy it. All happened as I wished. You need take no further trouble, sir. She met my proposal more than half way. I ought to have taken her with me instantly.—*(In a cold and commanding tone.)*—Now you have had your answer, and may go.

Mar. And may go! Yes, yes. Thus the song ends, and thus it would end, were I to try impossibilities. Impossibilities did I say? No. Impossible it is not, but a bold attempt. Had we the girl in our power, I would answer for it that no marriage should take place.

Prince. Ay—you would answer for any thing. I suppose, for instance, you would like to take fifty of my guards, stop the coach on the high-way, and bear a shrieking girl in triumph to me.

Mar. There are instances of girls having been obtained by force, though there has been no appearance of force in the transaction.

Prince. If you were able to do this, you would not talk so much about it.

Mar. But I must not be answerable for the consequences. Unforeseen misfortunes may—

Prince. Is it my custom to require that people shall be answerable for what they cannot help?

Mar. Therefore, your highness will—(*A pistol is fired at a distance.*)—Ha! What was that? Did not my ears deceive me? Surely I heard a shot. And hark! Another!

Prince. What means this?

Mar. How if I were more active than you thought me?

Prince. More active! Explain, then—

Mar. In short, what I mentioned is now taking place.

Prince. Is it possible?

Mar. But forget not, prince, what you just now promised. You pledged your word that—

Prince. The preparations are surely arranged—

Mar. As well as possible. The execution of my plan is entrusted to people on whom I can rely. The road, as you know, lies at the end of your garden. There the carriage will be attacked by a party, whose only intention will apparently be to rob the travellers. Another party (one of whom is my trusty servant) will leap from the garden as if to assist those who are attacked. During the mock-battle between the two parties, my servant will seize Emilia, as if with the intention of rescuing her from the robbers, and bring her through the garden into the palace. This is the plan. What says your highness now?

Prince. You surprise me most extremely. A fearful sensation overpowers me.—(Marinelli *walks to the window.*)—For whom are you looking?

Mar. That must be the scene of action—and see, some one approaches in a mask—doubtless to acquaint me with the issue of the attempt. Withdraw awhile, prince.

Prince. Alas, Marinelli—

Mar. Well—now, doubtless, I have done too much—before too little.

Prince. Not so—not so—yet I cannot perceive—

Mar. Perceive!—All will be clear to you at once. Instantly withdraw, I do beseech you. Let not this fellow find you here. [*Exit* Prince.

Mar.—(*Goes again to the window.*)—I see the carriage slowly returning to town, and two servants with it. I do not like this appearance. I fear the plot has but half succeeded. A wounded man they would drive slowly—not a dead one.—The fellow in the mask comes nearer. 'Tis Angelo himself. He beckons to me—he must be certain that he has succeeded. Ha! Ha! Count Appiani. You refused an embassy to Massa, and have been obliged to go a longer journey. Who taught you so well to know a monkey? How do you like this monkey's trick?—(*Walks towards the door.*) —True—they are envious.—Well, Angelo?

Enter ANGELO, *with his mask in his hand.*

Ang. Be ready, my lord. She will be here directly.

Mar. How did you succeed in other respects?

Ang. As you wished, I have no doubt.

Mar. How is it with the count?

Ang. So, so. But he must have had some suspicions, for he was not quite unprepared.

Mar. Quick tell me—is he dead?

Ang. I am sorry for him, poor man—yes.

Mar. There! Take that for thy compassion.—(*Gives him a purse.*)

Ang. And our poor Nicholas, he was dispatched too.

Mar. What! Loss on both sides?

Ang. Yes. I could cry for the honest lad's fate; though I come in for another quarter of this purse by it; for I am his heir, because I revenged him. This is a law among us, and as good a law, methinks, as ever was made for the support of friendship and fidelity. This Nicholas, my lord—

Mar. No more of your Nicholas! The count—

Ang. True. The count finished him, and I finished the count. He fell, and though he might be alive when they put him into the coach, I'll answer for it that he will never come alive out of it.

Mar. Were you but sure of this Angelo—

Ang. Never trust me again, if it be not true.—Have you any further commands?—For I must be on the other side of the borders before sun-set.

Mar. Go, then.

Ang. Should any thing else occur in my way, you know where to hear of me, my lord. My terms will always be the most reasonable. [*Exit.*

Mar. 'Tis well—yet not so well as it might have been. Shame on thee, Angelo! Surely the count was worthy of a second shot. Now, the poor wretch must die in lingering agony. Shame on thee, Angelo! It was cruel not to dispatch him entirely.—The prince must not know what has happened. He himself must discover what advantages result to him from the count's death. Death!—What would I give for certainty upon this subject!

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. She comes, she comes. She hastens hither even quicker than the servant. Fear seems to make her fly. She must not as yet suspect our design. Her present purpose is but to escape the robbers.

Mar. We shall be in possession of her at all events.

Prince. But will not her mother come in search of her? Will not the count discover her retreat? What can we then do? How can I withhold her from them?

Mar. To all this I own I can make no reply. But we

must see. Compose yourself, prince. The first step was at all events necessary.

Prince. How so, if we be obliged to recede?

Mar. That may, perhaps, not be the case.—There are a thousand arts which may be used. Have you forgotten the chief one?

Prince. Forgotten! How can I have forgotten that of which I never thought? What mean you?

Mar. The art of pleasing and persuading—which in a prince who loves is never wanting.

Prince. Not wanting!—True, except when it is most necessary. I have already made a poor attempt in this art to-day. All my flattery, all my asseverations could not obtain one word from her. Mute, trembling, and abashed, she stood before me like a criminal, while listening to the judge's fatal sentence. Her alarms were infectious. I trembled also, and concluded by imploring her forgiveness. Scarcely dare I speak to her again—and at all events I dare not be present when she arrives. You, Marinelli, must receive her. I will listen to your conversation, and come when I feel more collected. [*Exit.*

Mar. If she did not see him fall—and of course she could not, as she fled so instantly.——I hear her, and will not meet her eye so suddenly.—(*Withdraws to a corner of the apartment.*)

Enter BAPTIST *and* EMILIA.

Bap. Into this room, dear lady.

Emi.—(*Scarcely able to breathe.*)—Oh!—I thank you, my friend—I thank you—But—Heavens! Where am I?—Quite alone too!—Where are my mother and the count?—They followed me I hope! They will soon be here?

Bap. Most likely they will.

Emi. Are you not certain, then? Did you not see them? Were not pistols fired behind us?

Bap. I did not hear them.

Emi. Surely, surely you did. Oh heavens! My mother or the count is murdered.

Bap. I'll go in search of them instantly.

Emi. Not without me! I'll go with you—I must go with you. Come friend.

Mar.—(*Approaches, as if he had just entered.*)—Ha! Fair lady! What misfortune, or rather what good fortune has procured me the honour—

Emi. How! You here, my lord! This, then, is, doubtless, your house. Pardon my intrusion. We have been attacked by robbers. Some good people came to our assistance, one of whom was this honest man, who took me out of the carriage and brought me hither. But I am alarmed to find that I alone am rescued. My mother is still in danger. Behind us I heard pistols fired. She is perhaps dead. Pardon me. I must away. I must return to the place, which I ought not to have quitted.

Mar. Compose yourself, dear lady. All is well. The beloved persons, for whom you feel this tender anxiety, will soon be here. Run, Baptist. They may perhaps not know where this lady is. See whether they have taken refuge in any house near the road, and conduct them hither instantly.

[*Exit* Baptist.

Emi. Are you sure they are safe? Has nothing happened to them? Oh what a day of terrors has this been to me! But I ought not to remain here. I ought to meet them.

Mar. Why so, dear lady? You are even now almost breathless. Rather compose yourself, and have the goodness to step into a room, where you will find less interruption

than in this. I am sure the prince has already found your worthy mother, and is conducting her hither.

Emi. Who?

Mar. Our gracious prince himself.

Emi.—(*Extremely terrified.*)—The prince!

Mar. He flew to your assistance as soon as he was informed of your situation. He is highly incensed that such a crime should have been committed so close to himself—nay almost before his eyes. He has sent persons in search of the villains, and if they be seized, their punishment will be most severe.

Emi. The prince! Where am I, then?

Mar. At Dosalo, the prince's palace.

Emi. What an accident! And you think he will soon be here? But with my mother, surely.

Mar. Here he is.

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. Where is she? Where is she?—We have been every where in search of you, dear lady. You are well, I hope? Now, all is well, The count and your mother—

Emi. Oh prince! Where are they? Where is my mother?

Prince. Not far from us—in the neighbourhood.

Emi. Heavens! In what a situation shall I find one or both of them? For your highness conceals from me—I perceive—

Prince. I conceal nothing, be assured. Lean on my arm, and accompany me to them.

Emi.—(*Irresolute.*)—But—if they be not wounded—if my presages be not true—why are they not already here?

Prince. Haste then, that all these sad presages may at once be banished,

Emi. What shall I do?—(*Wrings her hands.*)

Prince. How! Can you harbour any suspicion against me?

Emi.—(*Falls at his feet.*)—On my knees I entreat you—

Prince.—(*Raising her.*)—I am quite ashamed.—Yes, Emilia, I deserve this mute reproach. My conduct this morning cannot be justified. Pardon my weakness. I ought not to have made you uneasy by an avowal, from which I could expect no advantage. I was amply punished by the speechless agitation with which you listened to it. And though I may be allowed to think this accident the signal of more favourable fortune—this accident, which allows me to behold and speak to you again before my hopes for ever vanish—this accident, which gives me an opportunity of imploring your forgiveness—yet will I——do not tremble—yet will I rely entirely on your looks. Not a sigh, not a syllable shall offend you. All I beg is that you will not suspect me of any bad intention—that you will not for a moment doubt the unbounded influence which you possess over me—that you will never think you need the protection of another against me. And now come—come where transports, which you more approve, awaits you.—(*Leads her away not without opposition.*)—Follow us, Marinelli.

[*Exeunt* Prince *and* Emilia.

Mar.—(*Alone.*)—Follow us! That means of course—Follow us not. He will now find how far he can proceed with her, when no one witnesses their actions. All that I have to do is to prevent intrusion. On the part of the count I now do not expect it—but on that of her mother—Wonderful, indeed, would it be, were she to have quietly departed, leaving her daughter unprotected. Well, Baptist, what now?

Enter BAPTIST *in haste.*

Bap. The mother, my lord.

Mar. As I suspected. Where is she?

Bap. She will be here in a few moments, unless you prevent it. When you ordered me to look for her, I understood you, and felt little inclination for the employment. But by chance I heard her shrieks. She is in search of her daughter, and will, I fear, discover our whole plot. All the people, who inhabit this retired country, have gathered round her, and each vies with his neighbour for the pleasure of shewing her the way. Whether she has been told that you are here, or that the prince is here, I know not. What is to be done?

Mar. Let us consider.——Refuse her admittance when she knows that her daughter is here! That must not be. Her eyes will roll with anger, to be sure, when she finds her lambkin in the clutches of the wolf. Eyes! They would be of little consequence, but heaven have mercy on our ears! Well, well. A woman's lungs are not inexhaustible. She will be silent, when she can bawl no longer. Besides, the mother it is whom we should gain over to our side—and if I be a judge of mothers—to be a sort of prince's stepmother would flatter most of them. Let her come, Baptist, let her come.

Bap. Hark, my lord!

Clau.—(*Within.*)—Emilia! Emilia! My child! Where are you?

Mar. Go, Baptist, and use your endeavours to dismiss her inquisitive conductors.

As Baptist *is going,* Claudia *meets him.*

Clau. Ha! You took her out of the carriage. You led her away. I know you again. Where is she? Speak, wretch.

Bap. Is this your way of returning thanks?

Clau. Oh, if you merit thanks—(*In a mild tone*)—forgive me, worthy man. Where is she? Let me no longer be deprived of her. Where is she?

Bap. She could not be more safe, were she protected by angels. My master, here, will conduct you to her.—(*Observes that some people are attempting to follow* Claudia.)—Back there! Begone. [*Exit, driving them away.*

Clau. Your master;—(*Espies* Marinelli, *and starts.*)—Ha! Is this your master?—You here, sir—and my daughter here—and you—you will conduct me to her?

Mar. With great pleasure, madam.

Clau. Hold! A circumstance just occurs to me. It was you, I think, with whom I this morning left count Appiani at my house, and with whom he afterwards had a quarrel?

Mar. Quarrel! That I did not know. We had a trifling dispute respecting affairs of state.

Clau. And Marinelli is your name?

Mar. The Marquis Marinelli.

Clau. True. Hear, then, Marquis Marinelli. Your name, accompanied with a curse——but no—I will not wrong the noble youth—the curse was added by myself—your name was the last word uttered by the dying count.

Mar. The dying count! Count Appiani!————You hear, madam, what most surprises me in this your strange address. The dying count! What else you mean to imply, I know not.

Clau.—(*With asperity, and in a deliberate tone.*)—Marinelli was the last words uttered by the dying count. Do you understand me now? I myself did not at first understand it, though it was spoken in a tone—a tone, which I still hear. Where were my senses that I could not understand it *instantly?*

Mar. Well, madam, I was always the count's friend—

his intimate friend. If, therefore, he mentioned my name at the hour of death—

Clau. Yes—and in what tone did he mention it? I cannot imitate it—I cannot describe it—but it signified—every thing.——What! Were we attacked by robbers? No—by assassins—by hired assassins——and Marinelli was the last word uttered by the dying count, in such a tone—

Mar. In such a tone! Did any one ever hear that the tone used by a man at the moment of alarm was made a ground of accusation against an upright man?

Clau. Oh that I could appear before a tribunal of justice, and imitate that tone!——Yet—wretch that I am! I forget my daughter. Where is she? Dead too! Was it my daughter's fault that Appiani was thy enemy?

Mar. I revere the mother's fears, and therefore pardon you. Come, madam. Your daughter is in one of the adjoining rooms, and I hope her alarms are by this time at an end. With the tenderest solicitude is the prince himself employed in comforting her.

Clau. Who?

Mar. The prince.

Clau. The prince!—Wretched mother that I am!—And her father, her father! He will curse the day of her birth. He will curse me.

Mar. For heaven's sake, madam, what idea have you now adopted?

Clau. It is clear. To-day—at church—before the eyes of the Redeemer—in the presence of the Eternal Judge, this act of villany began. Murderer! Mean cowardly murderer! Thou wert not bold enough to meet him face to face, but wert base enough to bribe assassins that another might be gratified. Thou scum of murderers! Why may I not spit my gall into thy face—thou *pander*?

Mar. You rave, good woman. Moderate your tone, and remember where you are.

Clau. Where I am! What cares the lioness, when robbed of her young, in whose forest she roars?

Emi.—(*Within.*)—Ha! My mother! I hear my mother's voice.

Clau. 'Tis she. She has heard me. Where are you my child?—I come, I come.

[*Rushes into the room, followed by* Marinelli.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*As in the last act. Enter* PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Prince. Come, Marinelli, I must collect myself—I must have information from you.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! Had you seen the frantic conduct of the mother, in this room! You heard how she raved and bawled—yet how tame she was as soon as she beheld you! Ha! ha! Yes—I never yet knew the mother who scratched a prince's eyes out, because he thought her daughter handsome.

Prince. You are not a correct observer. Did not Emilia fall senseless into her mother's arms? This made the mother forget her rage. It was her daughter, not me, whom she spared! When, in a low voice, she uttered——what I myself had rather not have heard—had rather not have understood.

Mar. What means your highness?

Prince. Why this dissimulation? Answer me. Is it true or false?

Mar. And if it were true—

Prince. If it were! It is, then—He is dead.—*(In a threatening tone.)*—Marinelli! Marinelli!

Mar. Well?

Prince. By just heaven I swear that I am innocent of the blood which has been shed. Had you previously told me that the count's life must be sacrificed—God is my witness I would as soon have consented that my own should be sacrificed.

Mar. Had I previously told you! As if the count's death was part of my plan! I charged Angelo that on his

soul he should take care no harm was done; and this, too, would have been the case, had not the count irritated the assailants, by shooting one of them.

Prince. To be sure he ought to have understood the joke better.

Mar. That Angelo was enraged, and instantly avenged his comrade's death——

Prince. Is certainly very natural.

Mar. I have chided him not a little for it.

Prince. Indeed! How friendly! Advise him never to appear again in my dominions; for I might do something more than chide him.

Mar. Very well, I and Angelo.—Accident and premeditated murder seem to your highness the same. Remember, however, the promise claimed by me, that I was not to be answerable for any of the misfortunes which might arise.

Prince. Which might—or which should arise, did you say?

Mar. Still better! But, before you tell me in plain terms what you think of me, I beg leave to make one remark.—The count's death is by no means a matter of indifference to me. I had demanded satisfaction of him. He left the world without having granted it; and my honour, consequently, remains injured. Allowing, therefore, that in any other situation I might deserve the suspicion to which you have alluded, can I in this?—(*With assumed anger.*)—He who can have such an opinion of me—

Prince.—(*Yielding.*)—Well, well!

Mar. Oh that he were still alive! I would give all that I possess;—(*With acrimony*)—even the favour of my prince—even that invaluable treasure would I give.

Prince. Well, well! I understand you. His death was accidental, merely accidental—you assure me that it was so, and I believe it. But will any one else believe it? Will Emilia—her mother—the world?

Mar.—(*Coldly.*)—It is not probable.

Prince. What, then, will they believe? You shrug your shoulders. They will suppose this Angelo an instrument employed by me.

Mar.—(*Still more coldly.*)—That is very probable.

Prince. Me! me myself!—or from this hour I must renounce all hopes of ever possessing Emilia.

Mar.—(*In a tone of perfect indifference.*)—Which you must also have done, had the count lived.

Prince.—(*Violently.*)—Marinelli!—(*Checking his warmth*)—But you shall not rouse my anger. Be it so. It is so. You mean to imply that the count's death is a favourable circumstance for me;—the most favourable which could have happened—the only circumstance which could assist my passion—and, since this is the case, no matter how it happened. A count more or less in the world is of little consequence. Do these sentiments suit you?—I am not alarmed at a petty crime; but of what avail is this? It has opened a passage only again to bar it. Such is the consequence of your wise, deep-laid plan.

Mar. My plan would have succeeded in every respect had not you interfered with it.

Prince. I!

Mar. Allow me to say that the step which you took at church this morning was not likely to aid it.

Prince. How did that interfere with it?

Mar. In a material point. When I undertook the business, Emilia and her mother were ignorant of the prince's attachment. How if I formed my foundation upon this circumstance, while the prince was undermining my building.

Prince.—(*Striking his forehead.*)—Damnation!

Mar. How, if he himself betrayed his intentions?

Prince. Cursed idea.

Mar. For had he not himself declared his passion, what

part of my plan could now have raised the least suspicion in the mind of the mother or the daughter?

Prince. True! true!

Mar. You will pardon me, therefore, if——

Enter BAPTIST *hastily.*

Bap. The countess is arrived.

Prince. What countess?

Bap. Orsina, may it please your highness.

Prince. Orsina! Please me! Marinelli!

Mar. I am as much astonished as yourself.

Prince.—(*To* Bap.)—Go—run—fly. She must not alight. I am not here—not here to her. She must return. Go, go.

[*Exit* Baptist.

What does the silly woman want? How dares she take this liberty? By what means could she know that we were here? Is she come to be a spy upon my actions? Can she have heard of my new passion? Oh, Marinelli, speak, answer me. Is the man offended, who so often has declared himself my friend—and offended by a mere paltry altercation? Shall I beg your pardon?

Mar. Prince, as soon as you become yourself, I always instantly am yours again. The arrival of Orsina is as enigmatical to me as to you. But she will hardly brook the dismissal you have sent. What will you do?

Prince. I will not speak to her. I will withdraw.

Mar. Right! Do so instantly, and let me receive her.

Prince. But merely for the purpose of telling her to go. Enter no further into conversation with her, for other things demand our attention.

Mar. Not so, not so. These other things are done. Summon resolution. What is still wanting will follow of its own accord. But do I not hear her? Hasten prince. In that room—(*Pointing to an adjoining apartment, to which the*

Prince *retires*)—you may, if you please, listen to our conversation. I fear it will not be very grateful to your ears.

Enter COUNTESS ORSINA.

Ors.—(*Without perceiving* Marinelli.)—What means this? No one comes to meet me, but a shameless servant, who endeavours to obstruct my entrance. Surely I am at Dosalo, where, on former occasions, an army of attendants rushed to receive me—where love and ecstasy awaited me. Yes. The place is the same, but——Ha! you here, Marinelli. I am glad the prince has brought you with him. Yet, no. My business with his highness must be transacted with his highness only. Where is he?

Mar. You suppose that he is here, then,—or know that he is here. He, however, does not expect a visit from your ladyship.

Ors. Indeed! Surely, then, he did not receive my letter this morning.

Mar. Your letter! But—yes. I remember he mentioned that he had received one.

Ors. Well? Did I not in that letter request he would meet me here to-day? I own he did not think proper to return a written answer; but I learnt that in an hour he actually drove from town to Dosalo. This I thought a sufficient answer, and therefore came.

Mar. An odd accident!

Ors. Accident! It was an agreement—at least as good as an agreement. On my part the letter—on his the deed. —Why this appearance of surprise?

Mar. You seemed yesterday resolved never to appear before the prince again.

Ors. Calm reflection has made me abandon that resolution. Where is he? Where is he? Probably in the cham-

ber where I heard a noise. I wanted to go in, but the impertinent servant would not let me pass.

Mar. Dearest countess—

Ors. I heard a female shriek. What means this, Marinelli? Tell me—if I be your dearest countess—tell me. You will not. Then I will see what it means. *-(Going.)*

Mar. Hold, countess! Whither go you?

Ors. Where I ought to have been long since. Is it proper, think you, that I should waste my time in idle conversation with you, when the prince expects me?

Mar. You are mistaken, countess. The prince does not expect you here. He cannot see you—will not see you.

Ors. And yet is here, in consequence of my letter.

Mar. Not in consequence of your letter.

Ors. He received it, you say.

Mar. Yes, but he did not read it.

Ors.—(Violently.)—Not read it!—*(Less violently.)*—Not read it!—*(Sorrowfully, and wiping away a tear.)*—Not even read it!

Mar. From absence, not contempt.

Ors.—(With pride.)—Contempt! Who thought of such a thing? To whom do you use the term? Marinelli, you are a frontless comforter. Contempt! Contempt! To me!—*(In a milder tone.)*—It is true that he no longer loves me, and some other sensation must fill the place which love occupied in his mind. But why should this be contempt? May it not merely be indifference?

Mar. Certainly, certainly.

Ors.—(With a scornful look.)—Certainly! What a wise man art thou, who can be taught by others to say what they please! Indifference! indifference in the place of love!—That means nothing in the place of something. For learn, thou mimical court-parrot, learn from a woman, that indifference is an empty word, a sound without a meaning. The

mind can only be indifferent to that of which it does not think. Can you comprehend me, man?

Mar.—(*Aside.*)—'Tis as I feared.

Ors. Why do you mutter?

Mar. I was admiring your remarks. Who does not know that the countess Orsina is a philosopher?

Ors. True. I am a philosopher. But have I now shewn it—or did I ever shew it? If so, no wonder were it if the prince despised me. How can man love a creature which in despite of him will *think*? A woman who thinks is as disgusting as a man who uses paint. She ought to laugh—to do nothing but laugh, that the mighty lords of the creation may be kept in good humour——Ha! ha! ha!—— What makes me laugh now, Marinelli? Why the accidental circumstance that I should write requesting the prince to come hither—that he should not read my letter, and nevertheless come. Ha! ha! ha! 'Tis an odd accident, and really amusing. Why don't you laugh, Marinelli? The mighty lords of the creation may laugh, though we may not think.—(*In a solemn and commanding tone.*)—Laugh, marquis.

Mar. Immediately, countess, immediately.

Ors. And while you speak the proper moment passes. No. Do not laugh—for, mark me, Marinelli, that which makes me laugh, has, like every thing in the world, its serious side. Accident! Could it be accidental that the prince, who little thought of seeing me, *must* see me?—Accident! Believe me, Marinelli, the word accident is blasphemy. Nothing under the sun is accidental, and least of all can this be so, of which the purpose is so evident.—Almighty and all-bounteous Providence, forgive that I with this weak sinner have given the name of accident to what so plainly is thy work—yes, thy immediate work.—(*In a hasty tone to* Marinelli.)—Dare not to lead me thus astray from truth again.

Mar. But, countess—

Ors. Peace with your *but*—that term demands reflection, and—my head, my head!—(*Puts her hand to her forehead.*)—Contrive that I may speak to the prince immediately, or I fear I shall not be capable of doing it. You see, Marinelli, that I must speak to him—that I will speak to him.

Enter PRINCE.

Prince.—(*Aside as he advances.*)—I must come to his assistance.

Ors.—(*Espies him, but remains irresolute whether to approach him or not.*)—Ha! There he is.

Prince.—(*Walks straight across the room towards the other apartments.*)—Ha! The fair countess, as I live. How sorry I am that I cannot to-day enjoy the happiness which your society always affords me. I am engaged, and am not alone. Another time, dear countess, another time. At present detain yourself no longer—no longer, I beg. And you, Marinelli—I want you. [*Exit.*

Mar. Your ladyship has now heard, from himself, what you would not believe when I mentioned it.

Ors.—(*As if petrified.*)—Have I? Have I indeed?

Mar. Most certainly.

Ors.—(*Deeply affected.*)—"I am engaged, and am not alone." Is this the only excuse which I am worth? An excuse with which every petitioner, every importuning beggar is dismissed? Could he not even frame one little falsehood for me? Engaged! With what? Not alone! Who is with him? Marinelli, be compassionate—tell me a falsehood. What can a falsehood cost you? What has he to do? Who is with him? Tell me, tell me. Say any thing which first occurs to you, and I will go.

Mar.—(*Aside.*)—On this condition I may tell her part of the truth.

Ors. Quick, Marinelli, and I will go. He said, "Another time, dear countess!" Did he not? That he may keep his promise—that he may have no pretext to break it—quick, then, Marinelli—tell me a falsehood, and I will go.

Mar. The prince, dear countess, is really not alone. There are persons with him, whom he cannot leave for a moment—persons, who have just escaped imminent danger. Count Appiani—

Ors. Is with him! What a pity that I know this to be false! In an instant think of something else; for count Appiani, if you do not know it, has been just assassinated by robbers. I met the carriage with his body in it as I came from town. Or did I not? Was it a dream?

Mar. Alas, it was not a dream. But they, who accompanied the count were rescued, and are now in this palace; namely, a lady to whom he was betrothed, and whom, with her mother, he was conducting to Sabionetta, there to celebrate his nuptials.

Ors. A lady and her mother! Is the lady handsome?

Mar. The prince is extremely sorry for her situation.

Ors. That he would be, I hope, even if she were hideous—for her fate is dreadful. Poor girl! At the moment he was to become thine for ever, he was torn for ever from thee. Who is she? Do I know her? I have of late been so much out of town, that I am ignorant of every thing!

Mar. Her name is Emilia Galotti.

Ors. What? Emilia Galotti! Oh Marinelli, let me not think thou speakest the truth.

Mar. Why?

Ors. Emilia Galotti!

Mar. Yes. It is improbable that you should know her.

Ors. I do know her—though I might not yesterday. Emilia Galotti! Answer me seriously. Is Emilia Galotti

the unfortunate lady, whom the prince is engaged in consoling?

Mar.—*(Aside.)*—Can I have disclosed too much?

Ors. And was count Appiani her destined bridegroom—the count Appiani who was shot to-day?

Mar. Exactly.

Ors.—*(Clapping her hands.)*—Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

Mar. What now?

Ors. I could kiss the demon that tempted him to do it.

Mar. Whom? Tempted? To do what?

Ors. Yes, I could kiss him—even wert thou that demon, Marinelli.

Mar. Countess!

Ors. Come hither. Look at me—stedfastly—eye to eye.

Mar. Well?

Ors. Know you not my thoughts?

Mar. How can I?

Ors. Have you no concern in it?

Mar. In what?

Ors. Swear. No, do not swear, for that might be another crime. But yes—swear. One sin more or less is of no consequence to a man, who is already damned. Have you no concern in it?

Mar. You alarm me, countess.

Ors. Indeed! Now, Marinelli—has your good heart no suspicion?

Mar. Suspicion! Respecting what?

Ors. 'Tis well. Then I will entrust you with a secret—a secret, which will make each hair upon your head bristle towards heaven. But here, so close to the door, some one might overhear us, and—*(Puts her finger to her mouth)*—mark me, it is a secret—a profound secret.—*(Places her mouth to his ear, as if about to whisper, and shouts as loudly as she is able.)*—The prince is a murderer.

Mar. Countess! Countess! Have you lost your senses?

Ors. Senses! Ha! ha! ha! I have very seldom, if ever, been so satisfied with my understanding as I am at this moment. Depend upon it, Marinelli—but it must remain a secret between us—(*In a low voice*)—the prince is a murderer—the murderer of count Appiani. The count was not assassinated by robbers, but by bravoes whom the prince employed.

Mar. How can such a horrid suspicion fall from your lips, or enter your imagination?

Ors. How! Very naturally. To this Emilia Galotti, who is now in the palace, and whose bridegroom was thus suddenly dispatched—to this Emilia Galotti did the prince to-day declare his passion in the church of the Dominicans. That I know, for my spies not only saw it, but heard what he said. Now, sir, have I lost my senses? Methinks I connect the circumstances which belong to each other very tolerably. Or has all this happened, too, by accident? Marinelli, you no more comprehend the wickedness of man, than the ways of Providence.

Mar. Countess, your life would be in danger—

Ors. Were I to mention this again? So much the better! So much the better! To-morrow I will repeat it aloud in the market-place—and, if any one contradict me—if any one contradict me, he was the murderer's accomplice. Farewel.

As she is going, ODOARDO *meets her.*

Odo. Pardon me, gracious lady—

Ors. I can grant no pardon here, for I have no command. You must apply to this gentleman.—(*Pointing to* Marinelli.)

Mar.—(*Aside.*)—The father! This completes the matter.

Odo. Pardon an anxious father, sir, for entering unannounced.

Ors. Father!—(*Aside.*)—Of Emilia, no doubt! Ha! Thou art welcome.

Odo. A servant came in haste to tell me that my family was in danger. I flew to the place he mentioned, and was there informed that count Appiani is wounded—that he is carried back to town—and that my wife and daughter found refuge in this palace. Where are they, sir, where are they?

Mar. Be at ease, colonel. Your wife and daughter are as well as can be expected after the alarm. The prince is with them. I will immediately announce you.

Odo. Why is it necessary to announce me?

Mar. Why!—You know, sir, that you are not upon the most friendly footing with the prince. Gracious as may be his conduct towards the ladies, will your unexpected appearance be welcome to him?

Odo. You are right, sir, you are right.

Mar. But, countess, may I not first have the honour of handing you to your carriage?

Ors. By no means.

Mar.—(*Taking her hand, not in the most gentle way.*)—Allow me to do what civility requires.

Ors. Release me, sir. There is no occasion. Why should civility precede duty? To announce this worthy man immediately is your duty.

Mar. Have you forgotten what the prince himself commanded?

Ors. Let him come, and repeat his commands. I shall expect him.

Mar.—(*Draws* Odoardo *aside.*)—I am obliged to leave you, colonel, with a lady, whose intellects—you understand me. I mention this that you may know in what way to treat her remarks, which are sometimes of a very singular nature. It would be better were you not to enter into conversation with her.

Odo. Very well, sir. Hasten, I beseech you.

[*Exit* Marinelli.

Ors.—*(After a pause, during which she has surveyed* Odoardo *with a look of compassion, while he has cast towards her a glance of curiosity.)*—Alas! What has he said to you, unfortunate man?

Odo.—*(Half aside.)*—Unfortunate!

Ors. Truth it certainly was not—at least not one of those mournful truths which await you.

Odo. Which await me! Do I, then, not know enough? Madam—but proceed, proceed.

Ors. You know nothing.

Odo. Nothing.

Ors. Worthy father!—What would I give that you were my father. Pardon me. The unfortunate so willingly bind themselves to each other. I would faithfully share your sorrows—and your rage.

Odo. Sorrows and rage! Madam—but I forget—Go on.

Ors. Should she even be your only daughter—your only hild—but it matters not. The unfortunate child is always e only one.

Odo. Unfortunate!—Madam!—Why do I attend to her? Y et, by heaven, no lunatic speaks thus.

Ors. Lunatic? That, then, was the secret, which he took you aside to communicate. Well, well.—It is perhaps not one of his greatest falsehoods. I feel something like it—and believe me, sir—they who, under certain circumstances, do not lose their intellects, have none to lose.

Odo. What shall I think?

Ors. Treat me not with contempt, old man. You have firm intellects. I know it by your resolute and venerable mien. Yet firm as they may be—I need but speak one word—and they are gone.

Odo. Oh, madam, I shall have none before you speak that word, unless you speak it soon.—Speak, I conjure you—or it is not true that you belong to the good class of

lunatics who claim our pity and respect—you are a common fool. You have not what you never had.

Ors. Mark my words, then. What do you know, who fancy that you know enough?—That Appiani is wounded? Wounded only? He is dead.

Odo. Dead! Dead!—Woman, you abide not by your promise. You wish to rob me of my intellects, when, alas, you break my heart.

Ors. Thus much by the way. Now, let me proceed—The bridegroom is dead—and the bride—your daughter—worse than dead.

Odo. Worse! Worse than dead!—Confess she too is dead—for I know but one thing worse than death.

Ors. She is alive, and now will first enjoy the luxuries of life. A life of joy, of bliss, of ecstasy—as long as it endures.

Odo. The word, madam! Out with the single word, which will deprive me of my intellects! Distil not thus your poison drop by drop. The single word!

Ors. You yourself shall put the letters of it together. This morning the prince spoke to your daughter at church, this afternoon he has her at Dosalo—at his retired—his secret palace.

Odo. The prince spoke to my daughter at church?

Ors. With familiarity and fervour. What they had to agree upon was not a trifle—and if they did agree—if your daughter made this her voluntary asylum—why, then, the prince is not guilty of positive seduction, but merely of a *trifling* murder.

Odo. Calumny! Infamous calumny! I know my daughter. If there be murder in the case, there is seduction also. —(*Looks wildly around and stamps.*)—Now, Claudia! Have we not lived to see a day of joy?—Oh the gracious prince! Oh the peculiar honour!

Ors.—(*Aside.*)—Have I roused thee, old man?

Odo. Here I stand before the robber's cave.—(*Throws*

his coat back on both sides, and perceives he has no fire arms.) —I should not have been surprised had I, through haste, forgotten these my hands.—(*Feeling in all his pockets.*)—Nothing, nothing.

Ors. Ha! I understand, and can assist you. I have brought this.—(*Produces a dagger.*)—There! Take it, ere any one observes us. I have something else too—poison—but that is fit for women, not for men. Take this,—(*Forcing the dagger upon him.*)—take it.

Odo. I thank thee. If any one again assert thou art a lunatic, he shall not say it with impunity.

Ors. Conceal it instantly.—(Odoardo *hides the dagger.*)—I have no opportunity of using it. Such will not be your case—If you be a man, you will know when and how to use it. I am but a woman, yet I was resolute when I came hither—resolute and armed. In you I can confide—for you and I are by the same seducer injured.—Oh, if you knew how unutterably, how incomprehensibly I have been injured by him, you would almost forget his conduct towards yourself. Do you know me? I am Orsina—the deluded forsaken Orsina—perhaps forsaken for your daughter.—But I do not mean to blame your daughter. Soon she also will be forsaken—then another—another—and another.—Ha!—(*As if in rapture.*)—What a celestial thought! When all, who have been victims of his arts shall form a band—when we shall be converted into demons—furies—what transport will it be to tear him piecemeal, mangle his limbs, and wallowing through his entrails, wrench from its seat the traitor's heart—that heart he promised to bestow on each of us, and gave to none. What glorious revelry!

Enter CLAUDIA.

Clau.—(*Looks round, and as soon as she espies her husband, flies to meet him.*)—I was right.—Our protector, our deli-

verer! Are you really here? Do I indeed behold you, Odoardo? Their whispers and their manner made me suppose it was the case. What shall I say to you, if you as yet know nothing? What shall I say to you if you know every thing?—But we are innocent. I am innocent. Your daughter is innocent.

Odo.—(*Who, on seeing his wife, has endeavoured to compose himself.*)—'Tis well. Be calm, and answer me,—(*To* Orsina)—not that I doubt your information, madam.——Is the count dead?

Clau. Alas, yes.

Odo. Is it true that the prince spoke this morning to Emilia when at church?

Clau. It is; but if you knew how much she was alarmed —with what terror she rushed into the room where you had left me—

Ors. Now was my information false?

Odo.—(*With a revengeful smile.*)—I would not that it were! For worlds I would not that it were!

Ors. Am I a lunatic?

Odo.—(*Wildly pacing the apartment.*)—No—nor as yet am I.

Clau. You commanded me to be calm, and I obeyed— My dear husband, may I entreat—

Odo. What do you mean? Am I not calm?—Who can be calmer than I am?—(*Suppressing his fury.*)—Does Emilia know that Appiani is no more?

Clau. She cannot know it, but I fear that she suspects it, because he does not appear.

Odo. She weeps and shrieks, then—

Clau. No longer. You know her. She is the most timid, yet the most resolute of her sex—incapable of governing her first impressions; but after the least consideration calm and prepared for every thing. She keeps the prince at a distance

—she speaks to him in a tone——Contrive, dear Odoardo, that we may depart immediately.

Odo. I came on horseback hither. What is to be done? You madam will probably return to town?

Ors. Immediately.

Odo. May I request you to take my wife with you.

Ors. That I will do with pleasure.

Odo. Claudia, this is the Countess Orsina, my friend and benefactress. Accompany her to town, and send our carriage hither instantly. Emilia must not return to Guastalla. She shall go with me.

Clau. But if—I am unwilling to leave her.

Odo. Is not her father here? I shall be admitted at last. No objections! Come, my lady.—(*Apart to her.*)—You shall hear from me. Come, Claudia. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*As before.* *Enter* PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Mar. From this window your highness may see him—He is walking to and fro. Now he bends this way. He comes—No, he turns again.—He is still at variance with himself—but is much calmer than he was, or at least appears to be so. To us it is immaterial which is really the case. Baptist says that he desired his wife to send the carriage hither as soon as she reached town, for he came on horseback. Observe my words. When he appears before your highness, he will humbly return thanks for the gracious protection which you were pleased to afford his family, recommend himself and daughter to your further favour, quietly return to town, and with perfect submission await the further interest which your highness may think proper to take in the welfare of his child.

Prince. But should he not be so tame—and I know him too well to expect it———He may, perhaps, choak his suspicions, and suppress his indignation, but instead of taking Emilia to town, he may bury her in the country, or place her in some cloister beyond my dominions. What can then be done?

Mar. Love is ever fearful. He will not—

Prince. But, if he were to do it, what would the death of the unfortunate count avail us?

Mar. Why these side glances? The conqueror stalks forward, and heeds not whether friend or foe fall near him.—And should he even wish to proceed in the way that your fears predict—(*After some consideration.*)—I have it. Be

assured the wish shall be the end of his success. I'll mar his plan.—But we must not lose sight of him.—(*Walks again to the window.*)—He had almost surprised us.—He comes. Let us withdraw awhile, and you shall hear how I'll defeat the project which you fear.

Prince.—(*In a threatening tone.*)—But Marinelli—

Mar. The most innocent thing in the world. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ODOARDO.

Odo. Still no one here! 'Tis well. They allow me time to become cool. Nothing is more contemptible than a hoary-headed man transported with a youth's ungovernable fury. I have often said this, yet I suffered myself to be hurried away——by whom? By a woman whom jealousy had driven to distraction. What has injured virtue to do with the revenge of vice? I have but to save the former. And thy cause, my son———I could never weep—and will not learn it now. There is *another*, who will undertake thy cause. Sufficient will it be for me that thy murderer does not enjoy the fruit of his transgression. May this torment him more than even the crime itself, and when at length loathsome satiety shall drive him from one excess to another, may the recollection of having failed in this, poison the enjoyment of them all. In every dream may my Emilia appear to him, and at her side the murdered count—and when, in spite of this, he stretches forth his arms to seize the prize, may the derision and loud laughter of the damned sound in his ears, and wake him to be wretched.

Enter MARINELLI.

Mar. We have been looking for you, sir.

Odo. Has my daughter been here?

Mar. No—but the prince—

Odo. I beg his pardon. I conducted the countess to her carriage.

Mar. Well! And where is your lady?

Odo. She accompanied the countess for the purpose of sending my carriage hither. I only request that the prince will have the goodness to let me stay with my daughter till it arrives.

Mar. Why this ceremony? The prince would have conveyed both the ladies to town with the greatest pleasure.

Odo. One of them would have been under the necessity of declining that honour.

Mar. How so?

Odo. My daughter shall not go to Guastalla again.

Mar. Indeed! Why not?

Odo. Count Appiani is dead.

Mar. For that very reason—

Odo. She shall go with me.

Mar. With you!

Odo. With me.—I tell you the count is dead. What therefore has she to do in Guastalla? She shall go with me.

Mar. The future residence of the lady must certainly depend upon her father—but at present—

Odo. Well? What?

Mar. At present you must allow her to be conveyed to Guastalla.

Odo. I must allow! And why?

Mar. Why! Consider—

Odo.—(*Incensed.*)—Consider! The matter needs no consideration. She must and shall go with me.

Mar. We need have no contention on the subject, sir. I may be mistaken. What I think necessary may not be so. The prince is the best judge—he, therefore, will decide. I shall bring him to you. [*Exit*

Odo. How! Never! Prescribe to me whither she shall

go! Withold her from me! Who will do this?—Who dares attempt it! He, who dares here do any thing he pleases!——'Tis well, 'tis well. Then shall he see what I dare attempt. Short-sighted voluptuary! I defy thee.—He, who regards no law, is as independent as the prince, who is subject to no law. Come on, come on.——But what am I saying? My temper is again overpowering the dictates of my reason. What will not a courtier assert? Better would it have been, had I allowed him to proceed. He would have stated the pretext for conveying my daughter to Guastalla, and I could now have prepared myself to make a proper reply.—But can my reply be otherwise!—I hear footsteps. I will be calm.

Enter PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Prince. My dear worthy Galotti, I hope you are well. Some accident must happen ere I can hope to see you—but I do not mean to reproach you.

Odo. I have ever thought it wrong to force myself into the presence of my prince. He will send for those whom he wants. Even now I beg pardon—

Prince. Would that many, whom I know, possessed this modest pride!—But to the subject. You are, doubtless, eager to see your daughter. She is again alarmed on account of her mother's sudden departure. And why should she have departed? I only waited till the terrors of your lovely daughter were removed, and then should have conveyed the ladies in triumph to Guastalla. Your arrival has diminished the pleasure of this triumph; but I will not entirely resign it.

Odo. Your highness honours me too much. Allow me to spare my unfortunate child the various mortifications, which friendship and enmity, compassion and malignity, prepare for her in town.

Prince. Of the sweet comforts, which the friendly and compassionate bestow, it would be cruelty to rob her; but against all the mortifications of enmity and malice, believe me, *I* will guard her, dear Galotti.

Odo. Prince, the affection of a father makes him unwilling that others should participate his cares. I think I know what alone suits my daughter in her present situation. Retirement from the world—a cloister as soon as possible.

Prince. A cloister!

Odo. Till then, let her weep under the protection of her father.

Prince. Shall so much beauty wither in a cloister?—Should one disappointment make us irreconcileable to the world?—But as you please. No one has a right to dictate to you. Take your daughter wherever you think proper, dear Galotti.

Odo.—(*To* Marinelli.)—Now, sir?

Mar. Nay, if you call upon me to speak—

Odo. By no means, by no means.

Prince. What has happened between you two?

Odo. Nothing whatever. We were only settling which of us had been deceived in your highness.

Prince. How so?—Speak, Marinelli.

Mar. I am sorry to interfere with what your highness has adjusted, but friendship commands that I should make an appeal to you.

Prince. What friendship?

Mar. Your highness knows how sincerely I was attached to count Appiani—how our souls seemed to be interwoven—

Odo. Does his highness know that? Then is he indeed the only one who knows it.

Mar. Appointed his avenger by himself—

Odo. You!

Mar. Ask your lady. My name was the last word he

uttered, and in such a tone——Oh may that dreadful tone sound in my ears for ever, if I do not exert every nerve to discover and to punish the offenders!

Prince. Rely upon my utmost aid.

Odo. And upon my most fervent wishes. All this is well. But what further?

Prince. That I, too, want to know.

Mar. It is suspected that the count was not attacked by robbers—

Odo.—(*With a sneer.*)—Indeed!

Mar. But that a rival hired assassins to dispatch him.

Odo.—(*With acrimony.*)—Indeed! A rival!

Mar. Exactly.

Odo. Well then—Heaven's lightnings blast him!

Mar. A rival—and a favoured rival too.

Odo. How! Favoured! What say you?

Mar. Nothing but what Fame reports.

Odo. Favoured! Favoured by my daughter!

Mar. That cannot be. Were you to say it I would contradict it. But,—(*Turning to the* Prince)—though no prejudice, however well-grounded it may appear, can be of any weight in the scale of justice, yet it will, nevertheless, be absolutely necessary that the unfortunate lady should be examined.

Prince. True.—Undoubtedly.

Mar. And where can this be done but in Guastalla?

Prince. There you are right, Marinelli, there you are right.—This alters the affair, dear Galotti. You yourself must perceive—

Odo. Yes! I perceive——what I perceive. Oh God! Oh God!

Prince. What now? What is the matter?

Odo. I am only angry with myself for not having foreseen what I now perceive. Well, then—she shall return to Guastalla. I will take her to her mother, and till she has

been acquitted, after the most rigid examination, I myself will not leave Guastalla. For who knows—(*With a smile of bitter irony.*)—Who knows whether the court of justice may not think it necessary to examine me?

Mar. It is very possible. In such cases justice rather does too much than too little. I therefore even fear—

Prince. What? What do you fear?

Mar. That the mother and daughter will not, at present, be allowed access to each other!

Odo. Not allowed access to each other!

Mar. It will be necessary to keep them separate.

Odo. To keep the mother and the daughter separate!

Mar. The mother, the daughter, and the father. The forms of the court absolutely enjoin this caution—and I assure your highness that it hurts me to be under the necessity of suggesting that Emilia ought, at all events, to be placed in proper custody.

Odo. Proper custody!—Oh prince, prince!—But yes—of course, of course!—Right! In proper custody!—This is justice, no doubt.—(*Hastily puts his hand into the pocket, in which he concealed the dagger.*)

Prince.—(*In a soothing tone.*)—Compose yourself, dear Galotti.

Odo.—(*Aside, drawing his hand, without the dagger, from his pocket.*)—That was spoken by his guardian angel.

Prince. You are mistaken. You do not understand him. You think, perhaps, when you hear the word custody, of a prison and a dungeon.

Odo. Let me think of them, and I shall be at ease.

Prince. Not a word respecting a prison, Marinelli. In this case the rigour of the law may easily be combined with the respect due to unblemished virtue. If Emilia must be placed in proper custody, I know the most proper situation for her—my chancellor's house. No opposition, Marinelli.

Thither I will myself convey her, and place her under the protection of a most worthy woman, who shall be answerable for her safety. You go too far, Marinelli, you go too far, if you require more. Of course, Galotti, you know my chancellor Grimaldi and his wife?

Odo. Undoubtedly I do. I also know their amiable daughters. Who does not know them?—(*To* Marinelli.)—No, sir—do not consent to this. If my daughter must be confined, she ought to be confined in the deepest dungeon. Insist upon it, I beseech you. Fool that I was to make any request. Yes—the good Sybil was right. "They, who under certain circumstances, do not lose their intellects, have none to lose."

Prince. I do not understand you. Dear Galotti, what can I do more? Be satisfied, I beg. Yes. She shall be conveyed to the chancellor's house—I myself will convey her thither, and if she be not there treated with the utmost respect, my word is of no value. You, Galotti, may act as you think proper with respect to yourself. You may follow us to Guastalla, or return to Sabionetta, as you please. It would be ridiculous to dictate any conduct to you.—And now, farewel for the present, dear Galotti,—Come, Marinelli. It grows late.

Odo.—(*Who has been standing in deep meditation.*)—How! May I not even see my daughter, then? May I not even see her here?—I submit to every thing—I approve of every thing. The chancellor's house is of course the sanctuary of virtue. Take her thither, I beseech your highness—no where but thither. Yet I would willingly have some previous conversation with her. She is still ignorant of the count's death, and will be unable to discover why she is separated from her parents. That I may apprise her of the one, and prepare her for the orher, in a proper manner—I must see her, prince, I must see her.

Prince. Come, then, with us.

Odo. Surely the daughter can come to her father. Let us have a short conversation, without witnesses. Send her hither, I beseech you.

Prince. That, too, shall be done.—Oh Galotti, if you would be my friend, my guide, my father—

[*Exeunt* Prince *and* Marinelli.

Odo.—(*After a pause, during which his eyes follow the* Prince.)—Why not!—Most willingly. Ha! ha! ha!—(*Looks wildly around.*)—Who laughed?—By the Almighty I believe it was myself.—Right! Right! I will be merry. The game is at an end. Thus must it be, or thus.—But—(*Pauses*)—how if she were in league with him?—How if this were the usual deception? How if she were not worthy of that which I am about to do for her?—(*Pauses again.*)—And what am I about to do for her?—Have I a heart to name it even to myself? No. Scarcely dare I think of it. Horrible!—I will go. I will not wait until she comes.—(*Raises his eyes towards heaven.*)—If she be innocent, let him who plunged her into this abyss, extricate her from it. He needs not my assistance.—I will away.—(*As he is going he espies* Emilia.)—Ha! 'Tis too late. My assistance is required—demanded.

Enter EMILIA.

Emi. How!—You here, my father?—And you alone—without the count—without my mother!—So uneasy, too?

Odo. And you so much at ease!

Emi. Why should I not be so, my father. Either all is lost, or nothing. The ability and the necessity to be at ease—are they not in reality the same?

Odo. But what do you suppose to be the case?

Emi. That all is lost—therefore that we must be at ease, my father.

Odo. And can you be at ease, because necessity requires it?—Who are you!—My daughter?—Then should your father be ashamed of you.—But let me hear. What mean you, when you say that all is lost? Is the death of count Appiani all?

Emi. Ha!—Is it, then, true?—Alas I read the horrid story in my mother's frantic looks. Where is my mother?

Odo. She is gone to town.

Emi. Oh, let us hasten after her—let us away. For if the count be dead—if he was doomed to die on that account—Ha!—Let us fly, let us fly, my father.

Odo. Fly!—For what reason? You are in the hands of the prince, and will remain in them.

Emi. Remain in them!

Odo. And alone—without your mother—without me.

Emi. I remain alone in his hands!—Never, my father—or you are not my father. I remain alone in his hands!—'Tis well. Leave me, leave me. I will see who can detain me—who can compel me to remain. What mortal dares attempt it?

Odo. Is this your composure, Emilia?

Emi. What do you call composure?—To lay my hands in my lap, and patiently bear what I ought not to bear?

Odo. Ha! If such be thy sentiments, come to my arms, my daughter. I have ever said, that nature, when forming woman, wished to form her master-piece, and failed in only one respect. The clay she chose possessed too much tenuity. In every respect but this, man is inferior to woman. Ha! If this be thy composure, I recognize my daughter. Come into my arms. Now mark me. Under the pretence of legal examination, the prince—the robber tears thee, (Oh infernal villany!) tears thee from our arms, and places thee under the protection of Grimaldi.

Emi. Tears me from your arms! Grimaldi!—As if we ourselves had not sold

Odo. So incensed was I, that I was on the point of drawing forth this dagger,—(*Produces it*)—and plunging it into the hearts of both the villains.

Emi. For heaven's sake, do not that, my father. This life is all that the bad can enjoy. Give me, give me the dagger.

Odo. Child, it is not a needle.—Recollect, Emilia, you too have but one life to lose.

Emi. And when I have once lost my innocence, is it not lost forever?

Odo. Your innocence is proof against all force.

Emi. But not against seduction. Force! What is that! Nothing. Seduction, my father, seduction is the only real force, by which my honour could be overcome. The blood that courses through my veins is warm. My mind is capable of feeling soft impressions. I cannot answer for myself, were I to be placed where you describe. Grimildi's house is a house of revelry—I was there but for a single hour, under the protection of my mother—but that one hour created such a tumult in my soul, that all the rigid exercises of religion scarcely could quell it in whole weeks. Religion! And what religion? To avoid the snares which await me, thousands have sprung into the waves, and now are saints. Give me the dagger.

Odo. And didst thou know who armed me with this dagger—

Emi. That matters not. An unknown friend is not the less a friend. Give me the dagger, I beseech you.

Odo. And if I were—what then? There!—(*He presents it—she seizes it with ardour, and is about to stab herself, when* Odoardo *wrests it from her.*) Rash girl, forbear. This weapon ill befits thy hand.

Emi. As you will. In former days there was a father, who, to save his daughter from disgrace and infamy, plunged the first deadly weapon which he saw into his daughter's

heart—and thereby gave her life, a second time. But all such deeds are past. Such fathers are not to be found in these degenerate days.

Odo. They are, they are, my daughter.—(*Stabs her.*)—God of heaven! What have I done?—(*Supports her in his arms.*)

Emi. You have broken a rose before the storm had robbed it of its leaves. Oh let me kiss this kind parental hand.

Enter PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Prince. Heavens! What means this? Is Emilia ill?

Odo. No. Very well, very well.

Prince.—(*Approaching her.*)—Horror! What do I see?

Mar. Damnation!

Prince. Cruel father, what hast thou done?

Odo. I have broken a rose, before the storm had robbed it of its leaves. Said you not so, my daughter?

Emi. Not you, my father—I—I myself——

Odo. Emilia, quit not this world with a falsehood on thy lips. 'Twas I, who gave the blow—I, thy unfortunate father.

Emi. My fa-ther——Oh!—(*Dies in his arms—he lays her gently on the floor.*)

Odo. Farewel, sweet darling of my soul.—There, prince! Does she still please you? Does she still rouse your appetites? Look at her. There she lies, weltering in her blood—that blood which cries for vengeance against you.—(*After a pause.*)—Doubtless you wait to see the end of this. You expect, perhaps, that I shall turn the steel against myself—but you are much mistaken. There!—(*Throws the dagger at his feet.*)—There lies the bloodstained testimony of my crime. I go to deliver myself into the hands of jus-

tice. I go, and expect you to appear as my judge—then I shall expect you in another world, before the judge of all. [*Exit.*

Prince.—(*After a pause, during which he surveys the body with a look of horror and despair, turns to* Marinelli.)—Raise her from the earth. How! Dost thou hesitate?—Wretch! Villain!—(*Tears the dagger from his grasp.*)—No. Thy blood shall not be mixed with this. Go. Hide thyself forever. Begone, I say. [*Exit* Marinelli. Oh God! Oh God! Is it not enough that monarchs are men? Must demons in disguise become their friends?

FINIS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015